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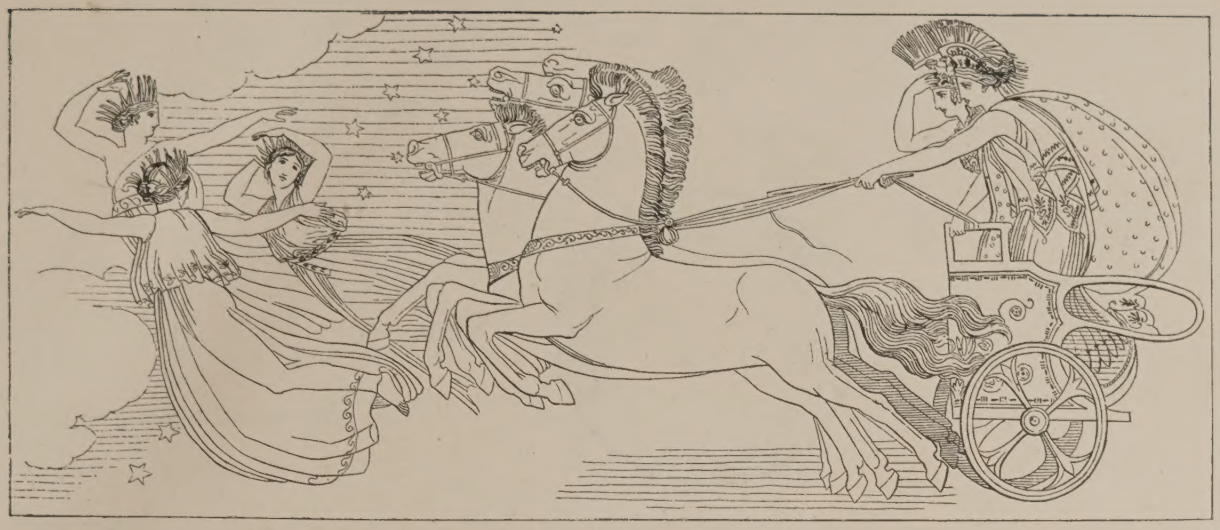

THE PORTFOLIO

AN ARTISTIC PERIODICAL

EDITED BY

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON

WITH MANY ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
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THE PORTFOLIO

M. MOUNET-SULLY AS HAMLET.

PAINTED BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS. ETCHED BY MDLLE. POYNOT.

MOST of our readers are aware that M. Mounet-Sully, an actor of acknowledged genius, has of late much increased his already splendid reputation by his acting of Hamlet at the Théâtre Français. To play Hamlet has been the great ambition of his life, and after long study and preparation he has at length realised it. The new French translation, written especially for these performances, is said to be excellent, and to preserve with remarkable fidelity the sense and spirit of Shakespeare. The impression produced on many French audiences has been most profound; thanks to this representation of Hamlet they have begun to know Shakespeare as they never knew him before. M. Mounet-Sully has the full satisfaction of an artist in attaining his double object, that of performing Hamlet himself, and of making Shakespeare better known to his countrymen.

The moment selected by the painter is most probably that in act iii., scene iv., when Hamlet is alone with his mother, and has just killed Polonius by a rapier-thrust through the arras. Hamlet then sees his father's ghost, which remains invisible for his mother, and she speaks:—

Queen.—Alas, how is't with you
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Hamlet.—On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.
Queen.—To whom do you speak this?
Hamlet.—Do you see nothing there?
Queen.—Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Hamlet.—Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen.—No, nothing but ourselves.
Hamlet.—Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit Ghost.*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I.—*Thorney.*

The Site of Westminster — The Thames side — The Local Names — London in 886 — The Thorn Ey — The Watling Street — The Tyburn — The Abbey — *Locus Terribilis* — Contrast with St. Denis — Restorations — The Confessor's Abbey — Architecture — Historical Summary — Authorities — A French Visitor a Hundred Years Ago.

IF we could survey the site of Westminster as it was in, say, the time of King Alfred, we might be able to solve some modern geographical problems. It is not possible, unfortunately, to draw a complete picture of the place as it was a thousand years ago; yet, by chance, some very ancient materials exist—materials into whose age and authenticity we may have occasion to inquire in another chapter; but they enable us to mark distinctly some important points, around which we can build a more or less useful working hypothesis.

We may take our stand near the Thames side. The river here is very wide and very shallow. As the tide rolls up from the sea it floods vast muddy tracts on both sides, and the very ancient names which survive show us where were the small spots

of land over which the river or the tide did not usually wash. A little higher up on the other side was Batter's, perhaps Peter's, Ey. We know that an ey is an island. There are many ways of spelling it. Thus we have Winchelsea, Sheppey, and Ely, in each of which the same word is spelt differently. Close to Thorney was, and is, Chelsea, the island of chesils, or flint gravel. A little nearer was the Lamb Hithe, now Lambeth. We know that a hithe is a landing-place. There are many on the lower Thames, Garlickhithe, Rotherhithe, and so on. Immediately opposite to where we are standing is the Stane Gate. We know that stane, or stan, meant stone, and that gate, or geat, was a road. These are all very old names, and may be taken to denote firm places in the waste of low tidal marsh on the Surrey shore.

the bend, is a bridge, and on both sides of the river are low walls with towers and semicircular bastions, within which we may perhaps descry a few red roofs and a few shingled church-spires. One in particular is more conspicuous than the rest, both because it is the nearest, and also because it is the greatest. That church within the walls is the 'Minster of St. Paul, in London,' as it is often called, even as far back as a thousand years ago.

In 886, we know, King Alfred refounded London, repaired the walls and bridge, and instituted some kind of government. All the country round had been desolated by the Danes, and was probably lying fallow and as nearly in its primitive state as at any time since the Saxon conquest. The hillock on which we stand is called Thorn-Ey. There are

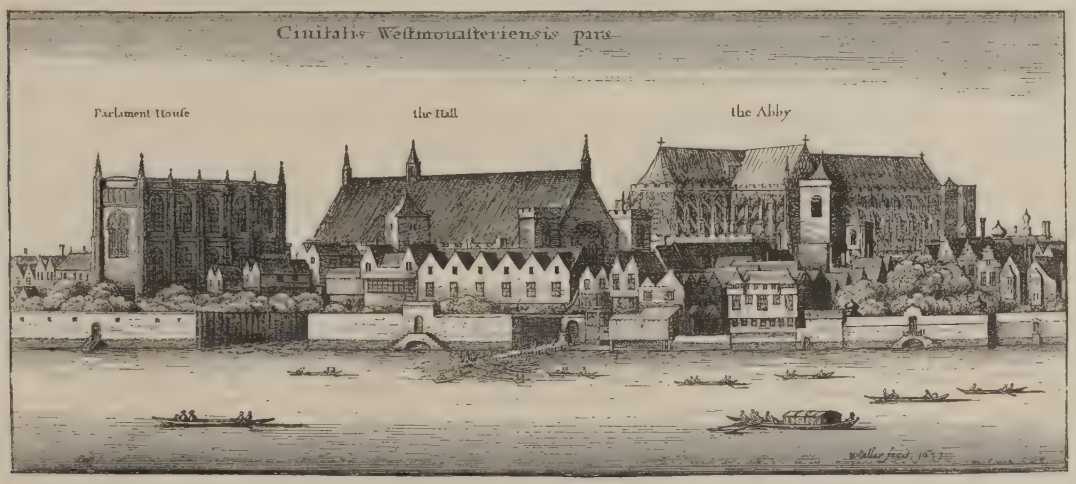
TOTHILL FIELDS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. AFTER HOLLAR.

On the Middlesex shore, also, we have some very venerable names, and starting with the assumption that every name has its meaning, and gives its little contribution to the whole history of the place, we may examine them carefully. We cannot make such an assumption except in an old country. I remember near Adelaide, in South Australia, being made quite home-sick by such local names as Kensington and Aldgate, Norwood and Stepney; but they meant nothing, except perhaps that an owner or founder had come from a London suburb. In our own country such names are little histories in themselves, and it will be seen that the place where we are now supposing ourselves to stand is particularly rich in such names.

We are standing, then, on a low sandy hillock, surrounded at high tide by water, except where a causeway joins it to a higher hillock standing nearly due west of it. As the stream sweeps past we look down its course and see it bend to the eastward about half a mile off, and a mile further, beyond

some Roman remains on it, and there may have been the ruins of a little monastery and chapel, of which floating traditions were afterwards gathered and exaggerated. The paved causeway to the westward is the Watling Street. On both sides of it runs the Tyburn, of which Thorn-Ey is a kind of delta. The road rises to Tot Hill, which is a conspicuous landmark here, and goes straight on over the 'Bulunga Fen' till it reaches another, the 'road to Reading,' which has just crossed the Tyburn at Cowford, where Brick Street is now in Piccadilly. From Thorney, then, looking northward and westward, we see what remains of the great Middlesex forest, if the Danes have not burnt it all, and the paved Watling Street running straight on toward the distant Chester, keeping to the left of the lofty hill which is now crowned by the town of Hampstead. It is interesting to trace this ancient road through the modern streets, the more so as its existence determined the site and early importance of Westminster. When it emerged from the wild woods of northern Middlesex and

came down towards the ford of the Thames, it followed what we call the Edgeware Road, Edgeware being the name of the first stopping place on the road, near the edge of the forest. Passing down the Edgeware Road in a straight line it is interrupted at the Marble Arch by a corner of the Park, which crosses the direct road towards Westminster. We know, however, that this corner is a comparatively recent addition to the Park, and the Watling Street soon resumes its course in Park Lane, which, keeping well on the high ground above the brook, nevertheless derived the name it was known by for many centuries from the Tyburn. Tyburn Lane reached the road to Reading at what we call Hyde Park Corner, and then ran straight through what was once called 'Brookshott'—a little wood, where now is the Green Park and the gardens of Buckingham



WESTMINSTER HALL AND ABBEY. AFTER HOLLAR.

Palace—and on, right through the site of the palace itself, where the brook approached it very closely. So it descended to Tothill, the name of which has been plausibly explained to mean a place where the traveller 'touted' for a guide or a boat, as the case might be, for the dangerous ford of the Thames below. This is rather conjectural, but is not to be rejected until a better explanation has been offered. One thing more has to be stated about this ancient highway—the Watling Street. How is it that we find the same name in the City? To answer this question we must look back to a period so remote that we cannot accurately date it, yet so definite, in one way, that there can be no mistake about it. This is the time at which London Bridge was built. When that great event took place Watling Street was diverted from Tyburn Lane, and instead of going to Westminster in order to ford the Thames, it turned to the left, along the modern Oxford Street and Holborn, and entering the City at Newgate, went on to the bridge. Only a small part of the road still bears the ancient name, but that any of it does so is a most interesting and significant fact.

We may conclude, therefore, if we wish to do so, that in a sense Westminster is older than London itself. What name it was called by we know not; but the Romans certainly had a station here, as I have said, and the importance of the place before the making of London Bridge may have been considerable. There is nothing known about it, however, and we must begin with the foundation of the institution which has made the Thorney, under its later name, so famous in our English annals.

The Abbey, with its church and the houses surrounding it, was destined to play a more prominent part in the history of King Alfred's descendants and the people whose land he rescued from the Danes, than any other in his realm. The mediaeval monks, in trying to make it out to be as old as possible, contrived so utterly to defeat their ends that we cannot now tell how old it really is. The legend of King Seberht was probably invented in the reign of Henry III., and was not more distinctly a fiction than many others of the same period which had more serious consequences. If we admit the fact of the foundation of an abbey here by Seberht, or some other potentate, before the Danish invasion, we may, perhaps, take it to account for the idea prevalent long afterwards that Thorney was a *locus terribilis*, a sacred or venerable spot. Professor Middleton, one of the best authorities, suggests this interpretation, and refers us to the words of Jacob (Genesis, xxviii. 17) where he says of Bethel, *Quam terribilis est locus iste!* King Edward the Confessor is made to refer to the same passage in a poem on his life when speaking of Westminster he continues the quotation from Genesis: 'Non est hic aliud nisi . . . porta cœli'—'This is the gate of heaven.'

From the reign of Edward, at latest, Westminster

became the head-quarters of the King's government; and the Abbey and its church, rather than the church of St. Paul in London or the metropolitan church at Canterbury, the religious centre of the nation. From the day when Harold, still full of hopes of success against the Norman invader, here assumed the crown, to the day when Queen Victoria came to offer solemn thanksgiving for her reign of half a century, the church of St. Peter has been the scene of the highest ceremonials in our land. In this respect no other place can equal it in interest. It has been the St. Denis of England, and something more. At St. Denis the ungrateful mob destroyed the tombs and insulted the dead bodies of the old kings of France. Its restoration has been of the most conjectural kind; and the visitor sees little or nothing that is not perfectly new. At Westminster our kings have slept in peace; only disturbed now and then by the inquisitiveness of some peeping official, bent on obtaining knowledge at the expense of reverence. The 'restorations,' as they are so falsely called, have, it is true, been thorough and destructive enough; but except in a few instances, as when a late architect blotted out the marks of the famous scriptorium, have not been able to obliterate all the charm of antiquity and historical association which hangs about the ancient walls. Although there has been of late serious interference with it, we can still see the little that remains of the Confessor's work, with its rude round arches and its almost Roman vaulting. Of all the styles of architecture illustrated in Westminster Abbey the one we most miss is the Norman, but the chapel of St. Katharine adjoining the Infirmary was of that period; and in other places we see every variety of Pointed style, from the half French apse of Henry III. to the delicately proportioned Gothic of Sir Christopher Wren, carried out by Hawksmoor or James, his pupils, in the two western towers. The work he superintended, or, at least, sanctioned, in the north transept is now, I regret to say, being 'restored'—that is, destroyed; but to me, at least, it was very interesting, as the latest attempt to carry on the Gothic tradition in English architecture. Wren's Gothic at St. Michael upon Cornhill has been much meddled with; and at St. Mary Aldermary has been almost wholly 'improved' away. Inigo Jones's Gothic at Lincoln's Inn has been utterly ruined. St. Alban's, Wood Street, still retains traces of Wren's, possibly of Inigo's, hand; but there is very little of the kind in existence, and that little is rapidly perishing. The architects of the so-called Gothic revival have sold themselves to practise deception. Having no ideas of their own, they copy from the old ones of other people; and if they succeed in making you think that what you are looking at is not of the reign of Queen Victoria, but of the reign of Edward I. or Henry III., their aim has been attained. On this false and unsound principle all recent work at the Abbey has been conducted; and until we once more have an original genius in architecture the same course will doubtless be continued indefinitely.

Westminster Abbey from Deans Yard.

Herbert Railton.

But if Westminster Abbey is interesting for its architecture, and as an architectural museum containing, in spite of restorations, much that is genuine; it is more interesting for its historical associations. The visitor from Australia or America feels his English blood more thoroughly stirred in Westminster Abbey than anywhere else in our island. It is something which makes history real and tangible to stand beside the actual tomb of the distant and shadowy King and Saint whose weakness and vanity betrayed England to the Norman. Almost on the same spot the Conqueror was crowned after his victory at Senlac, near Hastings. The old Norman church disappeared under Henry III. When we stand by Henry's gorgeous tomb, with its porphyry inlay and its mosaics, we recollect that the false and feeble heart is not here, but at Fontevraud; yet his career affords a remarkable example of the fact that the most exquisite taste in matters artistic may exist in the same mind with everything that is despicable. In days when people talk so glibly of the disintegration of the Empire, and even of the Kingdom, it does one good to read the 'Pactum Serva' of the great lawgiver who smote the separatist Scots of his day. There is the stone he brought from Scotland,—the stone which the men of that time and long after firmly believed to have been the same on which Jacob had laid his head in that other *locus terribilis* in the Holy Land beyond the sea. What more appropriate gift could he bring to 'the Gate of Heaven?' The old age of Edward III. and the decay of the kingdom become a reality to us as we gaze at his effigy with its venerable beard. Near it, too, is the gilded tomb of his unfortunate grandson, and we remember that in his time the Clerk of the Works in the Abbey was Geoffrey Chaucer, that he lived a little to the eastward, where we now see the chapel of Henry VII., and that he is buried here — the father of English poets — among his intellectual descendants in the Poets' Corner. High overhead we still see the memorials of the nation's mourning for the death of Henry V. in the relics of his state funeral—the most imposing ceremonial of the kind ever seen in England until that day. From tomb to tomb, from chapel to chapel, we seem to be floating down the stream of time, between walls which are the petrefaction of our history, a solemn and solid witness and testimony to the acts of great men, to the facts of great events, and, above all, to that continuity of cause and effect which links us with the far-away times of Edward the Confessor and Harold the son of Godwin, and beyond them again to the days of Alfred, the great progenitor of our English kings, before Thorney had become Westminster.

It may be well, before going further, to refer the inquiring reader to the chief authorities. Of these, one of the earliest is one of the best. Widmore, who was librarian to the Dean and Chapter, published his 'Enquiry into the Time of the First Foundation of Westminster Abbey' in 1743. It was sold at one of the bookstalls which then lined Westminster Hall. A little earlier than Widmore, about whom in a subsequent chapter we shall have more to say, was Dart, whose huge but undated folios are well known. The next most important book is that by Brayley, illustrated admirably by Neale. It was published in 1818, and shows us the state of the church before the coronation of George IV. Ackermann's two volumes are also well illustrated by Mackenzie and Pugin, and are dated in 1812. The historical part is very inferior to Brayley's.

In later times many books on Westminster have been published. The 'Gleanings' by Sir Gilbert Scott and others are of the highest value. The late Dean Stanley's 'Memorials' are delightful, but the reader will have to verify for himself many of the statements of fact and date. Some careful work has been presented at the meetings of the Society of Antiquaries lately by Mr. Micklethwaite and Professor Middleton.

I have not mentioned half the volumes, essays, papers, and poems, which exist on this inexhaustible subject—a subject so inspiring that even the judicious historian, John Dart, was forced into verse when contemplating it. His 'Poem' should by no means be neglected. He begins by dismissing 'Venus and her fading joys,' and retires himself to solemn scenes

> 'Where Loves no more, but marble Angels moan,
> And little Cherubs seem to sob in stone.'

There is an appeal to Bishop Atterbury, 'by pious Anna's favour' placed over 'this temple,' to accept the verses for the sake of their exalted subject, and the poet proceeds to a description of 'sainted Edward's shrine,' as he calls the Confessor's Chapel, which, he says,

> 'Is paved with princes, and a royal race.'

There are some capital couplets in the whole piece, which runs to an inordinate length, but will certainly repay the lover of the curiosities of literature. He describes the brief evening service and its close:—

> 'And every one forsakes the dreary place;
> The hooded prebend plods along before,
> And the last verger claps the ringing door.'

He pays a brief tribute to the other poets of the Abbey, and we find an anticipation of Gray in some of the lines. The poet must die like everyone else, and not even the sweet music of numbers and song

> 'Can plead suspension to the fleeting breath,
> Or charm the inexorable ears of Death.'

Westminster Abbey has always been and continues to be a 'show place.' Pepys visited it two hundred years ago and was gulled by his guide. We can never forget the visit of Sir Roger de Coverley, as described by Addison. A less known visitor was the French author of an account of a trip to England in 1788, just a century ago. It is unfortunately anonymous. The writer passed twenty-one days in London, and was evidently well pleased with the place and its inhabitants. Of Westminster Abbey he has much to say. 'It was with a holy respect,' he writes, 'seized with religious emotion, that I made the tour of the *majesteuse église*.' 'There,' he continues, 'repose the ashes of heroes who have been praised to you from your infancy, whom you have followed through battles, who defended their God, their country, their children, without any pretence of seeking *la gloire*.' He found great fault with some of the monuments as badly designed, badly executed, and in bad taste, and yet he saw an Englishman take his son up to one of the worst of them, and heard him praising the hero it commemorated. Then he watched as the boy's eye brightened, his face grew animated, his cheek turned pale with excitement. All this the Frenchman notes with a blush at his adverse criticisms. He greatly praises the choir. His notes on the monuments are valuable, as showing that even a hundred years ago, before the wars of the Napoleon epoch had so greatly increased their number, they were already by far too large, ugly, and vulgar. The monument of General Wolfe was new then, and the 'pancake monument' not old. He makes many comments on the flags, which apparently then hung in the choir. But the point on which he dwells with most satisfaction is the Poet's Corner.

In many respects this old account of Westminster Abbey answers to what we still see. Some of the more flagrant examples of bad taste have been removed, but others still worse have replaced them. Nothing can have a more disagreeable effect than the little naked busts of Keble, Kingsley, Maurice, and other eminent folk recently deceased. As I shall have occasion over and over again to point out, incongruity is an element of the picturesque, but these busts are incongruous without adding anything to the picturesqueness of the church. Another thing offends the eye constantly in the Abbey that now is. I should like to go round and break all the stained-glass windows except two—the old one at the west end, and one to the memory of Brunel. This last fulfils the functions of a window, for it admits light through a galaxy of harmonious colouring. The rest are dark, painfully inharmonious, confused in design, and all evidently made by people who wholly forgot what glass is, and why it is put into windows. In nothing has the so-called 'great Gothic revival' failed so utterly as in imitating the real mediaeval window. Of course there are exceptions, here and elsewhere, but they are few and far between.

In the pages on Westminster Abbey which follow the present chapter, I shall not attempt any complete history of the church. The subject would be too large for my limits, and has already been treated of many times. I can refer the reader for a history to Brayley, already mentioned, and for a guide to the admirable little handbook prepared

by the daughters of the present Dean. But there are many things to be noticed which do not necessarily enter into either a history or a guide, and to them I hope to direct the reader's attention, as, for example, to the meaning and ceremonial of coronations, to the significance of the architecture, to the art displayed in the royal tombs, to the early and interesting examples of heraldry to be found on the walls, and to the history of English epitaphs as illustrated by the monuments. These are some of the subjects on which I hope to touch; to do justice to such a theme as Westminster Abbey is, unfortunately, a task which would try the powers of a much more graphic pen than mine.

W. J. Loftie.

DARTMOOR.

'DERTMORE is of a very great Compace, and is suche a wilde Morisch and Forest ground as Exmore is.' This is all that, some three hundred years agone, Leland could find to say, probably, indeed, all that he knew, of the wild western moorland. He could write of church and abbey, tower, and bridge, and relics of bygone times, of greater or less importance, and yet altogether pass by the ruins, natural and artificial, which form no unimportant part of the character of this granite wilderness. For him the rugged tors, so like the remains of buildings erected by the hands of man, presented no features of attraction; for him no interest was found in mysterious circle and long-stretching avenue of stone, in massive slab bridge or cyclopæan pound. And why? He knew not of their existence. More inaccessible in those days than are the wildest parts of the Highlands now, the strange scenery and stranger monuments of remote antiquity remained unknown to the quaint traveller, though they would have rewarded his labours had he ventured to penetrate the recesses of that district to which he accorded so brief a notice.

And 'a wilde Morisch and Forest Ground' did Dartmoor remain for at least two centuries after the half-crazy antiquarian had been gathered to his fathers, noticed never, save by an occasional wanderer, or by one or two residents either on its borders or within a short distance of its cloud-capped summits. Of these the eccentric Vicar of Dean Prior, Robert Herrick, is noticeable, and to him we are indebted for one or two couplets, expressive of anything but a flattering estimate either of Dartmoor or its inhabitants. Instead of eulogising the beautiful scenery in which his lot was cast, the town-bred poet cavils at it in no measured terms, and leaves its 'warty incivility,' and—

> 'people currish, churlish as the seas,
> And rude almost as rudest savages,'

with undisguised delight. It was not, indeed, till the present century that public attention was directed to the district, and it is to the kindling muse of a Devonport school-master and the enthusiasm of a lady that we owe our first real introduction. And high, indeed, in the hearts of those who love the haunted upland will rank the names of Nicholas Carrington and Anna Eliza Bray; and while we would not deny to writers of more recent date a just meed of recognition, it is to these pioneers of Dartmoor and its surroundings that our first thanks are due.

Dartmoor may be said to occupy the centre of the southern portion of Devonshire, and is a large slice of even the third county in England. Its length, from north to south, is about twenty-two miles, its greatest breadth is seventeen, and it contains some one hundred and thirty thousand acres of land, whereof the greater part is as uncultivated as when Cæsar landed on our shores. Great ridges of brown and purple hill, clothed here with heather and ling, there with short, coarse grass, roll away mile after mile, rising into rugged crests, assuming shapes remarkable for their weird outline. Masses piled in wild confusion, the topmost layers threatening to overwhelm those who approach, upstart from the wind-shorn turf, their aspect varying, as often as the position is changed, in that singular manner which seems the prerogative of granite. Here stand the vast ruins of a gigantic fortress; its walls literally appearing, from a little distance, to be constructed in *courses*, so do the storms of the Moor seam and disintegrate the rock. There some misshapen monster frowns from the hill-top—the solitary guardian of the surrounding waste. Down the slopes, half concealed in bracken and whinberry plants, lie vast fields of splintered granite, the outcrop of some mighty convulsion; now lichen-stained, again almost white with constant exposure to the storms of countless centuries. When the sun strikes uninterrupted upon their sides, the colouring of the hills is singularly aerial, but presently up the declivity creep cloud shadows, darkening for a space the rugged 'clatters.' In a few moments the tor itself stands forth dark against the sunny sky, to emerge in an instant grey and spectral as the cloud armies march onward across the Moor.

Down below, a clear stream hurries through the valley, chafing impatiently at the great boulders which, black with ancient moss, impede its progress. When a storm breaks upon the Moor, this mountain torrent will rise rapidly, and assume a reddish brown hue, drawn from the peat bogs, whence it derives its being. Such is the transparency of these moorland waters that even after protracted wet weather the peat-stain fails to give the opacity of the rivers which flow through a country of clay or loam. Nor do the streams of midland England ever present the impetuous current of these Dartmoor rivers. Rising in an hour to a fourfold volume, they sweep round the flanks of the tors with resistless fury, at one moment drenching the impassive rocks with a shower of spray, the next burying them altogether in a shining brown flood. These sudden 'freshets' have been productive of more than one catastrophe, the Dart, in particular, having a very bad name.

'River of Dart, O River of Dart,
Every year thou claimest a heart.'

The Moor folk speak of the 'cry' of the river as of something almost human; and, upon a still day, when the clouds are lowering over the waste, it must be confessed that there is something peculiarly eerie in the sound of the waters rising from the gloomy glen.

But two highways cross the upland, and these in the least hilly districts. The Exeter road ascends to the Moor three miles from Moreton Hampstead, descending therefrom an equal distance from Tavistock; the other, which gives Princetown communication with the outer world, passes thence through the hamlet of Two Bridges to Ashburton. Here and there along the line scanty signs of cultivation appear; rough fields won from the wilderness with much labour, and begirt with walls of loosely piled granite, through which the blast whistles at will. These enclosures are known as 'newtakes,' and, save in spots where the soil is deep, are not of any great value. Now and again a scanty crop of cereals is seen flourishing with fair promise of success under the lee of some rising ground; and in spots, few and far between, a handful of windswept trees, planted within the last ten decades, bear witness to modern enterprise. Cottages of sturdy build, tarred on the weather side, to keep out snow and rain, border the highway at unfrequent intervals; but a collection of more than three would be called a hamlet, while Postbridge, which boasts a chapel and quite half-a-dozen domiciles, is a place of no small importance. In short, with the exception of Princetown, the settlement which has to thank the great convict prisons for its creation, there is no village worthy of the name, for Widecombe is in an intruding valley, while Manaton, Throwleigh, Harford, and other 'church towns,' lie about the borders, and cannot be considered Dartmoor villages at all.

THE RIVER DART. DRAWN BY ALFRED DAWSON.

The altitude of this great granitic district, though far below that of the mountainous regions of Cumberland, is, nevertheless, far from despicable. While the *mean* elevation does not, perhaps, exceed one thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, many of the tors rise far beyond that height, attaining, indeed, in the north quarter to over two thousand feet. High Willhays and oddly named Yes Tor, which form the prominent features of a ridge near Okehampton, are, indeed, the loftiest

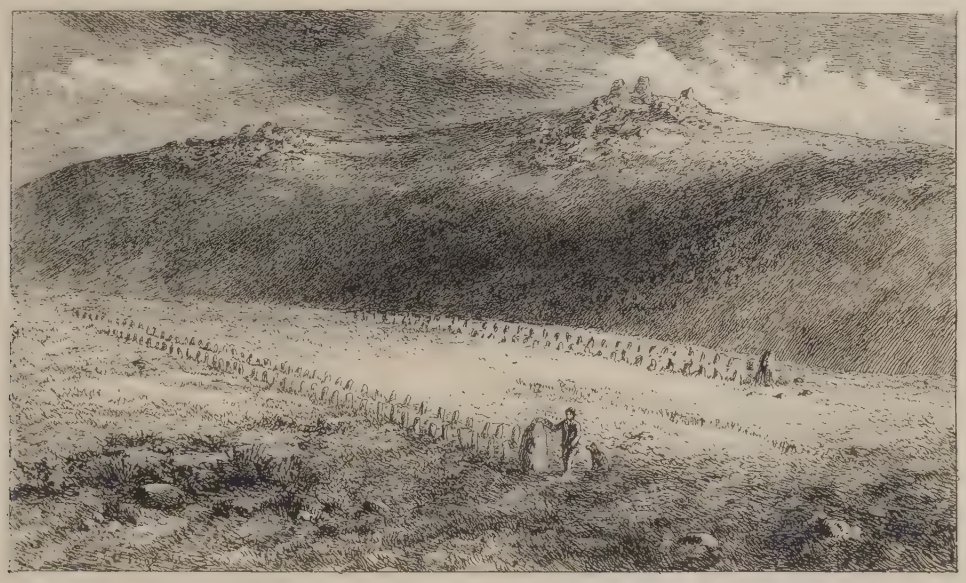
points in England south of Ingleborough, and the latter, in particular, commands a view of extraordinary extent. Indeed, there is scarcely a hill near the escarpment of the Moor that does not look down upon a prospect as far reaching as any in Lakeland. And from many, especially in the southern region, a panorama is obtained that rivals that from Scawfell or Helvellyn, owing to the neighbourhood of the sea, which stretches beyond the emerald pastures of the South Hams an unbroken line, from the West Bay in Dorset to the Lizard in Cornwall.

When does Dartmoor look its best? It is not easy to say. Probably in autumn. Let us take our stand, therefore, upon a tor (of not too great elevation, however, because from a lofty summit we see so wide an expanse of moorland, that the view is apt to become monotonous), about the middle of the month of August. Time: evening. Purple is the prevailing colour, born of the heathery steeps on either hand. A deep silence reigns. There is no sound of life, save the bleat of a distant sheep, strangely like the granite blocks among which it strays; the low of the shaggy Scotch cattle, or the neigh of a solitary forest pony calling to its mate across the river. The declining sun brings out patches of dun red and brilliant green from yon grassy hill-side. How beautiful is the colouring! Draw nigh and examine the red rush and bright mosses which make up the whole, but attempt not to cross the treacherous surface. That beautiful warm-looking morsel of creation is a bog, cold as the grave, and quaking as a quicksand; one step on that soft bed, and the crust breaks, the moss opens with a soft, squelching sound—and in you go,

'It may be for years, or it may be for ever.'

In the first case you may, if the pitfall be of reasonable depth, come to light in some future æon, when men shall have learnt to drain the Dartmoor morasses.

But let us return to our tor, where we are safe, not only from bogs and their insidious embraces, but from the unwelcome attentions of flies which swarm this still, warm evening, in myriads down below. All around the eye rests on utter desolation, which, as yet, man has not attempted to conquer. Over the ridge there, itself disposed to be spongy, lies the great dismal swamp of Dartmoor—Cranmere, and its circumjacent morasses; the loneliest spot in the kingdom. Beyond rise a group of tors, their fantastic cappings silhouetted sharply against the sky. That one to the right has three or four clumps, like couchant animals waiting to spring at each other, while the granite crown of its lofty brother rises like a battlement nearly one thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, whose distant gleam streaks the far horizon. As the red sun ball sinks lower below the rugged sky line, a stillness, absolute, palpable, broods over the sombre Moor, and we make our way back to civilisation, beneath the dim rock masses, with something of the same feeling which, at a like time, must inspire the traveller in the land of the Nile, as he returns to his mud village past the statues of Memnon, or the immutable Sphinx, gazing for ever stonily across the desert sands.



STONE AVENUES ABOVE MERIVALE BRIDGE. DRAWN BY ALFRED DAWSON.

Dartmoor is rich in remains of a former race, of whom little is, or probably ever will be, known, and this ancient people, neolithic, or brachiocephalic, or whatever they were, have exercised the minds of sage antiquaries for several centuries, and they are no nearer—if as near—the truth now than

they were in the days of Olaus Magnus and Nennius. To this people may, perhaps—we only say perhaps—be assigned those mysterious stone avenues, menhirs, and so-called 'sacred' circles, which mark the plateau above Merivale Bridge and the down behind Kestor Rock. Perchance to them, too, we may give the seemingly purposeless stone rows, specimens of which are found in more than one spot in the south quarter. A certain school, fast dying out, placed every monument, without a positive history, to the credit of the Druids, who, they asserted, worshipped, in the sacred grove of Wistmans Wood, a miniature forest of stunted storm-bowed oaks, above the West Dart. And here, for a moment, we must digress, for, in the words of a visitor to the spot, 'there is nothing like them anywhere else, and centuries have wrought no change.' Whether Druidical or not, the wood is of a very great age. It is possible that the more hoary oaks may date from the Conquest, but that they existed in the days of the Heptarchy, or of the Roman occupation, is a supposition too wild for acceptance. It is more reasonable to believe that the remnant of the old Forest of Dartmoor is represented in these dwarfed specimens of timber, which have outlived so many of their kind in more favoured regions.

WISTMANS WOOD. DRAWN BY ALFRED DAWSON.

It is a strange place. From a wilderness of boulders, which, in the course of the ages, have travelled down from the tors above, perhaps are travelling still, springs this company of venerable trees. In height scarcely exceeding the stature of a tall man, they would be insignificant were it not for the extraordinary contortions of the trunks—'bearded with moss,' and hoary with the weight of many centuries, their twisted forms stretch forth arms, threatening or appealing, over the rugged ground, whence they, in some manner, contrive to draw sufficient nourishment for their roots. At twilight, no spot more weird or uncanny exists within the Forest, and the inexplicable feeling which creeps over the senses suddenly assumes something like form, as a 'long cripple' (*Devonian* for snake), glides over the surface of a rock, and disappears with faint rustling in the long reeds which grow between. Beyond, a rounded hill closes in the glen; near its crest a huge stone monster reposes. Nothing like it is known to the animal world; nothing like it, save in wildest dream, has ever been imagined. Beneath, the 'cry' of Dart rises faint upon the ear as he eddies down the valley on a 'long solitarie course.'

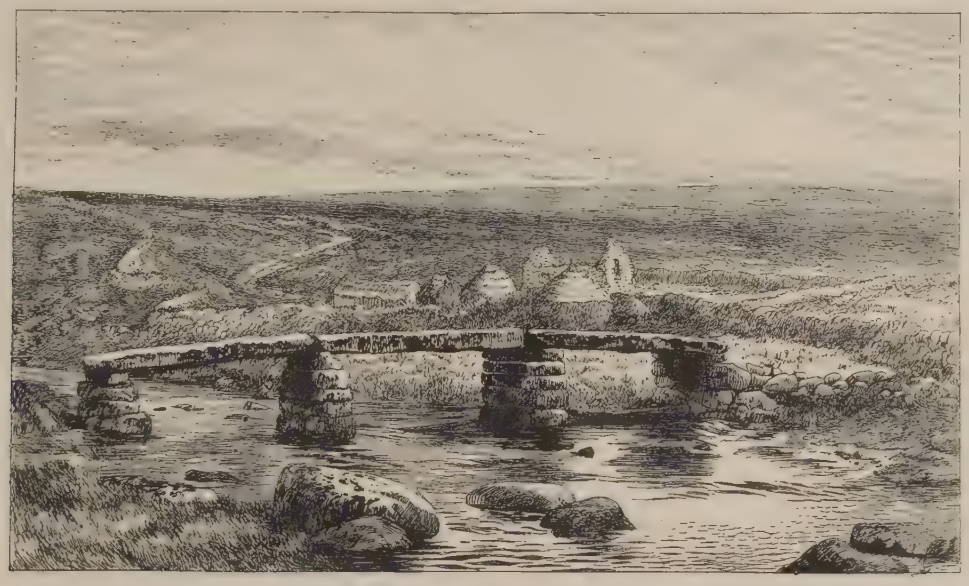
Whatever may have been the purpose served by avenue and circle, the hut basement, as its name implies, represents the remains of a dwelling-place. It was the habitation both of the aboriginal moor-dweller and his successor, and is almost as well-known and well-recognised a feature of the scenery as the tors themselves. Many have doubtless been constructed in times comparatively modern, but it is difficult to assign any particular date to these rude erections, which dot the slopes of half the Dartmoor hills, for, setting aside the stone men, it seems likely that the waste was worked for tin from a very early period. That mining was carried on in the west of England about the time of the Christian era seems certain from the writings of Diodorus and Pomponius Mela; and the mountainous region between Exe and Tamar would afford a happy hunting-ground for Phoenician, Massilian, Greek, or any other early adventurer who wished to enlarge his borders by 'streaming' for tin upon the banks of its water-

courses. Certain Tors have been said, perchance with an enthusiasm that rather sets such a matter-of-fact element as proof at defiance, to bear Punic names. But guess-work, though interesting, is seldom profitable.

However, what with possible Phoenicians and probable Scandinavians, not to speak of early (and late) Britons, Dartmoor has been pretty well 'prospected.' Scarce a stream but is bordered with piles of refuse, and half-overgrown pits and trenches where the 'old men,' as they are called, sought the precious metal; while in many place ruins of their blowing-houses and storage-chambers still remain, moss-grown and forsaken, silent sermons on the mutability of all things mineral. It is now three hundred years since 'streaming'—the process whereby the tin was separated from earth and gravel—was generally carried on upon Dartmoor; and, with the exception of Vitifer and one or two other mines on the shaft principle, mining is a thing of the past.

For six hundred and fifty years the Forest of Dartmoor (which term, by the way, applies only to the central part of the Moor) has belonged to the Duchy of Cornwall. How long before that date it was held by the Crown it does not concern us to inquire. Over the parts outside the Forest bounds, which possess precisely the same features, the inhabitants of certain border villages 'lying in Venville' exercise various rights. Respecting them many a dispute has arisen with the Duchy; for the moor farmer is tenacious of his privileges, real or imagined. In the main, however, he is contented enough and lives his simple life beneath the slopes or among the stony 'newtakes' with apparently very little desire for bettering himself. Pasture for his cattle and sheep, if not very luscious, is cheap and plentiful, and in the winter he may turn many an honest penny by the sale of 'vags,' *i.e.*, dried peat, in the streets of Tavistock. There was a time when he believed in wish-hounds breathing blue flame, phantom huntsmen, and pixies; but that time has passed away, though an amazing faith in charms and simples still exists, while the evil eye, or ill-wishing, is much dreaded.

Almost within living memory such a thing as a wheeled conveyance was unknown upon Dartmoor. There were no roads, worthy of the name, to travel upon, and certainly few bridges fit to entrust with the burden of 'Jan' and his fortunes. The old structures, *locally* denominated 'clapper,' and *archaeologically* 'cyclopaean,' which have spanned the rivers from time immemorial, were, in flood-time, the only means of transit; and sturdy as they are, with their immense granite slabs for roadway laid upon piers formed of rough blocks innocent of cement, they were, and are, scarcely inviting when one of the frequent gales is tearing across the moor and 'Dart is coming down.' They may have sufficed for 'the scythed chariot of the Danmonian warrior,' but for the modern farm-cart they present difficulties. Accordingly, the crook, a weighty wooden saddle with projecting horns, between which and the animal's body were stuffed the exports of the moor cottar and the imports of his wife, had to serve as vehicle, and it is extraordinary what an immense amount of merchandise these queer-looking machines could be made to carry. And on Sunday, if the way to church were long, as it generally was and still is on Dartmoor, man and wife sallied forth to hear 'passen' on the back of the same steed. A curious reference to this custom was made not so very long since by



ANCIENT CLAPPER BRIDGE. DRAWN BY ALFRED DAWSON.

the clergyman of a border sanctuary. Preaching on the parable of the Guests, who, when invited to the marriage supper, excused themselves upon various pretexts, he made short work of the individual who put forward as a plea that he was a married man—'A frivolous excuse this, my friends—a frivolous excuse, indeed; why, he might have brought her behind him *on a pillion*.'

JOHN LL. W. PAGE.

M. HABERT-DYS.

A LAUDABLE custom of the Editors of 'l'Art' has always been to help neglected artists of ability by making their work known. When 'l'Art' takes up an artist and determines to protect him, it

fights not one battle, but a series of battles, in his favour. It makes his work known by reproductions of his drawings, by engravings from his pictures, by articles narrating the arduous struggles of his career, and even, as in a recent case, by the publication of his letters. This appears to be done in pure, unselfish generosity, without considering whether it is likely to hurt the periodical or not. The very earliest numbers were almost sacrificed to Pierre Gavarni and Auguste Lançon; the latest recurred over and over again to Bonvin, simply because Bonvin had fallen into extreme poverty and irremediable sickness. The most different artists may be 'taken up' by 'l'Art' in this manner, provided that they are sincere and that they have some sort of talent, if it is genuine of its kind. It was extremely characteristic of 'l'Art' to take up M. Renouard when it did. Nobody valued his work at that time, and, indeed, he could hardly draw, but he had a power of observation that was a natural and quite personal gift, and has since entirely justified all that M. Véron said of him.* The Editor of 'l'Art' touched feelingly on the sufferings that have been so frequently endured by young artists who had talent and industry, but not, as yet, reputation. M. Véron gave, as an example, the case of Paul and Hippolyte Flandrin, who lived together in a little room, and, not being able to buy

* M. Renouard is now a regular contributor to the 'Graphic,' so that his power of character-sketching is as well known in England as in France. His drawing is more proportionate than it used to be, whilst retaining its early vivacity.

firewood, went to bed to warm themselves in winter. Then, with much force, M. Véron combated the heartless maxims of the comfortable that 'suffering purifies talent,' and that 'there is no obstacle which a true nature cannot overcome,' and that 'whatever may happen Art always knows and rewards her own.'

By their taste for decoration in the way of borders, head and tail-pieces, and initial letters, the Directors of 'l'Art' have found room for decorative talent, and this led to the discovery of a young artist—M. Habert-Dys—with a real inventive genius for such work. His designs are always technically sound, and

always good in the reproduction. Surely never decorative draughtsman united such a playful and exuberant fancy with such unexpected elegance and grace! He sometimes errs in the choice of materials, though one hardly likes to say so for fear of troubling, however slightly, a mind that should be as free as a bird in the woods; but I may just observe that it is a mistake to introduce poor architecture in designs of this kind, and that sketches of landscape are not really decorative things. If M. Habert-Dys takes an interest in architecture and landscape let him paint or etch them in the usual way, and employ as decorative materials the more available things that he has studied with such curious affection. He is very fond of birds and small quadrupeds—such as lizards, rats, mice, and frogs—whilst he sometimes admits larger ones; namely, dogs, cats, rabbits, and even horses and asses. The human figure, nearly nude, is occasionally introduced. More frequently we have insects, principally butterflies and beetles, and the artist has studied fishes with great interest. Very rarely we meet with monsters of the imagination, but these do occasionally occur; at least, I remember an astonishing dragon in the fortieth volume of 'l'Art,' with little birds, fledglings, coming in quantities out of his mouth. M. Habert-Dys also makes great use of flowers and leaves, and an occasional use of fruit. He has a strange delight in the shapes of flames. In the thirty-sixth volume there is a design with an interior in the middle of it. Here a lady is reading by lamp-light, and she has a great wood fire blazing nobly under a lofty decorated chimneypiece. The flames themselves, with the black chimney behind them, are made highly decorative in this design, and they explain the origin of certain strange forms in white on black in many other designs which are really founded on the study of flames. The love of the white-and-black opposition is shown in the same drawing by the three white cats and the black dress and hair of the lady. Nothing in the purely decorative work of M. Habert-Dys is more noteworthy than his fine use of the simple oppositions that this limited art admits. White and intense black are the two opposing powers; between them lie certain transitions, obtained sometimes by white lines in black spaces—more frequently by the converse. It may seem strange to speak of the love of nature in connexion with art of this arbitrary kind, yet there is a very strong love of natural things in M. Habert-Dys, combined with an artistic taste that has been influenced by eastern examples, whilst preserving a creative and generally elegant originality. Nature may be loved and interpreted in many ways. The decorative artist does not see natural objects together, in a synthetic assemblage, as the landscape-painter does, but perceives something that is available in their beauties taken separately. He composes, too, but not in a manner that is to be confounded with the accidents of natural composition. His method or habit of study is analytic, and proceeds by a rigorous selection, whilst his art is constructive without being subject to any other laws than the suggestions of an inventive fancy. Nothing can be more original, more *unforeseen*, than the forty-eight coloured compositions by M. Habert-Dys, entitled *Fantaisies Décoratives*.* The idea of this publication was to supply a great variety of new suggestions for many kinds of decorative work applicable to embroidery, jewellery, wall-papers, porcelain, book-binding, screens, fans, panels, hangings, and painted glass. There has never been a more striking example of the renovating and re-vivifying power of original genius. If any one had invited us to look at fifty designs for ornaments, we should have anticipated nothing but the used-up, the

* Published in London, in twelve parts, by Gilbert Wood and Co., 175 Strand.

commonplace, disguised a little by futile attempts at that perilous sort of novelty which only betrays

the weakness of a poor invention. In the case of M. Habert-Dys there is no such danger. He invents as safely as an inferior man might copy, and far more safely than the inferior man could ever select and combine. We know that his next idea will be something that we could not possibly foresee, and yet we know that the strange new feat of fancy will have a law of its own, and be as consistent as if it were a design of antique severity. Without the modern artistic discovery of Japan, M. Habert-Dys, as an artist, could not have existed; yet he is not an imitator of the Japanese. They have given him a part of his culture, France has given him the rest; but from whatever source his inspiration has been derived, the expression of it is too lively to be other than his own.

In trying to get to the bottom of such a peculiar art as this, I am reminded of Professor Seeley's assertion that all fine art is, in a certain sense, *play*—the play of the artist's faculties. In the most serious art this is not obvious at first sight, because in such art, although the workman is playing with his materials in arranging them according to his taste, and although his representation of life is quite a different thing from the reality, he still is very much in earnest and working as hard as he can. But in such decorative art as that of M. Habert-Dys, the playful character of the work is visible and most precious. In fact, he plays like a child with all the things that he can draw; but he draws them beautifully, and with the most elaborate, unfailing care. The mere toil in some of these designs is prodigious, yet we never feel it to be toil because the artist never overloads his work unnecessarily. It seems as if his license of caprice were without limit, though in each design, when once the motive is decided upon, his caprice is always limited by subtle considerations of taste. He accepts suggestions from everything, even from heraldry. A favourite device of his is to make a design and then draw a diagonal band across it, like a 'bend' in heraldry. For instance, in one drawing (plate 4), called simply a 'Panel,' we have a disc like the full moon, but black with red cloud-like shapes upon it, and across this a tree-trunk with leaves, then a great *bend* across the whole, and a mother-monkey with her young, one on a branch across the bend; this plate might almost be described in pure heraldic language. The same device of the *bend* is resorted to in the designs for porcelain, as in the beautiful plate (9), and in the teapot and teacup (33). Another idea borrowed from heraldry is that of counterchanging. For example, on the plate just mentioned there are some upright reeds. To the right they appear on the ground, and not on the bend; to the left they are visible on the other bend, but not on the ground. It is obvious that in purely decorative work like this, when nature is admitted at all, it must be dealt with very arbitrarily. In some plates, however, there has been a deliberate intention to give something natural by means of decorative forms. The flight of birds is always admirably expressed, whether it be the hang-

ing of the heron's body from his great flapping wings, the wayward tossing and falling of bullfinches in the air, or the swift dash of the swallow. And if the artist's moving birds are full of motion, so his resting ones are steeped in rest. Cows by the seaside (plate 39), hens roosting (plate 27), storks resting on one leg (plate 27), and especially that wonderful stork (plate 40) with his beak pointed up against the water (plate 7). The hint of this may have been got from some Japanese original which is unknown to me. I certainly never met with any European design in which the swift swimming of fishes was so energetically expressed; and not only their swimming, but their perfect ease in the water, their momentary inclinations to this angle or that, their crowding and crossing of each other's direction, their

the dark sky, are a few amongst many examples. The whole of that last-mentioned design, with its plants, its severely simple bit of landscape, and its border, is one of the most striking things in the collection.

As a combination of rest with motion we have some ducks rushing down the rapid below a weir (plate 23) (the landscape, by the way, in this subject is an excellent instance of decorative simplification, and landscape is very difficult to simplify.) But for pure motion, not even the flight of the birds, rapid as that is, displays such inventive force as the headlong rush and plunge of the fishes in the green depths of slippery, instantaneous contact. The vitality of these designs is the more surprising from their frequent combination with severe inanimate ornament. It bursts out suddenly in the most unforeseen way. There does not seem to be an azoic period in the inventions of M. Habert-Dys; but the rigidity of mathematical lines and curves is at any moment likely to be relieved by the presence of an animal or a flower. It is a happy art—happy in the exuberance of a playful and elegant imagination, happy also in the exercise of a manual skill so perfect that the artist seems to draw as easily as his own birds fly or his own fishes swim.

P. G. Hamerton.

THE FISHMONGER.

FROM THE DRAWING ON WOOD BY FREDERICK WALKER IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE influence of 'Freddy Walker' on art in England during the last twenty years would afford material for a book. Born in Marylebone in 1840, educated in Camden Town, and entered, at the age of sixteen, with an architect whose practice did not lie among the higher walks of his profession, Walker became a student at Mr. Leigh's when he was still a boy, and at the Royal Academy when he was eighteen. Before he had been many months at the Academy he had acquired skill enough to win employment as a draughtsman on wood. In this condition he spent two years in the workshop of Mr. J. W. Whymper, taking commissions, too, on his own account for the illustration of 'Good Words,' 'Once a Week,' 'The Cornhill Magazine,' and other periodicals. To the 'Cornhill' his most important contributions were the cuts for 'The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World' and 'Denis Duval.' At first the illustrations were from slight sketches by Thackeray himself, but as time went on and the young draughtsman showed the stuff of which he was made he was left to send his own conceptions to the engraver. In 1863 Walker was elected an Associate of the 'Old Society,' and practically abandoned the work of the wood draughtsman. But he had already started a school—a school in which the peculiar conditions of illustration by means of engraving on wood were held in truer respects than they were before or have been since. The block of which we give a reproduction hangs on a screen in one of the water-colour rooms at South Kensington. It was one of a series of pictures of Rustic Life begun, but never completed, for Messrs. Dalziel Brothers, by whose kind permission our reproduction is published. This drawing was photographed on another block, engraved and published in one of Messrs. Dalziel's Fine Art Books, 'Wayside Posies,' 1867, with other illustrations by Walker, Pinwell, and North. The design, as a whole, is excellent. It was a pity, perhaps, to make the purse and coin in the child's hands so small that we can scarcely make out what they are. The figure of the young woman, too, seems a little over-refined in form and subtle in pose for her station. On the other hand, the expression of the group is delightfully true, simple, and sufficient, the rhythm of the leading lines is perfect, and the general sense of build and texture complete.

W. A.

LORENZO LOTTO.

LORENZO LOTTO is one of the most important, and at the same time one of the most little known, amongst the brilliant group of painters who flourished at Venice in the early years of the sixteenth century. The friend and fellow-pupil of Giorgione, of Titian, and of Palma, in the studio of Bellini, Lotto's fame has been overshadowed by the greatness of his companions, and it is only within the last few years that his works have been held worthy of serious attention. Even recent critics too often speak of him as a mere imitator, and accuse him of servilely copying Giorgione, Titian, and Correggio, by turns. But although he undoubtedly felt the power of these great masters, and many of his works betray marks of their influence, he retains throughout a strong individuality of his own which makes him always interesting. From first to last he is thoroughly Venetian in character; and in richness of colouring, in poetic charm, and freshness of conception, in sympathy with human life and all its surroundings, he yields the palm to few among his fellow-countrymen. He may not claim a place in the highest rank, but he stands foremost among second-class artists; and if he is not to be compared to Titian or Giorgione, he is little inferior to Palma, whom indeed in many respects he excels.

Another reason which accounts for the neglect to which this excellent painter has been doomed, is the fact that many of his finest works are scattered over comparatively unvisited districts of North and Central Italy, and remain unknown to the ordinary tourist. In this country Lotto is almost entirely known by his portraits, which, however excellent, can hardly be said to give a complete idea of his genius. The galleries of Berlin, of Munich, of Vienna, of St. Petersburg, contain many fine examples of his art, both religious and secular; but it is still to Italy that we must turn in order to form a just estimate of his style. Here as many as sixty works by his hand may still be seen, happily for the most part in a fair state of preservation. Venice retains four of his grandest altar-pieces, and the Brera and Borghese galleries possess several most admirable portraits; but by far the greater number of his paintings are to be found in the hilly district of Bergamo and in the March of Ancona. A great part of Lotto's life was spent in this last province, and no other painter has left so profound and lasting

a mark on the art of this interesting region as this Venetian master, who, after repeated prolonged visits at different periods of his career, finally came to end his days in the sanctuary of Loreto.

The birth-place of Lotto has long been a subject of dispute among art-historians. Until quite recently most writers, following Lomazzo and Ridolfi, have persisted in calling him a native of Bergamo, partly because of his friendship for the illustrious Bergamasque master, Palma Vecchio, and partly because at one time of his life he spent some years in this city and its neighbouring villages. On the other hand, Federigi claimed him as a native of Treviso, while Vasari called him simply *Pittore Veneziano*, a name commonly applied to artists born in Venetian territory. In the records of Bergamo churches and convents he is repeatedly styled 'Laurentius Lottus de Venetiis pictor,' the words '*nunc habitor Bergomi*' being added in one case. The vexed question, however, has now been set at rest by the discovery of a document of the year 1509 in the Corsini library in Rome, which expressly describes the painter as *Lottus de Trivisio*.

There can, therefore, be no longer any doubt on the subject, and the name of Lorenzo Lotto may safely be added to the sons of that 'pleasant and joyous land,' as the old Venetians called the fair Trevisana. Here he was born about 1480, or it may be, as Signor Morelli suggests, a year or two earlier, either in Treviso itself or else in the immediate neighbourhood. Like his more famous fellow-countryman, Giorgione, Lotto retained all his life the memory of this home of his childhood, and the same dark-blue expanse of plain, the same snowy mountain-line bounding the horizon, recur again and again in the pictures of maturer years. Like Giorgione too, with whom Lotto had so much in common, the young Trevisan artist came at an early age to Venice. There he studied painting in the workshop of Giovanni Bellini, and grew up with Titian and Palma and a host of smaller men for his companions. And, as was the case with most of Gian Bellini's pupils, after working a while in the manner of their venerable master, he applied himself to follow the style of the brilliant youth of Castelfranco, and strove, not altogether in vain, to catch some sparks of Giorgione's fire.

This double influence is apparent in all Lotto's early works, in the *St. Jerome* of the Louvre, which bears his signature and the date 1500; in the *Madonna and Saints* of the Bridgewater Gallery, which has the same rocky background and slender forms; in the winning *St. Katherine* at Munich; and in those graceful Virgins and Saints which adorn the churches of his native city Treviso and the mountain town of Asolo. In these pictures, which were all painted between 1500 and 1506, we find the best qualities of the old Venetian school, the simplicity and dignity of manner, the transparent colour and tenderness of feeling, which distinguish Giovanni Bellini's works, combined with a certain grace and sparkle, an attempt at greater brilliancy and depth of tone and more subtle effects of atmosphere, which bear witness to the influence of what Vasari calls the new manner introduced by Maestro Giorgio.

As early as June, 1506, Lorenzo Lotto paid a visit to the Marches, and entered into a contract to paint a *Last Supper* for a Dominican Prior at Recanati, a few miles from Loreto. From Recanati he went on to Rome, where, in 1508, he painted the lovely *Santa Conversazione*, now in the Borghese Palace, the most perfect example of his early style that is left us. A great future must have seemed opening before him in the following spring when he was called to help to join the band of artists employed in the decoration of the Vatican. A document, dated March 9, 1509, is preserved in the Corsini library, in which Magister Laurentius Lottus de Trivisio acknowledges the receipt of one hundred ducats for paintings to be executed in the upper storey of the Vatican. But it is hardly likely that the work was ever begun, for Raphael was already in Rome, and a few months later we find Lotto again at Recanati, engaged on his great altar-piece in the Dominican church, which he brought to a successful end by the close of the year 1509. The chief portions of this noble work are still to be seen in the church for which it was originally painted. Unfortunately the six different compartments of which it was composed have been divided. The smaller panels of the Pietà and Saints now hang separately on the walls of its choir, and the predella representing the miracle of the Santa Casa di Loreto and scenes from the life of Dominic, which Vasari describes as a rare thing, containing the most graceful little figures in the world, has disappeared. But the central panel of the enthroned Madonna, attended by worshipping saints, still remains in the sacristy, in comparatively good preservation. Many of the heads, especially those of St. Katherine of Siena, and the kneeling Dominic, are remarkably beautiful, and the boy-cherubs who play lute and viol on the steps of the throne are as naïve and charming as Gian Bellini's own. One tiny angel is represented as being in rapt delight to the strains of his own melody, while the other points with his bow to the descending angel who is in the act of bringing Dominic his cowl, and tries in vain to attract his attention to what is passing. The traveller from Ancona to Rome who stops on his way through the Marches to visit the remote but curious old town of Recanati will find himself well repaid by the sight of this the first of Lotto's great altar-pieces, and will join in the enthusiastic praise be-

stowed upon the picture some years back by the well-known critic, Otto Mündler.

After the completion of this important work, Lotto spent some years in the Marches, travelling from city to city in this interesting and picturesque district, so fair in scenery and so rich in classical and mediaeval traditions. Both churches and convents once abounded in his works, but now convents are closed and altars despoiled, and the pictures for the most part removed to some local municipal gallery. Several are to be seen at Ancona, where Lotto worked for Franciscans and Dominicans in turn, and where two of his altar-pieces once adorned the little church of S. Maria della Piazza, famous for its Romanesque façade, carved over with living creatures and creeping plants. The little town of Jesi in the neighbourhood boasts a fine Pietà bearing strong marks of Umbrian influences, notably of Raphael's Borghese Entombment, while the same Raphaelesque beauty strikes us in a youthful St. John in a picture of the *Transfiguration* at Castelnuovo.

The altar-piece of S. Floriano at Jesi bears the date of 1512, in which year Lotto left the Marches and returned to Venice after a prolonged absence of several years. Here he soon renewed his old relationship with Titian and Palma, who, now that Giorgione was dead, held the first place among Venetian artists; and it was probably his friendship with Palma which led him to find employment in that painter's native city of Bergamo. There he journeyed for the first time in 1513, and was soon afterwards chosen out of several other artists to paint a large altar-piece for the church of the Dominican friars. On his return to Venice he executed a sketch of this picture on wood, but the altar-piece itself was not finished until three years later. In 1515 Lotto paid a second visit to Bergamo, and received so large a number of commissions that he settled there. During the next ten years Bergamo remained his head-quarters, and he seems only to have paid brief visits to his Venetian friends. That distinguished traveller, known as l'Anonimo of Morelli, who visited Bergamo in 1525, mentions no less than ten important works by Lotto in the churches and private collections of this city. Many of the smaller panels have vanished. A few have found their way into foreign lands. The Correggiesque Nativity, 'in which,' remarks l'Anonimo, 'the Child gives light to the whole of the picture,' and which Vasari, who saw it in Florence a few years later, praises in glowing language, has disappeared. The fine but much-injured *Christ taking leave of His Mother*, painted in 1521, is now at Berlin; and a *St. Katherine* with her wheel of martyrdom, hangs in the Leuchtenberg Gallery at St. Petersburg, while of two pictures seen by l'Anonimo in the house of Lotto's friend and patron, Zanin Casotto, one is at Madrid, and the other, a *Marriage of St. Katherine*, adorns one of the state apartments in the Quirinal Palace in Rome.

But Bergamo still retains many of her favourite painter's works. A very beautiful version of the *Marriage of St. Katherine*, that oft-repeated theme of Lotto's, with a noble portrait of the donor, Niccolò de' Bonghi, is the chief ornament of the public gallery, and several excellent pieces are preserved in the Piccinelli collection. We can judge of his skill as a fresco-painter in the somewhat faded but still very graceful and effective scene from the Virgin's Life in the Chapel of St. Michael, and see the exquisitely beautiful intarsiatura work of the choir-stalls executed from his designs in the Church of S. Maria Misericordia. Of the three great altar-pieces which he painted for the principal Bergamasque Churches, by far the finest is the Madonna and Saints in the Dominican Church of S. Bartolommeo, a picture which deserves to rank among the master-pieces of Venetian art. The composition follows the traditional type of the old school of Venice, and bears a close resemblance to Giorgione's altar-piece at Castelfranco, and to that of Gian Bellini in S. Zaccaria. Again we see the Virgin sitting on a richly-draped throne with a row of saints at her feet; Dominic kneels beside her, Stephen wears Dominican garb, St. Katherine is clad in rich Venetian costume, while in the knightly form of the youthful Alexander and in the fair-faced Barbara crowned with flowers and bearing her tower, we recognise the portraits of the donor, Alessandro Martinengo and his wife. The individual bent of Lotto's genius reveals itself in the variety of the surroundings, in the elaborate details of the architectural background, in the gay flags and banners which adorn the walls, in the joyous flight of angels who enliven the scene with their presence. Two of these hover in the air above the Virgin, bearing her crown in their hands, others look down from an upper balustrade which runs round the cupola, and in the foreground two more smiling cherubs, with dimpled cheeks, smooth out the folds in the green carpet at the foot of the throne. The whole character of the composition agrees curiously with that well-known altar-piece the Madonna of St. Francis at Dresden, which Lotto's contemporary (young Allegri) was painting almost at the same moment at Correggio, and has made Signor Morelli say with truth that Lotto was Correggiesque before Correggio.

The completion of this grand work was hailed with delight by the people of Bergamo, and a hundred years later their pride in the picture was further shown by the joy-bells and shouts of acclamation with which the discovery of the long lost predella was celebrated.

Not only in Bergamo itself are traces of Lotto's activity to be found; the whole neighbourhood is full of his works. The village churches in the

romantic valleys round Lago d'Iseo, contain many of his altar-pieces; and a whole series of frescoes adorn the chapel of the Guardi family, who had their country-seat at Trescorre, at the opening of Val d'Endine. Here the legend of St. Barbara, her trial and martyrdom, are all represented; but the most interesting scenes are those in which the Saint appears as the patron of the peasants in this rural district, blessing the flocks, multiplying the fruits of the field at the vintage and harvest-time. The same idea finds expression in the fresco on the entrance-wall, where Christ Himself is represented as the true vine from whose branches, saints, virgins, prophets, and sibyls spring, while the text, 'Ego sum vitis, vos palmites,' is inscribed on his brows.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

(*To be continued.*)

ART CHRONICLE.

THE proceedings of the Art Congress, which has held its first meeting at Liverpool during the past month, have been distinguished by a praiseworthy earnestness and freedom of speech. The tone sounded throughout the discourses delivered by foremost men among the practicians and thinkers in our art world was melancholy. Sir F. Leighton, in an eloquent and well-digested inaugural address, lamented the unsoundness of our national position towards Art. While we greet the excellent with applause, we are bluntly indifferent to the bad, even if we do not offer it equal applause. Our appreciation is spasmodic and desultory; we have no adequate sense of Art as a factor in national greatness and an element of national character. In fact, if the aesthetic consciousness exists among us, it lies dormant, and must be awakened. To arouse this consciousness, to stir the apathetic artistic sense by all means, is one aim of the new 'Congress.' On the basis of the President's discourse, with divergencies characteristic of the individual speakers, followed speeches and discussions in the various sections. Certain main threads, however, can be detached as lines of agreement between theorists and practicians, else widely opposed. There is a strong conviction that if Art is to be a living influence among us—refining, educating, ennobling—if we are to have real art creation and men capable of creating, we must bring it home to the people, we must educate the artistic perceptions and train the artist hand of the people; the arts and the crafts must be united again; machinery must be the slave, not the master; the worker's hand must be free and individual; the craftsman must feel his responsibility as producer, and take delight in his work. Art must not be left to professors, says Mr. Watts; we must all want it in our lives, in our surroundings; the love of beauty should be alive amongst us everywhere; art, existing only in pictures and statues, is like religion kept for Sundays. All are agreed, we want reform in our art-teaching system. The Royal Academy and the Science and Art Schools were roughly handled by some of the speakers—Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Bates, Mr. Holman Hunt, and others; so that Mr. Brett's sturdy rejoinder that, without the Royal Academy, art would not have existed in England, Mr. Tadema's good-humoured indication of results in the careers of Turner, Constable, Millais, Holl, &c., and Mr. Alfred Gilbert's record of the generosity he had experienced in the schools, seemed advocacy not uncalled for. All being agreed that Art is in a bad way among us, and that something ought to be done to open our eyes and train our steps as a people, what practical suggestions, it may be asked, were the outcome of the Congress? Mr. Aitchison, R.A., pleads for beautiful architecture; give the people fine buildings to look at and study; let the rich leave a mark on the future by building beautiful houses. Surround the people with noble buildings, and, above all, fine out-of-door sculpture, said Mr. Simonds, the sculptor. Decentralise the Academic teaching, and let us have a system in our art schools which shall induce closer relations between master and pupil, said Mr. Holman Hunt. Mr. Gilbert advocated taking advantage of the luxurious habits of the wealthy to give scope for the decorative and ornamental arts. Mr. Crane and Mr. Morris pleaded for the emancipation of the craftsman from the tyranny of machinery and commercial speculation, and from the sordid surroundings of his life, Mr. Morris indicating that society would have to be recast for this end. Mr. Sedding thinks the use of machinery is not so much to blame as bad material and bad designs, and he too joined suit in a plea for more home comfort and happiness for the craftsmen. Many speakers—Mr. Richmond and others—advocated Sunday opening of museums as a direct source of art education for the working classes. Papers on the Home Arts movement and schools for artistic handicraft were read, and Mr. Rawnsley spoke for country industrial schools; Mr. Horsfall suggested the connexion of elementary schools with art galleries, having art collections in the schools, and organizing visits of the children to the museums; Sir Phillip Magus advocated evening school industrial art classes, for out of artistic training of the artisan class would come industrial artists; Mr. L. Cust wants a government department wholly given to art education of the people; and Mr. Seward advocated, on the same ground, local working artisans sections under the Science and Art Department, with government aid, as preparation for the regular art schools. Mr. Hele Shaw was able to announce that Liverpool had already, by the Association for Technical Education, established in the schools central boys' classes for wood-carving, &c., and proposed, by the help of trades unions, extending the advantage to apprentices. It did not appear that speakers in this connexion were aware of the London movement known as Recreative Evening Classes. Thus far there was considerable unanimity and not a little practical suggestiveness among the speakers.

Among the more specially directed papers, Mr. Richmond's, on a precise method of studying the figure, included strong advocacy for more work from the life, a point in which Mr. William Morris was at one with him. Mr. Baldwin Brown, discoursing on mural decoration, thought the 'Department' should bring out a handbook on the subject. Mr. Onslow Ford pointed out that while sculpture was undoubtedly taking better rank amongst us, an opinion substantiated by Mr. Gilbert also, a great drawback in public commissions was the system of adjudging, and especially in supervising, an artist's work by committees; it led to all sorts of abuse. Mr. Simonds also had a strong word to utter against the management of competitions, which caused the best artists to avoid them.

The next meeting of the Congress is to take place by invitation at Edinburgh, and Sir William Fettes Douglas, President of the Scottish Academy, is elected President. We have given some space to the proceedings of the Association, for the earnest purpose of the scheme, and the character of the men who have come forward to carry it out, should not end in mere talk, but work valuable and important results.

THE Winter Exhibition of sketches and studies by members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-colour attains a high level of excellence and interest. Three figure artists—Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., Mr. Burne Jones, R.A., and Mr. Poynter, R.A., have been induced to open their folios and send some of those careful black and white drawings of detail, studies for pictures, which are exceptionally interesting to dilettanti and instructive to students. Mr. Burne Jones contributes also a

large and elaborate design of *Caritas*, a sweet-eyed, womanly figure, erect, with infants clinging to her shoulders, and others sporting at her feet and pulling her girdle. There is less austerity than usual in the lovely nude forms of the children, and in the large sweep of the drapery about the gracious contours of the female figure. A certain placidity in feeling, and the broad arrangement of chiaroscuro and glowing colour, would indicate that this design is intended for window glass. The veteran President of the Society contributes several preliminary studies for pictures, than which none is finer than *After the Battle*—for imaginative intensity of expression in the picturesquely dramatic vein. The Society is not very strong in figure artists among the younger members, and the recently elected lady associate, Miss Edith Martineau, is the greater acquisition. Her rustic figures, admirably vigorous in character, have a certain dignity of style, and her workmanship is solid and good. Mr. Walter Crane, from whom one might have looked for figure design, sends only landscape—pleasing slight sketches in Greece, Corfu, and elsewhere. Mr. Alfred Hunt, among old members, has seldom been so various or a more ample contributor of studies in his best manner made abroad and at home. Mr. George Fripp shows himself still unequalled for translucent quality and the quiet mastery of his craft. Time seems to have no power over this veteran artist's steady hand and true eye. Among the juniors, Mr. Collin Phillip, if a little savage, is impressive and individual in his mountain studies. Mr. Robert Allen is not quite so inky or assailant as heretofore in characteristic sketches in Holland; but Mr. Herbert Marshall has viewed the northern Venice with more genial eye, and both in Holland and Cornwall has done some fresh and delightful work. This artist distinctly gains in knowledge without losing a certain charming freshness of manner. What can one say of Miss Montalba's delightful sketches—real sketches—in Sweden but that this clever lady always compels admiration by her courage, her vivacious touch, her adjusted colours?—to use a musical phrase, her 'attack' and her 'tune' are perfect. Among many picturesque subjects, *A Fortress by the Sea*, *Marstrand*, is, perhaps, the most taking by its bizarre sturdy forms and windy freshness. A note must be made of Mr. Hodson's Italian architectural studies, which are presumably to be reproduced. He has been sketching in Siena, a town, which, considering its wealth of picturesque subjects, has been singularly little exploited by artists. We cannot confess to sharing the popular appreciation of Mr. Charles Robertson's drawing, the *Harem Door*, in spite of its frank assurance and brilliant tonality. The element of mystery—one essential quality of the highest artistic work—is singularly wanting in this clever painter's work. We must not conclude this brief notice without congratulating the Society warmly on the successful persuasion by which Sir John Gilbert has been induced to withdraw his resignation of the Presidency and allow himself to be unanimously re-elected to the post he so genially and justly fills.

AMONG 'sole' exhibitions must be noted briefly a brilliant series of sketches and studies in Spain made by Mr. R. Beavis, shown at Messrs. Tooth's; also, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery, a collection of Highland landscapes by Mr. Sutton Palmer, which place that clever draughtsman and frank colourist on a higher level than has hitherto been attained by his rather prosaic good work.

MR. J. BAGNOLD BURGESS was elected full Academician at the meeting in the first week in December, an honour well deserved by this able and genial painter of Spanish and Oriental people and manners.

AT the annual distribution of prizes to the Royal Academy students Sir F. Leighton was able to notice the steady improvement in sculpture, while in most classes only the average merit was attained. In the competition for drawings from the life, the first prize, which implied a very high standard, could not be awarded. The travelling studentship for design in architecture was awarded to Mr. A. Rutherford Jemmet; the prize for decoration of a portion of a public building to Mr. W. F. Littler. The first prize in sculpture for models from the life was won by H. C. Fehr.

ANOTHER 'Preservation' society has been formed, under the title, 'Committee for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt,' for the object of bringing influence to bear upon the authorities in whose hands lie the conservation and repair of ancient buildings and monuments in the Nile Valley, now rapidly going to destruction. Mr. Poynter, R.A., is honorary secretary of the Society, which also numbers among the initiators Lords Wharncliffe and Wemyss, Sir F. Burton, Sir A. H. Layard, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. R. S. Poole, Mr. Colvin, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Henry Wallis.

ENERGETIC Manchester proposes to build for itself, at the cost of some six thousand pounds, a new gallery to receive the annual autumnal fine art exhibitions. Leeds is bestirring itself about holding, for the second time, a big exhibition to rival the successful enterprises at Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, and Newcastle.

WE have received with pleasure an artist's proof of the photogravure, published by Messrs. Annan & Swan, from Mr. Holman Hunt's *Strayed Sheep*. The picture is one of the artist's happiest pieces of work. The flooding sunshine on the green slopes and tangled copse-wood of the cliff above the shining levels of the sea, the group of soft creatures, curiously crowding towards the edge, attracted by the bleat of their comrade fallen among the briars, make up a pastoral idyll not without that undertone of figurative suggestiveness to be found in most of Mr. Hunt's pictures. Any good reproduction of the picture is sure of welcome. At the same time we must repeat, what we have before had occasion to note, that Mr. Hunt's work does not prove suitable for this especial process. The peculiarities of his solid technic are inevitably repeated with a heaviness that no hand elaboration of the plate lightens satisfactorily. In the present instance the brilliance of the original picture lay much in a coloration which, unfortunately, is almost untranslatable by a process into which photography enters so largely, and it is highly creditable to the publishers to have achieved even a partial success in this beautiful plate.

WE have to thank Mr. William Brown for a folio of eight etchings of famous old houses, gateways, and market cross, in Salisbury. There is considerable picturesqueness and no little courage about Mr. Brown's work. It is a pity he confuses his plates with such deep biting and superabundant bur, they print too heavily. The little plate of the Poultry Cross is the most pleasing, as clearest and sharpest of the series.

NO 'Christmas book' is likely to be more popular than the reprint in a handsome volume of the papers by Mr. W. Outram Tristram, on 'Coaching Days and Coaching Ways,' which appeared in the 'English Illustrated Magazine,' sparkling on every page with Mr. Herbert Railton's charming morsels of scenery or incidental objects on the road, and rendered eventful in the year's black and white productions through the vivacious and masterly drawings by Mr. Hugh Thompson, of coaches and all creatures who have to do with them, from the team of horses to the stable-yard dog, from the whip on the box seat to the pot-boy of the village inn, not to speak of the passengers, actual and possible, who enact their part at the artist's graphic bidding. A touch of Addisonian humour points the lively letter-press, and lurks behind Mr. Thomson's apt designs. The book is capitally brought out, the type is luxuriously clear, and the printing of the illustrations, which are numerous as the days of the year, beyond praise.

MR. ERNEST LAW has brought his admirable 'History of Hampton Court Palace,' in a second volume, from the death of Queen Elizabeth to the close of the reign of James the Second. A third volume will take another century of record and close the story. In a short paragraph no adequate word can be said of Mr. Law's pleasant, but by no means ephemeral, gossip over the old Palace, with its apt anecdotage and curious detail. The illustrations of this volume are capitally to the purpose, consisting of pleasing sketches, reproductions of contemporary plates, woodcuts from old pictures, and so forth.

A MAN'S PORTRAIT.

FROM THE PICTURE BY JAN VAN EYCK IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE finest, in some ways, of the three Van Eycks in the National Gallery, is that of which a reproduction is here offered to the readers of the PORTFOLIO. It is the portrait of a gentleman, Flemish, we may guess; middle-aged, or more, we can see. He goes clean shaven by habit, though it is now some three days, perhaps, since a razor has explored his chin. His eyes are small and a little blood-shot, his lips thin and compressed. He wears a dark robe trimmed with fur, above which shows just the least touch of white linen. About his head a piece of red cloth is twisted into the form of a somewhat fantastic turban. The picture is still in its original frame. On the lower bar appear the signature and date, thus: JOH'ES + DE + EYCK + ME + FECIT + ANNO + MCCCC + 33 + 21 + OCTOBRIS: and on the upper, the words ALS IXH XAN (*als ich kan*), the first part of an old Flemish saying, 'All I can, though not all I will.' Jan Van Eyck was careful to register his own connexion with the works of his brush. Seeing how unmistakable his hand is, once we know it, we might have been content to exchange a few of his elaborate signatures for the names of his more distinguished clients. Of this *Man with a Red Turban's* identity nothing whatever can be told. His companion in the National Gallery, the *Man with a Green Hood*, seems to have been called Timothy, if we may so accept the significance of the would-be-Greek word, Τίμωθεος (*sic*), which appears upon the panel.

I have called this portrait the finest, in some respects, of our three Van Eycks. It is in every way superior to its pendent, which was painted a year sooner. In modernity, too, of conception, in truth of modelling, and in general warmth of colour, it surpasses the famous panel on which Jean Arnolfini and his wife proclaim their union. From the words *ex collectione Arundeliana*, which exist on the back, it seems to have formed part of the first of English collections. It afterwards belonged to Lord Midleton, at Pepper-harrow. It was bought for the National Gallery in 1851 for 365*l.*, about a tenth of its value to-day.

W. A.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

II.—*The Minster.*

Dimensions of Thorney—The Precincts—Legends of the Foundation—Offa—Pious Frauds—West Minster—Edgar—The Boundaries—Edward the Confessor—The New Foundation—The Church—The Cloister—Remains of Edward's Buildings—The Dark Cloister—The Chapel of the Pyx—The Refectory and Misericorde—The Church Consecrated—The Legend of Seberht.

THORNEY may be defined as an island lying off the coast of Middlesex in the estuary of the Thames. It was very scientifically described for us about half a century ago by William Bardwell, of Park Street, Westminster, one of the architects of the 'Westminster Improvement Company.' He says it is about 470 yards long and 370 yards wide, and is washed on the east side by the Thames, on the south by a rivulet running down College Street, on the north by another stream, which flows, or flowed, through Gardener's Lane, the two being joined by the 'Long Ditch,' which formed a western boundary, as nearly as possible where Prince's Street is now. Within the narrow limits thus described stand both the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament, and various other familiar public buildings which need not be enumerated here. The precincts were formerly surrounded by stone walls, of which a fragment may still be seen here and there, and were entered by four noble gateways, three of which have perished. One of them was at King Street, and was combined with a bridge over the brook at Gardener's Lane. Another, also with a bridge, was at College Street. The bridge is far below the present pavement. The third, opening on Tothill Street, was still in part standing fifty years ago, but the Gate-house prison adjoining was demolished in 1777. The fourth gate was in a wall which divided the Palace from the Abbey at New Palace Yard. A modern representative of the College Street gate still exists.

On the ground thus defined stood the famous Abbey of St. Peter, the church of which is the subject of these chapters, and the first question that suggests itself is as to the period at which the Abbey was founded. Here we have many answers offered for our choice. Bardwell says 'St. Edward' was the founder. This assertion is easily disproved. Charters of a date long before the reign of the Confessor mention the Abbey. Dean Stanley was unwilling to dismiss as unfounded the legend of King Seberht, but tacitly acknowledged that Edgar and Dunstan at least restored the Abbey. There is, however, a charter

granted to it by the great Offa, king of Mercia, in the year 785; and it must have come into existence some time before. The 'Venerable Beda,' who died in 736, or thereabouts, does not mention Westminster in his 'Ecclesiastical History,' and Widmore is probably right when he lays down the facts of the case, and dates the Abbey between 730 and 740, adding that, in his opinion, there is no authority for the story that Seberht founded it, and that the first authors known to have 'delivered this account' lived at least 450 years after the time assigned, and, moreover, do not agree among themselves. He sums up the whole question thus:—'There were strong reasons, both from interest and the practice of these times, when, I suppose, the story was first made, to induce the monks of Westminster not to be content with such an early foundation for their monastery as it actually had, but to assign to it the very earliest they could think of, and to make and invent histories for this purpose, as their successors did some time afterwards forge charters on a like occasion, to support a claim to privilege and an exemption from episcopal supervision.'

ANCIENT WALL OF THE ABBEY IN COLLEGE STREET. FROM A DRAWING BY JAMES MILLER, 1781.

The practice here alluded to by Widmore was undoubtedly very common in the Middle Ages. The pious fraud was not easily detected in those days. The monks kept the seal of the Confessor, the first English king, it is believed, who used a seal, and could affix it to any document. The proud Abbey of Westminster, under its immediate royal patrons, was always galled at the idea that the other 'minster,' St. Paul's, was ever so much older, and, indeed, dated from the period of the first introduction of Christianity. A student of local names would, however, apart from all historical or documentary evidence, ask the meaning of the words 'West Minster,' and whether they do not point to the previous existence of another 'minster' to the eastward. The word 'minster,' or, in Latin, 'monasterium,' is constantly applied to both St. Paul's and St. Peter's; and if the charter of Offa may be relied upon, in his day the building on Thorney had already been distinguished from the older building within London wall as Westminster. Here are the words of Offa:—'I have given to St. Peter and the Lord's people dwelling *in Torneia, in loco terribili, quod dicitur aet Uuestmunster;*' that is, he puts the words, 'aet Uuestmunster,' into the English of his day, 'a certain piece of land at Aldenham,' and so on. This charter is certainly genuine, but some centuries later the Abbey of St. Albans laid claim to Aldenham, and was eventually successful, it appears, as the manor was in the possession of that house at the time of the dissolution.

Westminster is also mentioned in an English charter not much later, by which a certain Eelfhelm granted lands to St. Peter's on conditions, but his grant is undated. Next we come to King Edgar, and the charter dated in 951, round which a fierce controversy has long raged among people who are interested in such matters. Widmore accepted it as genuine, and as Widmore was by no means a credulous person, his authority has generally been considered final. There are two objections to it, however, which, to make a long story short, may be

stated thus:—It is dated in 951, when Edgar had not become king, and it contains a historical mistake in alluding to Archbishop Wulfred as contemporary with King Offa. Under these circumstances it is not very easy to believe in the authenticity of the charter, which, by the way, is witnessed among others by the great Dunstan. One thing of immense interest, however, it does contain, and that is, the very early account of the boundaries of the Abbey manor, afterwards the parish of St. Margaret—an account in the language of a period little, if at all, later than the time of Edgar, and full of geographical and topographical facts.

The language of this grant or definition is not at all difficult, even to a person ignorant of the Old English or Saxonic dialect of our tongue. If it is a forgery, it is a very early one, made while the old language was still in common use. Although the charter is dated, as I have said, in 951, the true date, if it is genuine, is probably 971, and, even if it is a fiction, it is older than the Conquest. The landmarks given are very interesting. They relate to places familiar to us all, yet we cannot, with any certainty, identify more than one or two of them. The boundary runs, we are told, up from the Thames, along the Merfleet to Pollenstock. Thence it runs to 'Bulunga Fenn,' and along the old ditch to Cowford. From Cowford it goes along the Tyburn to 'the wide herestreet,' and along the street to St. Andrew's Church, where it reaches London Fen. Thence it turns back along the Thames to Merfleet, where it started. Of these names how many can be identified? Mr. Waller places Merfleet somewhere on Milbank. Mer, or mere, means a boundary. Fleet means a shallow stream into which the tide comes. Pollenstock and Bulunga Fen mark turns in the boundary, and may be placed at, say, Victoria Station and Buckingham Palace. As to Cowford, Mr. Waller would place it at James Street, Buckingham Gate, but I am strongly of opinion that it was the place at which the great western road, the 'road to Reading' of old maps, crossed the Tyburn. The Cowford was eventually replaced by the 'Stone bridge,' which is easily identified because what we call the Green Park is marked on some old maps as Stonebridge Close. So Cowford, if this is correct, must have been where the boundary touched the Tyburn, along which it afterwards ran, and that must have been as nearly as possible at Brick Street, Piccadilly, which till within a few years was called Engine Street, from a waterwheel, or engine, which was turned by the stream. Of the 'wide Herestreet' I have already spoken. It ran from the corner we know as 'the Marble Arch' to Newgate. But the boundary turned to the south at St. Andrew's Church, and ran along 'London Fen,' which must mean the valley of the Fleet, to the Thames. In later times this boundary was much altered. A large tract, as we shall see in the next chapter, was added to the westward, while the parishes of St. Dunstan and St. Bride were cut off to the eastward. In modern times, though the city of Westminster was held to extend quite to Temple Bar, the parish of St. Margaret has been diminished by the loss of the districts known as Covent Garden, Soho, Hanover Square, and others; while, as if to mark its ancient importance, Kensington Gardens are still reckoned as being in Westminster, as well as the 'hamlet' of Knightsbridge and the aristocratic Kensington Gore.

As to the reason why this is not the parish of St. Peter, but of St. Margaret, I shall have something to say in a subsequent chapter. It is referred to in the Domesday as 'the land of St. Peter of Westminster,' and we are told that the Abbot had in it thirteen hides and a half. There was arable land enough for eleven ploughs, pasture for the cattle of the town, and wood for a hundred pigs. Besides this rural estate the Abbot had twenty-five houses for 'his knights and other men.' The word in the original for 'knights' is 'milites' and may denote soldiers or servants—'knechts.' The word has by some authorities been connected with Knightsbridge, but I hope to show that there is a better derivation for that puzzling name.

The great difficulty in finding a date for the Abbey is further complicated by the events which occurred during the Danish invasion. The marauders who shut up the King within the walls of London and ravaged the whole land, and who murdered the Archbishop at Greenwich, are not likely to have spared the little Abbey on Thorney. It is tolerably certain, though not actually proved, that Dunstan, by bringing twelve Benedictine monks from Glastonbury and planting them at Westminster, practically founded the Abbey, which, however, does not seem to have been in a very flourishing condition down to the time of Edward the Confessor; and there seems at one period, where there is a blank in the list of Abbots, to have been no community here at all. This may well have been the case, as I have said, during the Danish invasion of 1012. We find it receiving the Manor of Hampstead from King Ethelred in 986, and other lands from a certain Leofwine in 998; so that if the monks fled during the troubles, they must have come back again, because they were in possession of these estates at a later period. The Danish King Harold was buried in their church in 1042, but his body was subsequently dug up and flung into the Thames by his unnatural brother Hardicnut. To Hardicnut succeeded his half-brother Edward, and prosperity began to smile on Westminster Abbey.

The new King took up his abode close by, and

built himself a splendid palace, of which the contemporary remains in Westminster Hall are a sufficient witness. Dean Stanley well names Edward as 'the last of the Saxons and the first of the Normans,' and

his buildings here were probably the first examples of the Norman style that had been seen. It was in ful-

filment of a vow that he rebuilt the Abbey. He had intended to make a pilgrimage to the grave of St. Peter at Rome, but was absolved by the Pope on condition he should found or restore a monastery of St. Peter. Westminster stood ready to hand. Its Abbot, Eadwine, was a favourite courtier and the buildings were pressed forward with speed, and were, we are told, completed in about fifteen years.

Of the Confessor's Abbey a few fragments are still extant. The church was in the form of a cross—a novelty in design in England—and had many pillars and arches. What such a church was like we may gather from the Bayeux tapestry, where it is represented at large. The nave, which was not, however, finished so soon, consisted of five bays, arched, and at the crossing of the transepts there was a taller arch of the same width. The east end, as in the not much later chapel in the White Tower, was semicircular. The old church was left standing, not to interrupt the services, and must have been somewhere to the westward. Only the choir was finished at the time of Edward's death, and the end of the nave, with its towers, was not built. It must have been quite as wide as the present church—'an opinion,' says Sir Gilbert Scott, in the 'Gleanings,' 'which is, to a certain extent, corroborated by the size of the Cloister Court, the north and east sides of which would have been defined by the external walls of the nave and the dormitory, and its south limits by the refectory, in which there exist early remnants sufficient to show that it occupies the original site.' If we complete the square thus indicated we have evidence that the nave was within three bays of the length of the present nave, and it was probably quite as ong.

It is on account of the preservation of the Confessor's plan that the western aisle of the south transept is wanting, its space being occupied by the cloister. The chamber immediately above is used as a muniment room for the archives of the church, and contain some very ancient chests, decorated with iron-work, some of which date from the thirteenth century.

The monastery, as distinguished from the church, lay on the south side, and here remains of the Confessor's work may readily be recognised. The so-called 'Dark Cloister' is the best known. It is the substructure of the Dormitory, a square hole in the vaulting 'restored' away within a month past, admitting a rude stair. When Edward raised the number of monks to seventy he had, of course, to provide sufficient accommodation, and this part of his building is peculiarly massive, but devoid of ornament. 'Several of its walled-up windows are visible in the great school.' One exterior window remains little altered. Below this building is the 'Chapel of the Pyx,' an apartment seldom or never seen by a visitor. Sir Gilbert Scott speaks of the difficulty he experienced in obtaining admission. It was, he says, 'a formidable visit, requiring the presence of representatives of the Treasury and the Exchequer, with their attendants bearing boxes which contain six mighty

keys.' This used to be a treasury, and still contains the empty coffers, the Pyx alone being stored in it now. What is the Pyx? The word is etymologically

the same as 'box,' means a chest or case in which something precious is deposited. Here it is the coin of the realm of which specimens are kept, and the new coin annually tried by them before a jury of experts.

This ancient chapel consists of two bays of low vaulting, plain and strong, with a massive pillar in the centre, and is in a very fair state of preservation. Far otherwise is it with the Refectory and Misericorde, a chamber where the monks were indulged on high days and holidays with extra refreshments. The northern wall of the Refectory is still standing beside the southern walk of the Cloister. The Misericorde is wholly swallowed up in Ashburnham House, which still contains a very thick wall, running like a backbone from one end to the other. It shows its thickness in the doorways which pierce it.

The Confessor's work, so far as it was finished, was consecrated just before his death. Mr. Freeman well says, 'the royal saint deemed himself set upon the throne, not to secure the welfare or the independence of his kingdom, but to build a church and endow a monastery in honour of the Prince of the Apostles.' The King was too ill to take any part in the ceremony to which he had looked forward all his reign. Before the Christmas Festival was over the new church 'beheld the funeral rites of its founder, and the coronation rites of his successor.'

I have thus endeavoured to sketch the early history of Westminster Abbey. It is impossible not to agree with a remark of Dart's on this subject. He says:—'There is, I think, no church whose original has afforded more various matters of conjecture than this; and those who have earnestly contended for her antiquity have so clouded that time with fables that we scarce know where to find it.'

Having thus related all that is certainly known as to the foundation of Westminster, and brought the narrative down to the eve of the Norman Conquest, it will be convenient to turn back for an instant and see what was the universally received legend of the Middle Ages about it.

There was in the Roman time on Thorney a temple of Apollo. Then came the Christian king, Lucius, and founded the Church of St. Peter upon Cornhill, and the Abbey of St. Peter upon Thorney. But in process of time the Christian Britons were conquered and driven away by the heathen Saxons, and St. Peter's upon Thorney was destroyed. At length a king named Seberht arose, and reigned over the East and Middle Saxons. He founded the Church of St. Paul in London. This is a fact attested by the almost contemporary Beda. But, said the

monks of Westminster, he also founded their Abbey, and was buried in their church. Dean Stanley thus narrates the legend:—

'It was on a certain Sunday night, in the reign of King

Sebert, the eve of the day fixed by Mellitus, first Bishop of London, for the consecration of the original monastery in the Isle of Thorns, that a fisherman of the name of Edric was casting his nets from the shore of the island into the Thames. On the other side of the river, where Lambeth now stands, a bright light attracted his notice. He crossed, and found there a venerable personage, in foreign attire, calling for some one to ferry him over the dark stream. Edric consented. The stranger landed, and proceeded at once to the church, standing ready for its impending consecration. The air suddenly became bright with a celestial splendour. The building stood out clear, "without darkness or shadow." A host of angels, descending and reascending, with sweet odours and flaming candles, assisted, and the church was dedicated with the usual solemnities. The fisherman remained in his boat, so awestruck by the sight that when the mysterious visitant returned and asked for food he was obliged to reply that he had caught not a single fish. Then the stranger revealed his name:—"I am Peter, keeper of the keys of heaven. When Mellitus arrives to-morrow, tell him what you have seen; and show him the token that I, St. Peter, have consecrated my own Church of St. Peter, Westminster, and have anticipated the Bishop of London. For yourself, go out into the river: you will catch a plentiful supply of fish, whereof the larger part shall be salmon. This I have granted on two conditions—first, that you never fish again on Sundays; secondly, that you pay a tithe of them to the Abbey of Westminster."

'The next day, at dawn, the Bishop Mellitus rises, and begins to prepare the anointing oils and the utensils for the great dedication. He, with the King, arrives at the appointed hour. At the door they are met by Edric, with the salmon in his hand, which he presents from St. Peter in a gentle manner to the Bishop. He then proceeds to point out the marks of the twelve crosses on the church, the walls within and without moistened with holy water, the letters of the Greek alphabet written twice over distinctly on the sand of the now sacred island, "the traces of the oil and (chiefest of the miracles) the droppings of the angelic candles." The Bishop professed himself entirely convinced, and returned from the church "satisfied that the dedication had been performed sufficiently, better, and in a more saintly fashion than a hundred such as he could have done."'

This charming legend needs no refutation. It is interesting, both as a pretty story and also as showing what, in spite of the marvellous civilisation of the thirteenth century in which it was composed, people could be got to believe in those days.

W. J. Loftie.

LORENZO LOTTO.

II.

MEANWHILE, Lotto was not forgotten in the Marches; repeated entreaties for pictures had reached him at intervals from his old friends at Jesi and Recanati, and in 1525 he once more visited these cities, and painted several altarpieces in their churches, and in those of Ancona. But in the following year the outbreak of war between the Pope and Charles V. drove him back to Venice, where he found a home in the Dominican convent of San Giovanni and Paolo. The same religious habits and love of seclusion, which afterwards led him to end his days in the sanctuary of Loreto, prompted him in his choice of abode. For this painter, whose fancy was so bright, whose sympathy with human life and character in all its varied aspects we recognise at every step, was as pure in heart, as devout a Christian in faith and practice, as Fra Angelico himself. His virtue, his piety, his goodness of heart, are the theme of every one of his biographers. Vasari speaks with approval of his good morals and holy life. Pietro Aretino, who knew him intimately, begins a letter to him with the words, '*O Lotto come la bontà buono e come la virtù virtuoso.*' The Dominican Order seems to have had an especial attraction for him, and we find him painting in turn for the Preaching Friars at Recanati, at Ancona, and at Bergamo.

The great Dominican convent of S. Zanipolo, of Venice, now became his home. Already, in 1513, when he was engaged in designing his altarpiece for S. Bartolommeo, he was living within the convent walls; and from 1526, until he finally left Venice, twenty years later, this remained his favourite residence. He had patrons among the noblest Venetians, and numbered Titian and the Aretine among his friends; but for all that, he preferred the stillness of his cloister retreat, and within the precincts of a Dominican convent this favourite artist of the Preaching Brothers led a life such as Savonarola himself might have chosen for his ideal painter.

Orders still came to him from Bergamo and the Marches, and during the next ten years more than one great altarpiece was sent from Venice to churches and shrines in these remote districts. But in Venice alone he had work enough to satisfy a less indefatigable artist.

The high reputation which he had obtained as a portrait-painter brought sitters of all ranks and classes to his studio, and such was his excellence in this branch of art that his portraits have been constantly ascribed to Titian, to Giorgione, and even to Lionardo. Here we can only mention a few of the most remarkable; many others, scarcely inferior in merit, are to be found dispersed among the chief European collections. In this country, the National Gallery, Hampton Court, and Dorchester House, alike possess several excellent examples. Of those which are the property of the

nation, the double portrait of Agostino della Torre and his brother Niccolò of Bergamo, the Paduan professor, was painted as early as 1515, while a later date must be assigned to the pretty family group which is said to represent Lotto himself, wife, and children, although no mention of his marriage is known to exist, and all we learn of the painter's life and habits renders the assumption highly improbable. None the less, the picture of the handsome serenely happy Venetian mother and her husband, dangling cherries before the eager faces of the bright-eyed children, is very charming, and has just that touch of *genre* and evident delight in the little details and passing incidents of daily life which was one of Lotto's characteristic features. Still finer is the half-length of the apostolic protonotary Giuliano, with the refined, thoughtful face, shaded by silver-grey hair, and the blue plains and snowy Alps of the Trevisano, seen through the open window behind him.

AGOSTINO AND NICCOLO DELLA TORRE. LORENZO LOTTO. NATIONAL GALLERY.

Another very noble portrait is that of Andrea Odoni, at Hampton Court. There it was alternately given to Correggio and Giorgione, until Dr. Waagen first pronounced it to be the work of Lotto. The discovery of the painter's signature, L. Lotus, 1527, in a corner of the picture, soon afterwards confirmed the truth of his assertion, and no doubt remained that this was the identical portrait seen by l'Anonimo at Venice in 1532.

After describing the treasures of art in the house of Messer Andrea, who was a renowned collector of Greek gems and vases, ancient marbles and modern pictures, this writer mentions the half-length portrait of M. Andrea, holding a fragment of antique sculpture, by the hand of Lorenzo Lotto. This distinguished personage was the friend and patron of all the best Venetian painters in turn, and one of the most enthusiastic lovers of art in Venice. Pietro Aretino describes his house and gardens as the most splendid in the whole city, saying that nowhere has he seen beds so rich, apparel so royal, and pictures so rare, as in Messer Andrea's palace, while the exquisite beauty of the floors in these chambers makes him fearful even to tread upon them. The fact that Lotto was chosen by this distinguished personage to paint his portrait, shows how high his reputation must have been among contemporary artists. Lotto has been careful to show us the subject of his picture among his habitual surroundings—Messer Andrea, a handsome man in the prime of life, with brown eyes, beard and hair, clad in fur pelisse, and wearing a gold chain and cross round his neck, is seen contemplating a collection of antiquities recently acquired, and holding a small antique statue in his hands. The refined tastes of the scholar, the ease and polish of the accomplished courtier and man of the world, are all admirably expressed. We note the genuine delight with which he handles the marble, and realise the great connoisseur's enthusiasm for the beautiful objects with which he loved to surround himself. In richness of tone and delicacy of modelling, in transparency of light and shade, Titian himself never excelled this truly magnificent portrait. How it came to England we have no record, but in 1653 it was in the possession of a Dutch collector, and may have been part of the Dutch gift of pictures presented to Charles II.; since it appears in the catalogue of James II.

Another very fine portrait by Lotto, formerly in Charles the First's collection, is now at Vienna, and represents a stately Venetian youth clad in black, and holding a gilded bird's claw in his left hand, who, from this circumstance, has been supposed, regardless of dates, to be the Bolognese naturalist, Ulysses Aldovrandi.

Casa Sernagiotto, at Venice, contains a striking portrait of a Dominican friar, probably one of

Lotto's friends of San Zanipolo, who is seated at a table counting gold coins by the light of a burning candle, while an admirable half-length, at Berlin, is said to be the artist's own likeness, and agrees well with the idea we are led to form of his thoughtful and earnest character.

Of late years the generous bequest of King Victor Emanuel has enriched the Brera with no less than three first-rate portraits by Lotto. Two of these represent middle-aged men, and are equally remarkable for masterly execution and subtlety of expression; while the third, and by far the most beautiful, is a lady who, clad in the richest Venetian dress, puffed sleeves, flowered turban, and pearl necklace, and wearing a serious air on her delicate features, rests her elbow on the table before her. All of these portraits are marked by the same refinement, and the same air of distinction, and all reveal the same endeavour on the part of the painter to show us, not only the outer form, but the inner soul of the man or woman before him, an endeavour, it must be owned, rarely as successfully realised as it is in Lotto's portraits. And this leads us to speak of another class of picture in which Lotto attained a success as undoubted as in his portraits—we mean the compositions in which he combines portraiture with what is generally known as genre painting.

Giorgione, who in his short life struck out new paths in every direction, had been the first to paint these half-length groups, and to invest their simplest actions with an ideal grace and meaning. And Lotto, in his quick sympathy with all that was human, caught something of his great fellow-countryman's spirit. The same tendency which led him to fill the background of his altar-pieces with the most varied and lively imagery, to paint those *graziose figurine*, which won the admiration of his contemporaries, to surround Mary and the Saint with sportive angels and dimpled babies, made him paint the men and women about him not only as worshippers before the Virgin's throne, but as the actors in a drama of continually changing scenes. The joys and sorrows, the passions and tears, of the human beings about him, could not be indifferent to a soul like his. And so he painted happy youths and maidens in the sweet spring-time of love and boys pouring out their hearts in song. He, too, felt the greatness of those brief moments which come to all of us here and there, and redeem our lives from dull monotony; and gentle spirit that he was, he could not shut his eyes to the startling episodes and the tragic contrasts that meet us everywhere. And he, too, learnt the secret of Giorgione's power, and knew how to concentrate a whole world of meaning in a single look or gesture.

VOTIVE PICTURE. LORENZO LOTTO. BELVEDERE GALLERY.

The museum of Madrid contains his picture of a merry cupid crowning young Marsilio and his bride, once the ornament of Zanin Casotti's home at Bergamo. Alnwick Castle holds the unknown warrior whose eyes are closed in the last sleep, while Love glides in with noiseless tread and lays a laurel wreath on the dead man's brow. In another noble portrait now in the Borghese Gallery, the con-

trast of life and death is sharply set before us in the splendid-looking Venetian noble who lays his hand carelessly on a skull half hidden under a heap of roses. There is the famous group of the grey old man, the stalwart youth, and the boy shading his eyes with one hand and holding a sheet of music in the other, known as the *Three Ages*, of the Pitt gallery, a picture so admirable in technical perfection, so full of fire that Signor Morelli cannot believe it to be the work of any master but Giorgione. Yet for centuries it has borne the name of Lotto, and there seems no sufficient reason for depriving him of so bright a jewel in his crown. And, last of all, there is Mr. Holford's wonderful portrait of the Venetian beauty pointing to the drawing of Lucretia in the act of stabbing herself, with a look so full of strange significance in her passionate dark eyes, that we wonder what is the tale they have to tell, and long to unravel the mystery of the words written on the white sheet of paper by the flowers at her side, 'Nec ulla impudica Lucretiæ exemplo vivet.' This Lucretia reveals a depth of passion and power of which critics who are only familiar with Lotto's altar-pieces, would hardly have thought him capable, and would alone suffice to give him a high place among Venetian masters of the sixteenth century.

ST. KATHERINE. LORENZO LOTTO. LEUCHTENBERG GALLERY.

Most of these pictures were painted by Lotto during the last part of his residence at Bergamo, or the years spent in quiet retreat in the cloisters at S. Giovanni and Paolo. Several of his most important altar-pieces belong to the latter period. The *Glory of St. Nicholas*, with its beautiful but sadly-injured landscape in the Carmine, was painted in 1529. A grand *Crucifixion*, with twenty-three full-sized figures and Bishop Nicolo Bonafede kneeling at the foot of the Cross, was finished two years later for the shrine of the Madonna di S. Giusto, near Fermo in the Marches. The *Glory of St. Antonine* formed the subject of his great altar-piece in his own church of S. Giovanni and Paolo. Here the saintly Florentine Archbishop is throned on the clouds and encircled by cherubs; while below, young monks are actively employed distributing the alms to the crowds of needy poor, who clamour for bread with outstretched arms. An entry respecting this picture has been discovered in the Convent archives of the year 1542, by which, Lotto, who had been paid the sum of forty ducats for the Palla of St. Antonino, relinquishes all further claim to payment, on condition that the monks should give him burial in this church, and invest him with the habit of their order. But, after all, S. Giovanni and Paolo was not to be his last home.

In 1544, he paid another visit to his native city and painted several works at Treviso and in its neighbourhood. In 1546, he painted one more large altar-piece in Venice, this time for S. Giacomo dell' Orio, the historian Marino Sanudo's parish church. The old theme of the *Virgin in Glory*, worshipped by angels and saints, was the subject of this his last Venetian picture; the influence of Titian, already apparent in the altar-piece of S. Giovanni and Paolo, is even more strongly marked here, and we often find Lotto's later pictures ascribed to his more distinguished contemporary. Years had not weakened the ties of friendship between the two painters, who had worked side by side half a century before in Gian Bellini's studio, and we have a striking proof of Titian's respect for Lotto in the letter addressed to our painter in 1548 by Pietro Aretino. Titian, who at that time had crossed the Alps and was living at the court of Charles V. in Germany, had been sending messages to his old friend at home, which the Aretino thus proceeds to deliver: 'O Lotto, good as goodness, and virtuous as virtue herself. Titian, from imperial Augsburg, surrounded as he is by all the glory and favours of this world, greets and embraces

you. In a letter which he sent me two days ago, he says that the pleasure which he feels in showing the Emperor his works would be doubled if he could show them to you and talk them over with you, for he feels how much the value of your judgment is increased by the experience of years, by the gifts of nature and of art, as well as by the sincere affection which makes you judge of his pictures and portraits with as much justice and candour as if they were your own.' To these flattering words, Aretino adds a pious expression of his own hopes for his friend's future, and congratulates Lotto on having, by his religious exercises, assured himself a more lasting reward in heaven than the praise of men upon earth. This concluding passage probably alludes to the painter's dedication of the last years of his life to the service of the Madonna of Loreto.

When Aretino wrote this letter Lotto had already left Venice. In 1550 he painted an *Assumption* in S. Francesco of Ancona, another *Madonna* for S. Maria della Pace in the same town. After this he devoted his failing powers to the decoration of the Duomo of Loreto. A large altarpiece and seven smaller subjects from the life of Christ, formerly in the choir of the basilica, are now to be seen in the Palazzo Apostolico of that town, and afford melancholy evidence of the painter's growing feebleness. But if they speak of decaying powers and fast-failing strength, they also bear witness to the zeal and faithfulness with which he worked to the end. All we know of these last years is that, inspired by devotion to the Madonna, he dedicated himself and all his worldly goods to her service, and became an oblate of the holy house of Loreto. Vasari tells us how Lorenzo, being old and having almost lost his voice, resolved to finish his life in the service of the Madonna and under the roof of the Santa Casa; and how, after painting many pictures in the choir and chapels of the church, he died, as he had lived, an excellent man and a good Christian. These last years of his life, the same writer remarks, were exceedingly happy, and the painter's soul was filled with a blessed peace; besides which, he adds, in words which sound like an echo of the Aretine's letter, 'they had the advantage, as we believe, of winning the painter eternal life, which might perchance not have been the case had he remained plunged in the affairs of this busy world.' A manuscript which has been preserved in the Correr Museum at Venice also speaks of Messer Lorenzo Lotto as receiving a florin a month from the Santa Casa for food and clothing; and describes him further as being very old and having almost entirely lost his voice. This was in the year 1555, and is the last mention which we have of the aged master, who probably died soon afterwards. Many pictures of his last period are to be seen both at Loreto itself and in the churches of the neighbourhood; and in spite of their marked inferiority to his earlier work retain strong traces of Titian's influence, and of that richness, wealth, and variety of colour in which he proved himself a true Venetian to the last. But it is not by these feeble productions of his senile days that Lotto's art must be tried, and his place among contemporary artists decided. For that we must go back to the long series of splendid works which he painted in early youth and in the prime of manhood at Venice at Bergamo and in the Marches,—works, we have already seen, so rich and varied in character, so full of bright and original thought, and so admirable in execution, as to render him worthy of honourable remembrance among the most illustrious Venetian masters.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

DARTMOOR.

II.—SCENERY.

The Moor Railway — Hingston Down — Princetown — The Convict Prison — Crazywell Pool — Sheepstor — Mis Tor Pan — Cranmere Pool — Tavy Cleave — An Ancient Settlement — Tavy Head to Okehampton — Taw Marsh — The Thirlstone — The Teign and its Floods — Logans — John Roberts — Grimspound — Manaton — Bowerman's Nose — Lustleigh Cleave.

UNTIL a few years since, half-a-dozen at most, Dartmoor, though girdled with railways, was assailed by none, save the tramway constructed early in the century for the transport of granite by Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt. But this tramway was the thin end of the wedge. It seems to have occurred to engineers that a winding line of metals, along which horses could draw their burdens, might not be impracticable for a steed 'of sterner stuff.' And so the Princetown Railway was projected.

And a wonderful railway it is. Branching from the Great Western line at Yelverton it commences its climb at the very outset, the moderate curve with which it leaves the junction being but a foretaste of what it will develop among the rocky hills to the northward. For the first mile or so we have alternate peeps down into the Vale of Meavy on the one hand, or the Walkham Valley on the other; then with a swing the panting engine turns from the former valley, with the great hill of Sheepstor rising over its moorland village and gray church tower, and hurries round the slopes of Yannadon to Dousland. At

Dousland is a station overlooked by a brand new hotel. As we draw up at the platform there is a stir on the balcony, and half-a-dozen young folk rise from cane chairs and wave frantically at the train, as if in this out-of-the-way region a locomotive and two carriages were an exhilarating sight. Perhaps they are.

And now we pass under Sharper Tor and look down upon Walkhampton Church, which boasts the finest tower in this part of the world. Then, with a reckless disregard of consequences, we rush straight at Crip Tor, now with a bump, again with a jerk, while the mind is left in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to how on earth we are to reach the other side of the piles of granite ahead. But the usual swing follows, and then what a panorama opens out beneath and above! Beneath, at a depth of three or four hundred feet, foams the Walkham, bounded at first by trees, from which an occasional white-washed farm blinks at the dark fell opposite. Above frown the rugged battlements of Mis Tor, supported on the left by the rocks of Staple. There is but just time to mark the towering crags of Vixen Tor far below, beside the river, when we are under the granite quarries of King Tor. And here is the sharpest curve of all. The railway servants, who appear to take a sort of pride in the peculiarities of their line, say that a man alighting from the train and walking across the neck of moorland would reach the metals on the other side of the hill before it! In short, in order to avoid this formidable obstacle, the railway nearly doubles back upon itself.

The view obtained is amazing; over heath and granite, tree and field, the eye roams unchecked. That cloud of smoke in the valley there, seven miles distant, marks the town of Tavistock; those high, round eminences beyond are Kit Hill and Hingston Down, the Hengeston of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, where, a thousand years ago, Egbert 'put to flight both the Welsh and the Danish men.' And many miles to the west rises the long serrated line of the Cornish heights.

With a fleeting glimpse at the grassy plateau above Merivale Bridge, where a keen eye may discern the tall menhir and stone avenues, mentioned in a former paper, our train takes its way across the dull moor beneath gloomy-looking Hisworthy Tor, over whose shoulder peeps the tower of Princetown Chapel. And now we enter the terminus, some 1400 feet above the sea, and on the very edge of the much-guarded village, whose prevailing characteristics are convicts and granite. Here they

SHEEPSTOR, FROM CLASSENWELL POOL. DRAWN BY A. DAWSON, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

are, creeping leisurely about, sweeping the street, which doesn't want it, and destroying any beauty wherewith kindly Nature may have endowed the cold, gray walls that border the roads, by slowly but surely removing every particle of moss. Further up they may be seen attacking the quarries with crowbar and pick, which move with a deliberation that is in itself a strong argument against the delights of enforced labour.

Princetown consists of one long, wide street, and has nothing remarkable about it, save the Prison buildings, huge granite erections, looking grimly down upon the few hundred acres reclaimed by convict labour from the surrounding waste. The view embraces but a dull stretch of the Moor, and conical Bellever, rising above the ewtakes beyond Two Bridges, is for a considerable distance the only really prominent tor in sight. 'Hessary,' as the people call the dark hill behind their village, is a tame elevation, though the prospect southward is as fine as any in this part of Devon.

Everybody knows the history of the Dartmoor prisons: how they were erected for, and at first peopled by, French and American prisoners of war; how upon the restoration of peace they were turned to commercial purposes, none of which were productive of success; and how, nigh forty years ago, they were again devoted to incarceration, not of war captives, but of the evil-looking convicts, who slink along with a scarcely concealed scowl at the passing stranger, and who, as a warder once remarked to us, 'would put a knife into you,' had they the chance, upon very small provocation.

But they have not the chance. Wherever a criminal is found, there, too, is found a stalwart warder, silent, upright, ever on the watch, with carbine lying in the hollow of the arm, or carried 'at ease.' Mr. William Sykes has little hope of escape while that vigilant eye is upon him; he has a wholesome dread of the charge lying *perdu* in that short steel barrel, and, perhaps, even more of the shrill whistle, whose chain hangs loosely against the blue uniform, which he knows will cause 'duplicate presentments' to appear as if by magic. Indeed even innocent folk have been known to feel uncomfortable under the cold eye of the warder: he regards every passer-by with a glance of apparent suspicion, and the result is that in Princetown one always feels more or less in prison. So let us turn our backs upon the great convict settlement, with the massive gateway bearing the now inappropriate legend—'*Parcere Subjectis*,' and pass to pleasanter scenery moorwards.

To the south-west, across the Meavy valley, lies Dartmoor's only lake—Classenwell (commonly called Crazywell) Pool. It stands in the midst of a heathery wilderness, not far from the leat which that versatile sea-dog of Devon, Sir Francis Drake, cut through miles of dreary moorland to supply the Plymouth folk with water. This deep-set tarn is not without its mysteries. We are told that the waters have, or had, a peculiar and uncanny way of suddenly rising or falling, and this with no apparent cause, while the depth until very recently was fabulous. The bell-ropes of Walkhampton tied together failed to fathom this bottomless mere. Standing on the northern bank, forty feet above the water, the pool with the fine form of Sheepstor in the background makes a telling picture. The circumference is three hundred and five yards, and the area exceeds an acre and a half.

The moorland village, which nestles beneath the steep side of this tor, is well worth a visit. The old priest's house is gone — more's the pity — but the sturdy church remains, its heavy crocketted pinnacles rising boldly above the plain embattled tower: over in that corner, beneath the red granite sarcophagus, sleep the remains of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak. We can see among the trees, below there, the gables of Burrator, his whilom residence, and a scramble down the glen, through which a mountain stream tumbles in a succession of waterfalls to join the larger Meavy, will illustrate in no unpleasing degree the beauties of the scenery on the borders of the Moor.

High above the handful of ancient weather-worn cottages — high above the topmost finial of the church — towers the tor. At first gradual, the slope very soon becomes precipitous, and for the last few yards hands play almost as important a function as feet. Among the great slabs of rock which litter the slope will be found the 'Pixies' Parlour,' a recess said to have been peopled by the elfin folk, who, in days gone by, led so many an honest Moor farmer astray. In the stormy days of King *versus* Parliament a Royalist sought and found shelter in this natural chamber, whose walls he is said to have decorated with rude paintings; of these no signs remain.

Another and more famous hill rises on the other side of Princetown: this is Mis Tor, to which reference has before been made. It is famous for a very perfect rock basin, known as Mis Tor Pan. Persons who advocated theories Druidical, saw in this curious hollow, scooped from the solid granite, a vessel which should contain the lustral waters of the officiating priest. Geologists will have nothing of all this, but declare the excavation natural, and point to the many instances of similar disintegration around in support of their contention that the elements alone are responsible for its formation. There is a grand view from this great hill both of moor and cultivated country. That lake, as it would seem, in the distance, is the wide Tamar, and that fragile-looking span in mid air represents Brunel's tubular bridge connecting Devon with Cornwall. Northward are seen afar the huge square blocks of Fur Tor. Beyond it lies the desolate tableland about Cranmere Pool, where gullies of black bog alternate with ridges of coarse grass and withered-looking heather, and where little life is ever found.

Cranmere *Pool* is quite a misnomer. The water was allowed to escape years ago into the Ockment by a prudent shepherd, who preferred the safety of his sheep to the picturesque. On one side of the black hollow lies a narrow streak which, in wet weather, rather accentuates than relieves the feeling of desolation; in dry weather it vanishes in the peat. Much of what shows as water in our etching is only the wet surface of the peat shining in the evening light. It is difficult to exaggerate the sombre effect of this haunted spot, for haunted it is said to be by the ghost of one, Benjamin Gayer, a wicked mayor of Okehampton. There is not a sign, scarcely even a sound, of life. No road comes within half-a-dozen miles of its solitude. An occasional tourist

from Okehampton or Lydford, bent upon discovering the 'Pool,' may visit it now and again, and deposit his name in the canister entombed in the little cairn of white stones; but, with these exceptions, a solitary moorman hunting up a missing sheep or pony is its only visitor.

Cranmere has acquired the unmerited distinction of being the mother of the Dartmoor rivers. As a matter of fact, none rise in the hollow except the West Ockment, though it cannot be denied that several others find a source in the barren furrows that everywhere score this part of the waste. The Taw and Dart are both within a mile, the one flowing north to the 'Severn Sea,' the other south-east, joining the English Channel at Dartmouth. A third stream, the Tavy, rises under Kneeset, the boggy hill to the west, and flows down the marshy bottom under Fur Tor towards that deep ravine which forms so well-known a feature in border scenery, the defile of Tavy Cleave.

TAVY CLEAVE. DRAWN BY A. DAWSON, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

This wild gorge is overhung on one hand by a succession of rocky tors, like castles guarding the pass. Facing these rises the green slope of Stannon Hill. High up on its side stands the largest hut village in this part of the moor. The walls of many of the dwellings are still standing to the height of three or four feet, from which circumstance we may conclude that they are of later date than those usually met with. Down through the rock-strewn ravine the Tavy sweeps, sometimes in a roaring flood, anon in gentle murmurings, falling over the ledges of its granite floor as if no storm had ever swelled its erewhile impetuous current.

Between Tavy Head and Okehampton lies the wildest part of the moor. Whether we follow down the Ockment Valley beneath towering Blackator with its triple piles, to Meldon, or strike across the heather and peat, for the three tors rising above the little town, matters little: few districts in the country present such a scene of desolation. Away to the north-east rises the great hogsback of Cawsand Beacon, stretching upward in a long sweep from the Taw, which divides it from the tors and village of Belstone, whose sturdy, squat church tower stands on the very edge of the moor. In Taw Marsh have been found many trunks of trees, speaking of the time when

> 'These waste glens with copse were lined,
> And peopled with the hart and hind;'

and under the conical tor of Steeperton are traces of a people who may have hunted there in the ages of long-ago.

There is a curious rock over the ridges to the south-east, which has often attracted the notice of the geologist. Watern Tor, placed on a long, windy hill, has suffered almost more than any other Dartmoor height from the onslaught of the elements. The granite is simply eaten out in lines and fissures, and the edges present quite a ragged appearance. In one mass a large opening appears, through which, it is said, a man may ride on horseback. At the top the sides approach so closely that at a little distance they appear to touch, forming a complete hole. It is named the Thirlstone, *i.e.*, the drilled stone; drilled, perhaps, by the rain, wind, frost, and summer heat, which produce so marked a disintegration in all granite masses.

Through the valley beneath flows the Teign, as famous for its 'freshets' as its trout. We once heard of an angler who had enjoyed an ample experience of both. Fishing in a meadow near Chagford he became so engrossed as to pay little heed to the heavy clouds breaking from time to time over the moor. The river began to rise rapidly. Still he would not be warned, until a mighty freshet came whirling down from the gorge below Scorhill Down, and, to his dismay, he found himself surrounded. It is said that he passed some hours in the branches of a tree waiting for the flood to subside, and we may be sure that ever after he entertained

a wholesome respect for the variable moods of Dartmoor rivers.

The Teign is more famous for items archæological than any other Dartmoor river. Not to speak now of the great hill forts of Prestonbury and Cranbrook Castle overlooking the ravine of Fingle, there are, in its very bed, two remarkable objects,—a huge logan beneath the steep declivity of Huntstor, and a tolmen, or perforated stone, through which a man may creep with ease, just below the great circle of Scorhill, a description of which we reserve for a later contribution. Nearly opposite the latter, behind the great rock of Kestor, with its fine basin, are stone avenues, and an aboriginal settlement with some queerly-shaped 'pounds;' while higher up the stream, upon Sittaford Tor, is another logan, and hard by the cotangent circles called the 'Gray Wethers.'

Hence there is a fine walk, by way of Headland Warren, to Manaton. We pass close to the Warren Inn, successor to New House, where dwelt that eccentric host, John Roberts. In his day the sign-board is said to have displayed the following tempting menu :—

'John Roberts lives here,
Sells brandy and beer
Your spirits to cheer;
And should you want meat
To make up the treat,
There be rabbits to eat.'

The Inn is the only dwelling on the high moorland road between Moreton Hampstead and Postbridge. The way to Manaton lies over the down past the great aboriginal fortress of Grimspound, and within a few hundred yards of several cairns or barrows, the resting-places of long-forgotten chieftains, then down through lovely Hethercomb, where a tiny stream descends among bracken, hazel, and rowan, and on to this smallest of villages. There is a church, and a handsome one; a snug vicarage; three or four houses occupying two sides of a village green, and one or two scattered farms. Everything is embosomed in trees; even the tor that rises behind the church has its feet hidden in holly and mountain ash. A panorama of singular variety is seen from the summit. Opposite, across the shallow valley, is Hayne Down, covered with 'clatter,' from which rises the grotesque figure known as Bowerman's Nose, long supposed to be a 'granite god,' and of artificial structure. Standing some thirty-five feet above the *débris* around, and on the very edge of the ridge, this curious example of disintegration is a striking object; and if it looked as it does now in the days of the stone men, we may well conceive it to have been regarded as an idol. More to the left is Hey Tor, which boasts the mightiest piles on the Moor, though it has no mean rival in Hound Tor, whose fine crest lies behind the brow of the hill.

But behind, in the wooded glen of Lustleigh Cleave, where the Bovey Brook gurgles and splashes among and over and in one spot actually disappears from view *under* the granite boulders, is found the fairest scenery. While the western steep is a mass of hanging woodland, the eastern rises in an abrupt ridge, which bears nothing beyond bracken and a few rowans, standing forth in brilliant contrast against the castellated crags which frown from the height. An easily-moved logan — yclept the Nutcrackers — is poised upon one mass, upon another the ivy has made such encroachments that 'Raven's Tower' bears a marked resemblance to a ruined keep. Over the woods, at the head of the valley, peers the gray tower of Manaton Church, with the highlands of Dartmoor beyond; below stretches the fertile country about Bovey Tracy; and across in the dip yonder, hidden in foliage, is Becky Fall, a cataract formed by the stream which waters the wild combe beneath Hound Tor.

We have but outlined here the main features of the scenery on and about Dartmoor. Much has of necessity been omitted. Of Widecombe-in-the-Moor and its stately church tower, of Holne and Buckland, and the spot where the waters of East and West Dart meet, we cannot now tell. There are many spots beneath the rolling downs of the Southern Quarter which possess scenic attractions fully equal to any of those already described; but a notice of these must be postponed with other items of interest to a future paper.

JOHN LL. W. PAGE.

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

THE Duke Gian Galeazzo lay dying. In his secluded fortress of Marignano he had sought refuge from the plague that was devastating the plains of Lombardy; but even there he could not escape the terrible disease. A comet blazed in the midnight sky: the proud old statesman pointed it out to the courtiers around him. '*God could not choose,*' he said, '*but to signalise the end of so supreme a ruler!*'

Thus Fortune plays hazard with the lives of men, and a great nation's destiny; yet she does not often load her dice with more cruel irony than in this man's history. For he had been sagacious, cunning, and firm beyond the power of common men; he had

trusted no man, and he had pitied none that crossed his plans. In restless energy, in merciless craft of state, he had surpassed even the long record of the princes of his house.

Pitted in his youth against his uncle, Bernabo, he had fallen back on craft as his weapon in the unequal encounter. Shutting himself up in Pavia, the Count de Vertus feigned, under the guise of the physical cowardice which he really possessed, a moral weakness which was far from his. He seemed the weak and superstitious devotee, and would fain go in pilgrimage to our Lady of Varese; but when his uncle, who rode out to meet him, was once within his grasp, he gave the watchword in German to his captains, and, marching on Milan, poisoned his rival, and proclaimed himself sole despot.

From this time to his death in 1402 his unmeasured ambition had met no serious check. One by one the lordships of northern Italy had fallen into his grasp; one by one the viper of the Visconti had coiled itself round them, sucking out first their energy and lifeblood with treachery, poison, and domestic intrigue, before he claimed them fully as his own. Only the republic of Florence and his indomitable enemy, Francesco da Carrara at Padua, yet opposed his onward advance, when the sickness came on him and mastered him; and lo! his ambition, his successes, his very empire, had crumbled into anarchy.

Yet we cannot but admire the man, in spite of the crimes which lie to his account. He was at least no paltry murderer; and if he sinned on a great and supreme scale, spent his power and vast wealth not less magnificently and not less wisely. It was, in fact, perhaps impossible for a despot in those days to retain his position without even such cruelty and such crimes as his. In this view, we may reckon it in his favour that if he gained Ferrara and Mantua by the vilest perfidy, he commenced the marvellous cathedral of Milan and made Pavia the leading University of Italy; that if he entrapped and murdered his uncle and father-in-law, he sought to atone for his crime by founding the Certosa of Pavia.

In this foundation, and perhaps for this reason, he seems to have taken peculiar interest and sympathy. He gave for its site a part of that park of Mirabello which, two centuries later, saw the defeat of Francis I. in the battle of Pavia. He settled on it a patrimony rich enough to supply all its wants, and provide for its embellishment in succeeding years; and on the 8th of September, 1396, he came himself, accompanied by his children and a great retinue, which included the Bishops of Pavia, Novara, Feltre, and Vicenza, and the priors of the great Carthusian monasteries of Italy, to lay the ceremonial foundation. Here, too, after his death, his body was removed from the Cathedral of Milan; but by a strange hazard his place of burial in the course of years became completely forgotten, and the magnificent tomb in the interior is really void of his remains.

The care, however, with which he provided for his foundation was not without result. Through successive years the monks employed the wealth bequeathed them, and which the improvement in agriculture had proportionally increased, towards the continued beautifying of the sanctuary; until, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, it could deserve the commendation of Guicciardini, as one of the finest monasteries which Italy possessed—'*Il monastero forse piu bello che alcun altro non sia in Italia.*'

It is this very fact of its gradual construction which gives it an especial interest: as it grew with Italy's growth, and shared in her passions and vicissitudes, it became, as it were, a marble monument of her development, and changing with her changing moods, upon a substructure of mediaeval design, poured forth all the prodigal wealth of fancy of the Renaissance.

This union might seem at first, to some extent, incongruous, and yet it is not so found, because the living growth of the nation, and even her very decadence, has moulded and blent together the whole creation with her own sense of historic unity. Thus we see that when Italy, leaving the Tuscan Romanesque, or the quaint style of the early Lombard churches, accepted from Northern Europe the Gothic, which was there a natural outgrowth of mediaeval and feudal Christianity, she accepted it, just as she regarded feudalism itself, without a deep natural sympathy, and without a complete assimilation: in adopting the pointed style she has reserved to herself the right of imbuing it with her own strong individuality, her own characteristic power; and if the organic beauty of the whole sometimes suffers she best knows how to repay us by the exquisite and detailed beauty of the parts.

In the Duomo of Siena, if the structure may be inferior to that of some northern cathedrals, yet in the treatment or the material, in the alternate courses of marble, in the gilding and ironwork and sculpture of altar and pulpit and font, this defect is amply replaced: and whatever defects the student of Gothic may discover in the Cathedral of Our Lady at Milan, yet whoever, looking from her towers toward the distant and snow-peaked Alps, has seen her myriad statues soar upwards against the deep blue sky, or within has watched the setting sun add its warmth of crimson colour to the space and mystery of her solemn aisles, can hardly have failed to own the potency of her charm.

It is to this epoch that the commencement of the Certosa—not far removed in date from that of the Milanese Duomo—must be referred: and our exam-

ination of the building will show how these considerations apply most especially to its character of detailed and beautiful workmanship. But before doing so we have to allude briefly to another phase of Italy's development—to the time when, at the epoch which is called the Renaissance, the *re-birth* of long-buried forces and ideals, she awoke to her true national mission and her true genius, when her taste was turned by Petrarch and the humanists in all its young vigour to the revival of classic thought and classic beauty. Just as this absorbing impulse found expression in other and diverse forms of art, in the verses of Politian as with the pencil of Sandro Filipepi or of Mantegna, so in the more abstract art of architecture it needed to find its outlet: it was then that Italy threw off the imported Gothic, as something foreign to her nature and her present ideal of life, and sought in the ruins which imperial Rome had bequeathed her for the traces which should guide her to a style more in harmony with her newly-awakened enthusiasms. Yet these traces were dim at first and uncertain: the principles of Roman buildings had not been studied, nor Vitruvius as yet explored; all that her architects were able, therefore, at this time to do was to familiarise themselves with the form and spirit of classic art, and to utilise the materials which they had thus acquired on buildings which they adapted from the styles already existing. Yet in so doing they exhibit a wealth of fancy and an energy of expression which show how deeply they had drunk in the *Time-spirit* of their age. 'We are bewildered,' says Mr. Symonds, writing of this very period, 'by the luxuriance of creative powers, and by the rioting of the fancy in all forms of beauty indiscriminately mingled. In general we discern a striving after effects not fully realised, and a tendency to indulge in superfluous ornament without regard for strictness of design. The imperfect comprehension of classical models and the exuberant vivacity of the imagination in the fifteenth century account for the florid work of this time. Something, too, is left of mediaeval fancy; the details, borrowed from the antique, undergo fantastic transmutation at the hands of men accustomed to the vehement emotion of the romantic ages. Whatever the Renaissance took from antique art, it was at first unable to assimilate either the moderation of the Greeks or the practical sobriety of the Romans. Christianity had deepened and intensified the sources of imaginative life; and just as reminiscences of the classic style impaired Italian Gothic, so now a trace of Gothic is perceptible in the would-be classic work of the Revival. The result of these combined influences was a wonderful and many-featured hybrid, best represented in one monument by the façade of the Certosa of Pavia.' Yet, he adds: 'While characterising the work of the earlier Renaissance as formed of divers manners, we must not forget that it was truly living, full of purpose, and, according to its own standard, sincere. It was a new birth, no mere repetition of something dead and gone, but the product of vivid forces stirred to originative creativeness by admiration for the past. It corresponded, moreover, with exquisite exactness to the halting of the conscience between Christianity and Paganism, and to the blent beauty that the poets loved. On reeds dropped from the hands of dead Pan the artists of this period, each in his own sphere, piped ditties of romance.'

FAÇADE OF THE CERTOSA, PAVIA.

We would especially keep the above thoughts—so full of suggestion and so admirably expressed—before our reader's view, in introducing them at first to the wonderful façade of the great Carthusian church. We have taken, perhaps, an early train from Milan, and, alighting at the little station of 'Certosa,' have driven along the white dusty roads fringed with tall rows of poplars, to the entrance of the monastery

As we pass through the old gateway, adorned with faded frescoes from the hand of Luini himself, and enter the first courtyard, the beautiful façade bursts upon our view; and it is this first impression which in its novelty and charm is in some ways more delightful than the detailed beauties of all the treasures within.

For indeed all our gaze is lost amid the abundance and variety of this marble frontal, wherein amid and around the figures of saint or prophet runs a whole world of twisted spiral and grotesque life, of birds, and flowers, and antique beasts, of griffins and pelicans and merry mermaidens, of Roman Caesars and naked cherubs, beside kneeling angels and triumphant martyrs.

So rich is the profusion, so wildly prodigal the play of fancy, and so classic in its note, that we might almost expect to find the forms of heathen art taking part in this revelry of marble life, to see old Silenus laughing at us from behind yonder arabesque, that these are little cupids who play amid twisted scroll and dainty vine-leaves, or that it is some merry nymph, or, perhaps, even the Queen of Love whose form gleams white, poised on yon lofty cornice.

Yet amid all this richness of Renaissance imagery, it is ever the story of the Bible and the great types of Christian history, that claim the predominant place; on the basement we find scenes from the life of Christ, that are separated by the figures of prophets and kings of the old Jewish race, around the portico are exquisite groups of adoring angels that hold the instruments of Jesu's passion, and above, an ascending hierarchy of saints and angels leads our eyes upwards to where all this wealth of beauty, all this gorgeous rhetoric of Art is dedicated: 'To Mary, Virgin, Mother, Daughter, Bride of God.'

When we come to inquire to whom the design of this beautiful façade is due, we are met with the same uncertainty which hangs over the name of the first architect of the building, and which to some extent exists also in the case of the Duomo of Milan.

In the case of the entire building, although many authorities would attribute its commencement to Marco da Campione, who was engaged also upon the Duomo, yet it seems that the first contract was undertaken by Bernardo da Venezia, who was succeeded in his post by Guniforte Solari, and by a long subsequent list of the most distinguished Lombard sculptors and architects, amongst whom the brothers Mantegazza, to whom we owe so much of the beautiful carving in the interior of the church must not be forgotten. As to the façade, however, though some of the first designs may have been due to Ambrogio da Fossano, better known as Borgognone, and to whom it is attributed by Signore Durelli in his work on the Certosa, yet there seems no doubt that the ultimate design and a great part of the execution was due to the Lombard architect, Antonio Amadeo. Born on a farm in the neighbourhood of the Certosa, he had grown up under the shadow of the great Carthusian foundation, and had evidently drunk in from his childhood the inspiration of its *genius loci*. To his hand, carved when he was but nineteen years of age, are due the beautiful angels on the doorway that leads into the Cloisters, and when, later in life, he had achieved distinction by his work at Pavia and Bergamo, where his sleeping *Medea* is of especial beauty; he was appointed Capo-Maestro of the works upon the death of Guniforte Solari. It was then that he designed the façade, and assisted by the Mantegazza and other artists, carried the work up to the completion of the first gallery.

At this point he was recalled to his duties at Milan, where he still remained head architect of the Duomo; in 1497 he resigned his appointment at the Certosa, to give himself entirely to the work of the Cupola to be erected upon the Cathedral, a less grateful task, from what we know of his later life.

Yet he had done enough at the monastery to form an enduring memorial to his fame, and to stamp his character upon the building with which his earliest efforts and his first inspirations had been associated.

And, indeed, in studying such a life as his—and we might say the same of Solari, of the Mantegazza, and of the many others who succeeded him in directing the works of the Certosa—we find an example of that close connexion of the practice of Sculpture with Architecture, which extends throughout the great period of Christian Art.

If this be true of the builders of our northern cathedrals, it is not less so of the great sculptors and architects of the Italian Renaissance, from Niccolo or Giovanni Pisano, designing the pulpit of Pisa or the Duomo of Sieña, to Michelangelo Buonarroti, who, among the shadowy masses of the Capella di San Lorenzo, formed a resting-place for those terrible and mysterious Forms, that, like Titanic spirits of some vaster world, brood over the tombs of the great departed. So, too, does Amadeo pass from the sculptured angels of his gateway to the massing of chiaroscuro, to the superb design of his façade; and so, from the study of the subtle harmonies of the human form, or from the imagery of human sentiment, the artist can most safely pass to a not less delicate theory of proportion in the design of church, or homestead, or of palace, and, by touching first the living pulse of Nature, gain the deepest and the only true inspiration for his work.

This truth has been perhaps never better expressed than by Mr. Ruskin in his well-known address on the 'Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art,' delivered at Kensington in January of 1858, and from which I may perhaps allow myself a short extract here. He has been speaking, indeed, more especially of the northern Gothic, but his remarks are, I believe, not less intended than as the expression of a general law for all Architecture, when, after touching on the first beginnings of that style in the rough carvings of St. Ambrogio at Milan, of its development and perfecting at Poictiers and at Chartres; and then of its decadence, where, in place of the expression of their delight in natural form, men came to substitute the cleverness of their own technique :—

'You cannot now fail to see,' he says, 'how, throughout the history of this wonderful art — from its earliest dawn in Lombardy to its last catastrophe in France and England—*sculpture*, founded on love of nature, was the talisman of its existence; wherever sculpture was practised, architecture arose,—wherever that was neglected, architecture expired; and, believe me, all you students who love this mediaeval art, there is no hope of your ever doing any good with it, but on this everlasting principle.

'Your patriotic associations with it are of no use; your romantic associations with it—either of chivalry or religion —are of no use: they are worse than useless, they are false.

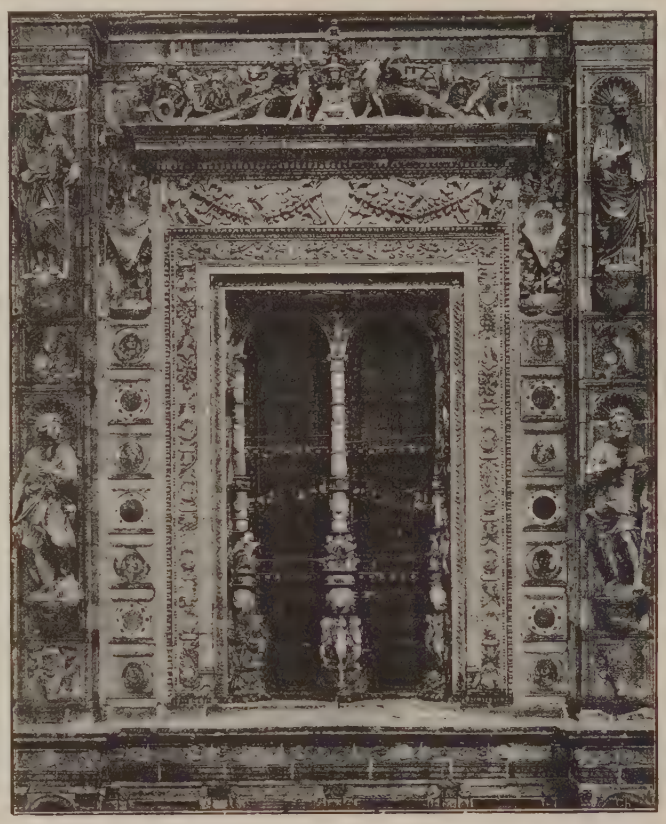
'Gothic is not an art for knights and nobles; it is an art for the people: it is not an art for churches or sanctuaries; it is an art for houses and homes: it is not an art for England only, but an art for the world: above all, it is not an art of form or tradition only, but an art of vital practice and perpetual renewal.

'And whosoever pleads for it as an ancient or a formal thing, and tries to teach it you as an ecclesiastical tradition or a geometrical science, knows nothing of its essence, less than nothing of its powers.

'Leaving, therefore, boldly, though not irreverently, mysticism and symbolism on the one side; cast away with utter scorn geometry and legalism on the other; seize hold of God's hand, and look full in the face of His creation, and there is nothing He will not enable you to achieve.'

We can add but little here to these eloquent words, save that to those who would pursue this question further we recommend the whole address as one of the most masterly utterances which a great master of language has left us on a subject that seems very near his heart.

And coming now to consider the detail of this *facciata*, we find the design itself as fine as the workmanship of its accessories is beautiful. A glance at the illustration we have given will show the reader that the total breadth of the façade is by this design divided into five spaces, by means of six pilasters, of which the two outer reach to the height of the first gallery, while the four inner ones rise to the entire height of the façade.



WINDOW IN THE FAÇADE OF THE CERTOSA.

The divisions thus marked correspond to the internal divisions of the church, the two central pilasters which flank the great porch and include a larger space corresponding to the breadth of the greater nave of the church, the two next succeeding corresponding to the lesser naves, while those at the angles of the façade mark the space occupied by the internal chapels. Each of these pilasters is decorated by six statues, while those at the angles have others facing to the opposite sides; between them the space is entirely filled by a profusion of sculptured figure-work and ornament, which perhaps becomes richest around the great arched portal of the centre, designed and erected by Benedetto Brioschi. Above the doorway in the semicircular niche we see Madonna with the Infant Christ upon her knee and grave monks of the Carthusian Order adoring on either side, while beneath, and just above the portal itself, is an exquisite little frieze of adoring angels, who kneel in lovely clusters with the instruments of Christ's passion in their hands. Beneath the pillars are two

scenes carved in relief from the history of the Certosa,—its foundation and the funeral procession of Gian Galeazzo.

In both we may observe the same minuteness of work and the same value of dramatic expression; as also in the reliefs on either side of the door, set amid a framing of vine-leaves, and which represent the foundation of the Carthusian Order and the consecration of the church. In one we see the church depicted with its façade as yet unfinished, the portal not yet encased in marble, and only the great windows sculptured; in another, a long procession winds up the hill, with a funeral pall that bears the sword of the great duke, led first by monks and then grave, long-robed citizens, while maidens and richly-clad youths climb behind amid the olive-yards. The smaller subjects relate to events in the life of the Virgin, of St. John Baptist, or of St. Ambrose or St. Sirus, two favourite saints whom we shall find again depicted within. And around is all the richness of Renaissance ornament—birds and fruits and children—and scroll and arabesque intermingling with one another in a maze of endless variety.

Along the basement are depicted scenes from Old Testament history, or from the life of Christ—the Fall of Man, the Annunciation, the worshipping kings, or the sad drama of the Passion—separated by seated and standing figures of prophets and kings, and stately angels with wings outspread; among the former of whom we may draw attention to the quaint figure of Jonah seated beneath a gourd outside the walls of old Nineveh. Beneath these, again, a long line of beautiful medallions, mostly of Roman Caesars or Consuls, that give a strangely classic note to the imagery; and recall something of the quaint touch of antiquity that one finds in the 'Commedia' of Dante, when, in the still air of his Limbo, we come upon some famous name of sage, or poet, or king, seen dimly through a shrouding mist of mediaeval sentiment. Grandly beautiful are some of these profiles, of the true type of the first Augustan Caesars; and among them intermingled old Roman legends of the Dioscuri and the suckling wolf, and quaintly tired portraits of early kings—of Ancus Martius, of Tullus Hostilius and Numa, and the twin founders of Rome, and Nabuchadonosor and Evil-merodach, kings of Babylon.

And passing upwards again, we must add a word of praise to the beautiful windows designed by Brioschi—and of one of which we give an illustration—divided by slender candelabra, around which cluster lovely forms of worshipping angels, with wings outspread and delicate clinging draperies. Around and above the windows are medallions and rich arabesques, among which little cherubs sport with fish-tailed mermaidens. These windows, of which there are four, add greatly to the beauty and richness of the façade.

We have now only to carry our eyes upwards, noticing the many beautiful statues of saints and martyrs of the church which adorn the cornices and niches on either side of the front, till the whole vista is united, and ends in the pyramidal cupola which forms the centre of the building. Of this cupola—which will be seen better in our illustrations in the view given of the back of the church—Signor Durelli has spoken, as an architect, in terms of the highest praise:—

'The observer,' he writes, 'will not leave this cupola without turning towards it a last admiring glance, for the magical and indeed unique effect resulting from its pyramidal character, and from the varied but well-designed arrangement of its four-sided portico. The custom of placing upon churches cupolas surrounded with porticos thus designed, remounts to ages earlier than Christianity. Christian architecture has, however, produced many such, and among them some that are precious indeed. In any case, as far as is known, the observer will not encounter outside of Italy any that surpasses or equals the present one; and in Italy he will only be able to set against it the unique but little-known cupola of the Abbazia of Chiaravalle, a little township lying a few miles distant from Milan, which may be called even superior to the one here, both from its boldness of form—*sua forma slanciata*—and for its perfect harmony, not only with itself, but with the building to which it belongs.'

SELWYN BRINTON.

(*To be continued.*)

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Twentieth Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is certainly not the least notable of the series. It differs from its predecessors in historic aspect, inasmuch as Italian art is entirely absent, and no early schools are represented. The main features are first a fine gathering of Dutch pictures made illustrious by the noble group of Rembrandts from the Royal gallery at Buckingham Palace, and the collection of Sir Richard Wallace, and one late portrait of the artist by himself from the Earl of Ilchester, dated 1658, which, by its coarse workmanship, brings into greater relief the masterly subtleties of handling in the gracious *Portrait of a Lady at a Window* and the *Shipbuilder and his Wife*, painted in the artist's prime of manly command. Next may be named a strong gathering of English pictures of the earlier half of the present century, the largest portion of which are lent by Mr. Horrocks Miller, and comprise good works by Turner (*The Wave*, *Bonneville*, *Savoy*), Constable, R. C. Leslie, Collins, Dyce (a lovely *Jacob and Rachel*, which has the fine line, the luminosity, and the spiritual intensity of a Tuscan master), Poole, Augustus Egg, Ward, &c. The water-colour room holds twenty-two pictures by Turner from various collections, painted over the first four decades of the century, and the series of Rhine sketches, in body colour on grey stained paper, fifty in number, lent by Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, which were bought by the late Mr. Fawkes direct from Turner, who visited Farnley Hall immediately on his return from the Continent. Some of these

sketches were afterwards elaborated in finished work. No better example of the efficient rapidity and fertility of Turner's hand could be given than these brilliant sketches, all fifty of which must have been knocked off within three weeks, probably in little over a fortnight. Lastly, tribute is paid by the Academicians to the memory of their late *confrère* Mr. Frank Holl by devoting two rooms to a representative loan collection of his portraits and subject pictures. We have so recently commented on the works of this painter when deploring his loss, that to descant further were superfluous. It is both a test and an advantage to an artist's work to be shown in the aggregate. Holl's pictures stand the test well; while one feels a certain sameness of manner in his mode of dealing with the various types of his sitters, so that they all seem to possess a certain energetic personality in common, yet sufficient individuality is understood and favourably pronounced to send down a worthy memorial to the future of the distinguished personages portrayed, while the technical mastery of the painter is brought out by the massing of his pictures together. The Academy has done well to gather as many as possible of the subject pictures, the merit of which, both artistic and aesthetic, should have rightly won such recognition in the artist's lifetime as to induce his perseverance in work on those lines. While speaking of this young artist, taken from us in mid-career, we may note with pleasure that a committee, numbering distinguished names, has been formed to further the erection in St. Paul's Cathedral of a fitting monument to his memory, and to purchase one of his pictures for presentation to the National Collection.

It is expected that two chief figure-painters and leaders within the Academy—the President and Sir John Millais—will contribute important landscapes to the Summer Exhibition. Some curiosity will be felt as regards Sir F. Leighton's work, which one may expect to favour rather the tradition of Titian or Poussin than the frank realism of his sturdy brother in art.

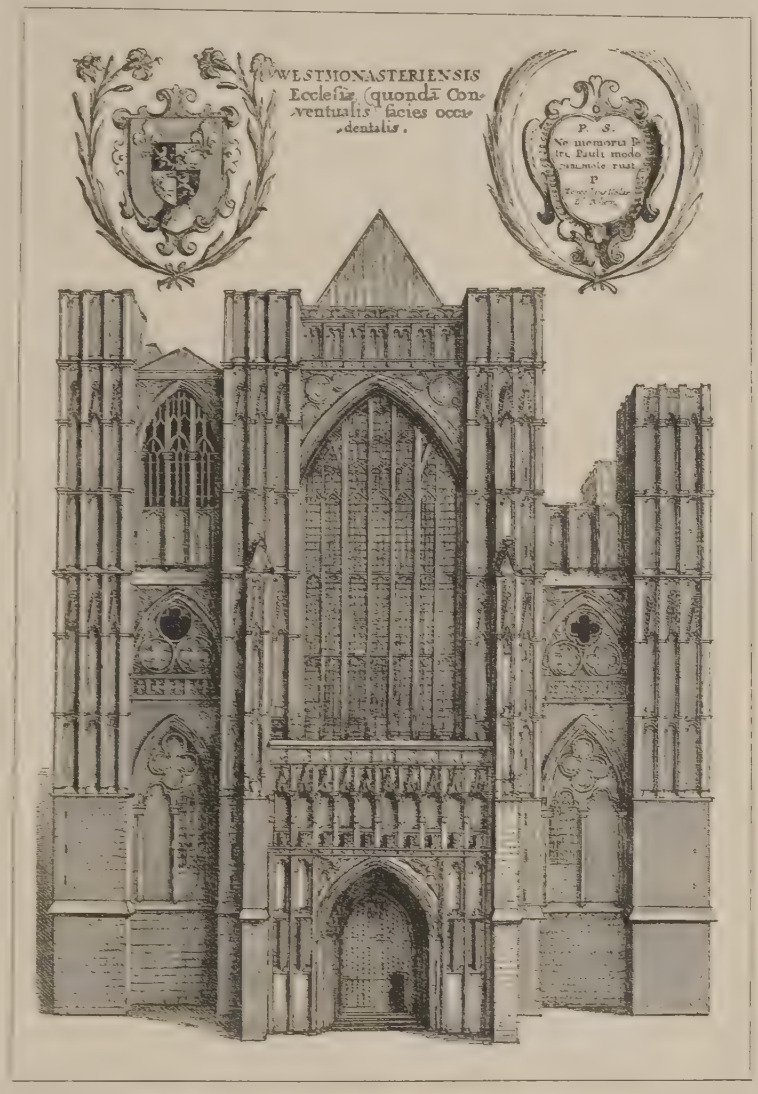
The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery carries on the Century of British Art commenced last year. A large proportion of the pictures are well-known works, familiar by reproduction or frequent exhibition, as, for example, Wilkie's *Blind Man's Buff* and *Penny Wedding*, Constable's *Lock*, Reynolds' *Crossing the Brook*, Gainsborough's *The Mall*, and Turner's *Calais Harbour*. The pastels by Cotes, Gardner, Russell, Romney, &c., are in apt sequence to the summer's show of recent effort in the medium.

The 'Exhibition of the Royal House of Stuart,' at the New Gallery, has met with a welcome that justifies the strenuous efforts of its promoters and supporters, among whom figure a goodly group of names of long descent. The aim of the collection has been avowedly historical—to illustrate by pictures, miniatures, armour, relics, autographs, &c., the fortunes of that great House, which, for good or evil, played so conspicuous a part in the history of England, especially during the transition from mediaeval to modern times. By happy collusion, the educational opportunity of the exhibition has been rendered more complete through the simultaneous setting forth at the British Museum of drawings, seals, and documents pertaining to the same period. But though the student of history is thus primarily benefited, the lover of art and the connoisseur of curios find at the new gallery ample material for enjoyment. Among the pictures is the famous Diptych from Holyrood of the school of Mabuse, once in Holy Trinity Church, Edinburgh, representing on one main panel King James III. with his son and St. Andrew, and on the other his queen, Margaret of Denmark, with St. George. Here is also the portrait of the sixteen-year-old Mary Stuart, in mourning for Francis II., called *Le Deuil Blanc*, by Janet, from Windsor; also the smaller replica; the lovely half-length of the aged Queen Henrietta Maria in her widowhood, by Le Févre, together with a crowd of portraits by Zucchero, Honthorst, Van Dyck, Lely, &c., and a choice gathering of miniatures and engraved portraits. The conflicting claims to authenticity of the nineteen portraits of the ill-starred Queen of Scots induce Mr. George Scharf, than whom none can be better equipped for the task, to bring out a monograph on the point.

The Society of British Artists has elected a large batch of new members, and among them Mr. George Tinworth, the sculptor, chiefly in terra-cotta, who has worked since his student days for Messrs. Doulton, in whose workshops he first began. Hitherto this artist has remained an 'outsider' as regards the closed artistic guilds.

Art in the Modern State, by Lady Dilke (Messrs. Chapman and Hall), resumes her studies of French Art of the Renaissance in the revival under Louis XIV. The basis of the present volume, as set forth in the concluding paragraphs with an absence of perspicuity in contrast to the clear style of the preceding chapters, appears to be as follows:—The Renaissance embodied the principle of the right of individualism and its sequence, collectiveism, as opposed to centralisation and absolutism, hence, among other manifestations, the establishment of the guilds and self-ruling bodies in art and industry. The seventeenth century is a reaction in favour of absolutism, centred in the 'Grand Monarque' and moved by the genius of Colbert. Under the extraordinary practical insight and organizing power of this minister the moribund arts and industries of France were revived, and forced forward by a system of protection; while a magnificent spirit of national pride was evoked which remains through all political and social changes as the keynote of national life. But this revival was effected at the cost of the collective principle: the old closed bodies had to be broken up; the spirit of revolt was aroused against them, to be in its turn brought into submission under the arbitrary aegis of the Crown. The art organizations fostered by Colbert spread their authority in the provinces, stifling local character and creative energy, but producing a consistency and harmony which gave a certain uniformity to the arts and industries of France that henceforth marked them through all political and social changes. On the lines of these convictions as to the causes of the artistic phenomena of the seventeenth century Lady Dilke gives a brilliant sketch of the work of Colbert toward the arts and the fictitious vitality called up by the splendour of the regal luxury, and the colossal folly of Versailles, that 'mighty palace, great, not by imperial gifts of space and might, but by a gigantic accumulation of littleness.' She traces the extinction of the Académie de l'Architecture and the gradual fusion of the guilds, the *Maitrise*, and the Academy of St. Luke in the new Académie des Beaux Arts which under Le Bran became dictator of the whole art machinery of the country. The fortunes of the schools, the struggles of the life class, and the foundation of the Academy at Rome, with the institution of the Grand Prix, and the work of Errard, the first principal, are brightly told. We have a chapter on the decorators and decorations of Versailles, on the leading sculptors of the time—Paget, Girardon, Sarrazzin, &c., and a most interesting sketch of the school of engraving, the jealousies between the line engravers and the etchers, with a lively interlude on Callot and the foundation of the Cabinet d'Estampes in the Louvre after the purchase of the collection of the Abbé Michel de Marolles. The centres of art industry, Gobelins and the *Savonnerie* and the Louvre, revivals or new creations under Colbert's influence, with their system of education and production, claim a chapter of much interest. The writer's sympathies are with the country whose progress she studies, and we must allow that, without much direct criticism, she succeeds in awakening the admiration of the reader for a phase in the history of French art seldom so genially or so justly presented.

call Oxford Street. Its gradual disintegration and separation into the minor parishes is a history in itself. St. Bride's, St. Dunstan's, St. Clement's, St. Mary's, St. Anne's, St. Paul's, St. Martin's, St. James's, St. George's, and St. John's, had all been taken out of it before the beginning of this century. And even while the Abbey was in existence and in full working order the manor was encroached upon by the City, and the whole great Ward of Farringdon Without was taken from the Abbot, as well as the little manor of the Savoy.



THE WESTERN TOWERS. FROM THE ENGRAVING BY HOLLAR.

Westward he had Ebury, or Eybury, close to Westminster, a manor whose name suggests that there was a 'bury,' or mansion-house, on it. Further west still was Chelsea, which in the fourteenth century the Abbot obtained by lease, but could not keep. More to the northward was Hyde. Like Ebury, it was part of the gift of Geoffrey Mandeville, shortly after the Conquest, and comprised the land which lay between the Tyburn on the east and the Westbourne on the west. Beyond the Westbourne, again, there was an outlying estate, Neat, or Neyte, on which, near the town of Kensington, was a dwelling-house much frequented by the abbots. It is now Kensington Palace.

This identification of Neyte has been retarded by a long series of stupid mistakes and guesses on the part of writers who ought to have known better. But it adds greatly to the interest with which we regard the house in which our venerable Queen was born to know that it stands on the site, and possibly contains within its walls some remains of the manor-house of the mediaeval abbots, and that at least two of Her Majesty's direct ancestors resided in it for a time, namely, John of Gaunt and Richard, duke of York, the father of Edward IV. One of Edward's brothers, Prince John, was born in the Abbot's manor-house of Neyte. Two of the abbots died here—Littlington, in 1386, and Islip, in 1532. As I mentioned in a former chapter, the hamlet of Knightsbridge has sometimes been called after the Abbot's knights (*milites*), mentioned in Domesday Book. But I think 'Neytesbridge' a preferable derivation, for the bridge which was over the Westbourne connected the manor of Neyte with that of Hyde.

In addition to these suburban manors the Abbey had also Staines, Sunbury, Shepperton (by the gift of Ulf, the portreeve of London), Greenford, Hanwell, Cowley, Kingsbury, and Hendon. All these manors are in Middlesex, and there were other holdings in more distant counties. It is curious that Paddington should be left unmentioned by Domesday, for not only did it belong to the Abbey from the days of King Edgar, but it went at the Reformation to the short-lived bishopric of Westminster, and has ever since formed part of the estates of the See of London. Westbourne, which must have been included in King Edgar's gift with Paddington, was taken from 'St. Peter' by Henry VIII., but soon restored, and now belongs to the Dean and Chapter, like Westminster itself.

With these great endowments it may easily be believed that the Lord Abbot and his monks, especially those of them who held official positions, were

very great folk in the realm. The Abbey buildings grew apace with their inhabitants. Early in the thirteenth century the young king, Henry III., began to show great veneration for the memory of his canonised predecessor. In 1220 a new Lady Chapel was added to the church eastward; but a little later the King conceived the idea of further honouring St. Edward. It was an odd idea, but we have seen examples of the same conduct in our own day. Not long ago the Rector of a country church died. He had been an eminent poet, and it was determined to commemorate him effectually. The church in which he had ministered for many years was accordingly gutted of everything which he could ever have seen or touched, and was besides partially rebuilt. So at Westminster King Henry determined to honour King Edward by pulling down every vestige of the church he had built on so splendid a scale, and of rebuilding it on a still more splendid scale and in a style wholly different from the plain, solid Norman of Edward's church. What in our own day was done at Rugby to commemorate Moultrie was done at Westminster six centuries ago to commemorate St. Edward. The saint whom Edward venerated was Peter the Apostle. He is now thrust into the background, and the great central feature of the new church is the Chapel of St. Edward, immediately behind the high altar, with his shrine, surrounded by a ring of buried kings and queens.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WITH THE SPIRE DESIGNED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY FOURDRINIER.

One never enters the Abbey Church without a thrill of admiration for the daring genius who raised those lofty vaults. That they were the first of their kind in England is almost certain, but the name of their designer does not seem to have been preserved. It is more likely that he was an Englishman who had studied in France than that he was a Frenchman. Certain it is that though the plan, if not all the design, is purely French, the arrangement of the chapels being in fact peculiar to Westminster amongst English churches, the workmanship is very superior to that in any contemporary building on the Continent. At St. Paul's the tall, plain gable, with its beautiful rose window, which looked out eastward upon Cheap, was contemporary with the semicircular church at Westminster and its cluster of chapels. It was the great building age of England, that thirteenth century, and to it we owe, in addition to so many fine works long ago destroyed, the great Cathedral of Salisbury, the most perfect building, next to the Parthenon, ever designed; Whitby, whose noble skeleton still looks out over the Northern Sea; Fountains and Rievaulx, and the noble transept of York, with its tall sister lancets; and many another, great or small, including the exquisitely proportioned little church at Climping, which is to Salisbury what St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is to St. Paul's. These and others survived intact till our own day, but have all suffered of late years, and none more than Westminster, at the hands of ignorant or vain architects, under the name of 'restoration.'

When Henry had completed his new church as far as the crossing of the transepts and the nave, he held a great consecration festival, at which nothing was omitted that could mark his reverence for St. Edward. It is said —I do not know on what authority— that St. Edward's Chapel owes its elevation above the surrounding chapels to a mound of earth which the King caused to be brought in ships from the Holy Land. The Translation of St. Edward rather than St. Peter's Day (29th June) became the greatest of the Abbey feasts; and by way of marking it yet more distinctly, and connecting with it a pecuniary advantage, he insisted on opening a fair at Westminster, in contravention of the charter of the City of London; and the citizens, as their chronicler drily remarks, 'not compelled, and yet as though compelled,' had to resort to it, their own shops being closed. About the same time he endeavoured to obtain from the City the freedom he had granted to the Abbey by an illegal charter; but the citizens in those days stoutly defended the rights they had acquired as Sheriffs in Middlesex, and could never be got to consent to Henry's innovations. Nevertheless, the Abbot was exempt from any interference of the Bishop of London, and to this day the Dean and Chapter continue to assert for themselves and their church the

same independence. For a short time it was a Cathedral, and Westminster was made a city, though it never had a municipality; but the bishopric only lasted ten years, from 1540 to 1550, and the church is strictly described as a royal chapel under the name of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter.

When Henry pulled down that part of the church in which the body of St. Edward had been enshrined on his canonisation by Henry II., he removed the holy relics to his palace hard by. Peter, a Roman, who had brought the materials with him, built the new shrine of precious mosaic, of which some remnants are still to be seen. On the 13th of October, 1269, the work was complete. Two kings, Henry himself and his brother the King of the Romans, with the King's four sons, carried the saint's coffin in solemn procession from the palace to the new church, and the feast of the translation was kept as a day quite as holy as the regular 'Saint's Day,' the 16th of March.

The chief structural alterations which have taken place since Henry III. completed the eastern part of his church are the erection of the curious chantry of Henry V., the removal of the Lady Chapel, and the substitution for it of the splendid Chapel of Henry VII., and the addition of the western towers. It has been ascertained that the Lady Chapel of Henry III. extended as far east as that of Henry VII., but had no aisles. Standing at the steps which lead into the Chapel we may see side by side specimens of three different architectural periods, namely, those of Henry III., Henry V., and Henry VII.

The nave was not finished for many years after the death of Henry III. His son, Edward I., called after the saint, carried the work only as far as the western end of the choir: at least this was the opinion of the late Mr. Grahame. Sir Gilbert Scott, however, attributes five bays to Edward I., which would bring his work as far west as the spot in which Sir Gilbert himself was buried in 1878. That some kind of spire, or a *flèche*, was intended for the crossing of the choir, nave, and transepts is very certain, and Wren perceived the want. His design was not, however, carried into execution, and the church retains to this day an unfinished look. The western towers were built when Wren had reached extreme old age, and are not worthy of the designer of St. Mary Aldermary, or St. Alban, Wood Street. In fact, they are generally attributed to Hawksmoor, one of Wren's pupils.

Under the mild discipline of the Benedictine Order it is not to be supposed that the monks of Westminster mortified the flesh to any excessive degree. Indulgences of various kinds were invented. Pious founders had to be commemorated by feasts. Royal personages had to be entertained. Grand functions in the church were always followed by corresponding license in the Refectory or the Misericorde. The window still exists in the south walk of the Cloister from which the Prior, or Sub-Prior, or some other authority, could watch the younger monks at their exercise, and from which at night he could put out the light which stood on a bracket close by. The north walk was devoted to literary pursuits, and the Scriptorium of Westminster had a reputation of its own, to which we may have occasion to refer in a later chapter. The last relics of the place where writing was taught and practised were removed a

few years ago, under the supervision of Sir Gilbert Scott, by way of 'restoration.'

At least once we read of the whole body of the monks removing, or being removed, to other quarters. Abbot Herbert, some time before 1240, had founded, with the approval of the Bishops, a little nunnery at Kilburn, dedicated to St. John the Baptist, whence, rather than from the knights of Clerkenwell, we have the modern St. John's Wood. It was situated on the southern slope of Hampstead, which belonged, as we have seen, to the Abbey, and Herbert endowed it with a little estate, adjoining another Westminster manor, Neyte, namely, what we call Kensington Gore. Hither one day in the fourteenth century the Abbot and all the monks fled, because some one had prophesied that a great tide would come up the Thames and overwhelm the Abbey and all that belonged to it. But the tide came and went as usual, and the monks soon returned to their old quarters.

THE DEANERY.

The second removal was of a forcible character. Edward I. stored in his Treasury, near the Chapter-house of the Abbey, a large sum of money for the expenses of his Scottish campaign in 1303. In April or May it was discovered that the Treasury had been broken into and a large sum stolen. The King ordered an investigation, the Abbot and eighty monks were conveyed to the Tower, and eventually the thieves were found. The Sub-Prior, and the Sacrist, and a foreign merchant, Podelicote by name, were among the guilty. The late Mr. Burtt, of the Record Office, discovered a full account of the robbery and its consequences, and published it in his contribution to the volume of 'Gleanings' already mentioned. Jurors were summoned wherever any part of the objects stolen was found. 'They were summoned, not as now from their ignorance, but for their knowledge of the facts.' In every ward of the City, and in many places in all the 'home counties,' evidence was collected. What chiefly concerned the Abbey was the conduct of the Sacrist, the Sub-Prior, and certain other monks, who had been seen to go in and out, early and late, carrying things. One Alexander, of Pershore, a monk, was seen entering a boat at the King's Bridge, a landing-place very near the western end of Westminster Bridge, carrying great panniers covered with leather. Another monk was suspected because he took to dressing himself magnificently, and boasted that he could buy a whole town if he pleased. Another, who had sowed the burial ground round the Chapter House with hemp, in order to conceal stolen objects in the thick foliage, obliterated the tracks of the robbers. The value of the things lost amounted to about two millions of money, according to Mr. Burtt. Podelicote, when he was caught, had 2200*l.* worth in his possession; but the thieves evidently had great trouble to get rid of the cups, rings, chains, jewels, and miscellaneous articles, and many goldsmiths and jewellers in the City and elsewhere were implicated. The hemp-sowing shows with what deliberation and long preparation the whole plot had been conceived and executed. An immense quantity of plunder was eventually recovered, and, no doubt, though the records do not mention the fact, the Sacrist, the Sub-Prior, and Podelicote, if not many

more, suffered the last penalty of the law for their crime. The door adjoining the entrance to the Chapter House, which led to the violated Treasury, was covered with the skins of the robbers as a terror to future monks, and a fragment is still in its place. 'The same terrible lining,' says Dean Stanley, 'is also affixed to the door of the Sacristy in the south transept of the Abbey,' usually called the Chapel of St. Blaise.

The domestic buildings of the Abbey remained till the end in great part as they were left by the Confessor, but Abbot Litlington rebuilt the west and south walks of the cloister between 1376 and 1386, the Abbot's residence, now the Deanery, the east side of Dean's Yard, and the Refectory, the wall of which can be seen in the garden of Ashburnham House, now appropriated by Westminster School. The work of Litlington is in a curious transitional style, and can hardly be mistaken, though it has been cruelly maltreated by restorers of late years. He had unlimited means at his disposal, for Cardinal Langham, who had once been Abbot, made the Abbey his residuary legatee, leaving what would be nearly 200,000*l.* in our money. The Perpendicular style had not quite come in, though William of Wykeham was employing it at Oxford and Windsor. But Litlington was probably his own architect, and to him, no doubt, we owe what is now called the Queen's Scholars' Hall, the chambers called 'Jerusalem' and 'Jericho,' probably from paintings of those places which adorned them, and much besides.

The last abbot was Boston, the first dean was Benson; but Abbot Boston and Dean Benson were one and the same individual. It must have been a bitter thing to descend from the position of a peer of Parliament, controlling an income which would amount in our day to over 60,000*l.* a-year, to leave the palatial deanery, and live in a small house adapted from the Misericorde of the dissolved Abbey. But Abbot Boston had been specially selected by Cromwell for the work he was intended to do, and we cannot greatly pity him, though it is stated that he repented him when it was too late, and died of 'taking care.' He did his best to save some of the Abbey estates for the new Deanery and the Chapter, with partial success. The Abbot's house was given to the newly-created Bishop of Westminster, but Thurlby, the first bishop, was also the last. The Abbot's house was given to Lord Wentworth, and when Feckenham, under Queen Mary, was commissioned to restore the ancient Abbey, he effected an exchange, and obtained the old house by the sacrifice of a manor. Only seventeen monks were left of the old seventy at the suppression, and Feckenham, who was called after his birthplace in Suffolk, but whose real name was Howman, brought in fourteen. He

was not in office a year, and can hardly be reckoned one of the old succession, though in the first year of Queen Elizabeth he took his seat in Parliament as Lord Abbot. But in 1560 he was formally deprived, and William Bill became dean, and was allowed the old house, which has ever since been the Deanery. He did not long survive, and in 1561 was succeeded by the great Dean Goodman, a Welshman by birth, whom his successor, Dean Stanley, well describes as 'the real founder of the present establishment.'

W. J. Loftie.

ARTEMIS.

FROM THE PLAQUE IN LOW RELIEF BY HAMO THORNYCROFT, R.A.

FOR a reason not, perhaps, difficult to determine, English sculptors have always been slow to use their skill for the benefit of those with shallow purses and narrow homes. In France a successful statue is reproduced in miniature almost as a matter of course, and its general physiognomy, at least, becomes familiar in countless houses. The English productions to which a like notoriety has been given might be counted on the fingers. In saying this, I exclude, of course, those copies in small which have been sown broadcast by the Art Union. Soapy reproductions of mediocre originals, they are things in which no artist can take pleasure, and their multiplication has already gone far enough. What is wanted is that our sculptors should have a little more enterprise; that they should be readier than they seem to be to make *replicas* for casting in bronze, on such a scale that they may be used for decorating the rooms in which we live. That, so far, they have seldom done so is due, no doubt, to the absence of those statue-publishers, if I may call them so, who are plentiful in France. We have no Barbédienne, and until we get one we must rely mainly upon Paris for our statuettes. Mr. Thornycroft, however, is attempting to break ground in this direction. He has repeated his 'Mower' (see PORTFOLIO for June, 1888) in small, and the bronzes will soon be within the reach of those who admired the large statue. The 'Gordon,' too, in Trafalgar Square, is to be published in the same fashion, while some, at least, of our readers will remember the relief of 'Artemis'—the statue is at Eaton Hall—which hung in the 'Arts and Crafts' Exhibition last autumn.

To translate a statue into low relief is a ticklish matter. The memory of the original is apt to get between the sculptor and his better judgment, and to make him tolerate faults he would otherwise have mended. In this plaque, for example, there is a want of amplitude and nobility about the bust and loins which, though caused partly by perspective, is partly due to the sculptor's reluctance to leave his statue any more than he can help. This is all the more pardonable in that, as a whole, his idea is even better adapted for interpretation in relief than in the round. The general arabesque, and especially the happy echo of the dog's contours in the curve of the bow, has the rhythm, unity, and concentration of a Greek coin.

W. A.

DARTMOOR.

III.—*Antiquities.*

Ancient Dwellings—'Sacred' Circles—Scorhill Down—The Tolmen—Fernworthy Circle—The Grey Wethers—Stone Avenues—The Spinsters' Rock—Bradmere Pool—Logans—View from Rippon Tor—Widecombe-in-the-Moor—A Great Thunderstorm—Hameldon—Grimspound—Nun's Cross.

PERHAPS no district in the kingdom possesses so many examples of the relics of primeval man as Dartmoor. The levelling plough approaches not the barren moorlands, and their inmost recesses are as wild and untouched as they were two thousand years ago. Were it not for the all-devouring *newtake* wall, the circle, avenue, and pound would probably be in much the same condition as they were in the days of the Stone men. But the Dartmoor farmer, as a rule, is devoid of archaeological sentiment, and has ideas of practical utility which far outweigh any consideration for the preservation of 'ancient monuments.'

The most common among these antiquities are hut basements. The situation is usually in the neighbourhood of some river or stream, and, except in the north quarter, there is scarcely a hillside upon the borders where they are not found. In the interior they occur but seldom. The size varies considerably, the smallest not exceeding twelve, while the largest attain a diameter of thirty-six feet. From the ruins of certain specimens it appears that they were constructed of massive blocks of granite, arranged in courses, and lined with slabs. The interstices, we may suppose, were stopped with turf. The shape seems to have been beehive, or, perhaps, conical, like the Indian wigwam; the roof of rushes, or skins, stretched upon boughs. In these huts dwelt the wild shepherd, and wilder hunter of the Devonshire wilderness, or the miners who, in early days, streamed for tin by the banks of its rivulets. To assign any particular period to the erection of these rude dwellings is an impossibility, for mining was, in all probability, carried on upon the Jugum Ocrinum for some twenty centuries—more or less—before it waxed feeble in the reign of Elizabeth. The blocks

—ARTEMIS—

are either altogether unwrought, or so roughly shaped to the craftsman's will, that the circles may date from the days of Diodorus Siculus, or William the Conqueror, unless, indeed, the discovery of some celt or broken pottery fix the approximate date.

Of 'sacred' circles Dartmoor boasts several. What may have been the purpose served by them can no man say, although many have essayed the wildest flights of imagination in their eagerness to assign to them a use. An hypæthral council chamber, says one; a Druid temple, ventures another; an astronomical design, suggests a third; a family cemetery, opines a fourth. Whatever they may have been they are impressive enough still, especially towards nightfall, when the slanting rays of the sun cast long shadows across the heather, and the intense stillness is more felt than at midday—for the breeze is dead now, and the voice of insects speaking to the presence of some life no longer audible.

SCORHILL CIRCLE. ENGRAVED BY ALFRED DAWSON, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

The principal circle is that on Scorhill Down, near Gidleigh. It consists of twenty-five erect stones, and several fallen, and has a diameter of about eighty feet. The stones are apparently unhewn, and of very irregular height, ranging from about three feet to nearly eight. In the gorge beneath rushes the Teign, the Down sinking suddenly on the one hand to its very margin, on the other sloping more gradually to the Wallabrook, which is spanned by a primitive bridge of one long granite slab. Across the enclosures of Batworthy Farm rises the great boss of Kestor, crowned by the largest rock basin on the Moor. And away on that brown ridge yonder the curious Thirlstone, the perforated rock on Watern Tor described in an earlier paper, stands out dark against the sky. There is another pierced stone in the river beneath us. Just below where the Wallabrook joins the main stream stands the Tolmen, or Holed Stone, through which, say certain antiquaries, the Druid was wont to lower the sinner for purposes of purification in the waters of the Teign. Certain it is that the large and perfectly smooth opening will admit with ease the body of any man not of Falstaffian proportions. But the unbelieving geologist asserts that the hole is natural rather than artificial, and that a pebble worked round by water would, in the course of ages, produce just such an orifice.

Very different to the circle of Scorhill is that of Fernworthy, two miles to the south. Here the stones are of almost uniform height, low and square-shaped —as far as they can own to a shape at all; and the whole enclosure presents, if the term may be used, a *neater* appearance than its greater brother above the Teign. Save for one stone it is complete, and has a diameter of sixty feet. The scenery here is inferior to that in which Scorhill Circle is placed. Kestor away to the north now, and much altered in shape, is the only prominent object. Below the green plateau on which the circle stands is an old farmhouse, built in 1690, but possessing none of the picturesque features which one generally associates with homesteads of that period. An avenue of tall, lean sycamore-trees borders the rough road which leads on to the moor, winding over the hill to the lonely shepherd's cot which looks down upon the clapper bridge by which the head-waters of the Teign are crossed.

Following the stream from this bridge—a comparatively modern structure, notwithstanding its rude masonry—we reach Siddaford Tor, where is a square logan easily rocked; and passing down the eastern slope, reach the co-tangent circles known as the Grey

Wethers, which have, or had (for neither is perfect), the largest diameter of any circles upon Dartmoor—over a hundred feet. Here the stones have evidently been shaped. In height they are between those at Fernworthy and Scorhill Down, and average four feet. Alas! a *newtake* wall is near, with the result that the northern circle has been despoiled of more than half its stones; and although none are missing out of the twenty-five which form the southern, eighteen lie prone among the coarse grass. A clear stream runs close by, and it was desired to introduce it by way of foreground into the sketch. As this, however, would have placed the circles at a disadvantage, the idea was reluctantly abandoned. The illustration shows the stones as viewed from the slope of Siddaford.

THE GREY WETHERS. ENGRAVED BY ALFRED DAWSON, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

These four circles of Scorhill, Fernworthy, and Grey Wethers (so called from their supposed distant resemblance to a flock of sheep), are the principal, though by no means the only ones upon Dartmoor. The southern quarter of the waste, in particular, affords several specimens, though all inferior in size and appearance to those in the neighbourhood of the Teign. It is curious how the idea of motion attaches to them. The Grey Wethers revolve at sunrise, while the Nine Maidens—the stones composing a small circle on the slope of the Belstone Tors near Okehampton—dance regularly at noon.

Intimately connected with the circles are the stone avenues. Indeed, these very downs at the back of Kestor afford some good examples of the mysterious alignments which form so special a feature among the antiquities of Dartmoor. There is no sign that they were ever joined to Scorhill Circle, though one, a branch apparently of the main avenue, points direct for it, and is distant but a short half mile. But there can be little doubt that this principal avenue extended south to Fernworthy, and even beyond, for there are remains of it on both sides of that circle. These strange parallel rows are almost invariably placed in close proximity to a settlement; and one of the most extensive upon Dartmoor, consisting of numerous hut basements, some of very massive construction, is to be found a little to the east of the alignment now under discussion. Of this avenue, which, with its adjuncts, probably extended more than two miles, but a quarter of a mile is left. It ends with the tall menhir called the Longstone, though pits mark the site of its continuation to the 'Three Boys,' a supposed ruined cromlech whereof but one supporter now stands. There are always cairns, too, at the ends of, or immediately adjoining, the avenues, many being edged with one or more rings of slabs. The stones forming these alignments are seldom more than a yard high, and apparently untouched by a tool, and the pathway never exceeds four feet in width. The line is perfectly straight, and sometimes, as in the examples above Merivale Bridge and beneath Harter Tor, another avenue runs parallel. To inquire the significance of these lines of upright stones—whether Druid processional paths, armies drawn up in battle array, burial-grounds, or what not, is scarcely within our limits. There they are, and the character of Dartmoor owes not a little to the mystery which attaches to these and kindred antiquities.

No cromlechs, in an erect state, now remain upon the Moor; but on the borders, amid the pleasant scenery about Chagford, is one which has no equal in the west—the famous Spinsters' Rock. And even this has been *restored*; for in 1862 it collapsed, owing, it is said, to a plough being driven too near the

foundations; and had it not been for the public spirit of the lady on whose property it stands, the only complete cromlech in Devon would have gone to swell the list of its fallen brethren. Fortunately, *camera lucida* sketches had been taken not long before, and it was, therefore, an easy matter to restore the monument to its pristine glory. The local legend attributes its erection (not the modern 'restoration,' but the primary uprearing) to three maidens, who constructed it for *amusement* before breakfast! Its height to the top of the coverstone, which is estimated as weighing more than sixteen tons, is between eight and nine feet.

There is a wonderfully beautiful piece of water within a few yards of this relic of days prehistoric. Bradford or Bradmere Pool lies deep in a hollow, and, begirt by trees, forms a perfect mirror for the foliage which droops over a placid surface seldom disturbed by the breeze. A gap in the woodland at the upper end reveals the blue swell of Cosdon Beacon. There are those who have tried to persuade themselves and others that this tarn was sacred to the Druids and used in connexion with the cromlech, but a cruelly matter-of-fact nineteenth century prefers to call its bed a mining excavation, and this, there can be little doubt, it is.

In common with other granitic districts, Dartmoor is rich in Logan stones. There is one, and a famous one too, by the way, not far from this miniature lake in the deep gorge of the Teign below Huntstor. A wild tradition states that it was erewhile connected with Bradmere by a subterranean passage, but for what purpose does not appear. It is an immense irregularly shaped mass, and its logging power has been reduced to a minimum. Above it towers the bold brow of Piddleton Down, rising precipitous to a height of four hundred feet, at least, above the brawling river; the opposite side climbing in more gradual but still steep ascent, dotted with oak, mountain ash, and hazel, through which lichen-stained granite boulders obtrude themselves. But the logan crowning the broad brow of Siddaford Tor stands amid scenery of a character totally different. Here all is barren; and although cultivated country is visible at no great distance, the view on either hand is of vast sweeps of moorland unrelieved by anything more imposing than a thorn-bush or two about the shepherd's cot at Teignhead. But the immense parallelogram balanced on a perpendicular rock upon Rippon Tor is, perhaps, the most noteworthy of all the logans; and it is difficult to imagine in what manner disintegration could have produced this strange natural phenomenon. If the Druids ever *did* use these singular rock masses as a means of impressing votaries with their oracular powers, the logan of Rippon must have occupied no unimportant part in this particular branch of ritual.

SPINSTERS' ROCK, NEAR CHAGFORD.

From Rippon Tor we look down upon a wide stretch of sea. Almost at our feet is the Teign estuary, with a fine panorama of pastoral and wooded country between. On that seaward hill in the distance the sun is touching the houses of the upper part of Torquay, which stand out with strange distinctness against the deep blue waters of Torbay. Busy Newton is behind those tree-crowned knolls; while further west that winding depression marks the course of the English Rhine—the lovely Dart. Close at hand the great twin piles of Hey Tor rise majestic above the green turf, overlooking quiet Bovey Tracey and the valley up which runs the railway to Moreton Hampstead; and below there, in the opposite direction, deep down in the valley under Hameldon, lies

the 'Cathedral of the Moor,' the stately church of Widecombe, owning a tower the pride of all the borderland. The road winding across the breezy plateau and down to this moorland 'church town' passes near yet another logan, the Rugglestone.

We must pass through Widecombe, or *Widdecombe* as the people call it, on our way to the great enclosure of Grimspound, the largest and most important of the many walled villages of Dartmoor. The situation is one of much beauty. A long valley, narrowing as it advances into the moorlands, where the sycamore flourishes exceedingly, and the fields are as green, if not as rich, as the verdant pastures of the much-vaunted South Hams, is a pleasant change from the barren steppes of the desert. In strong contrast rise the heather-clad walls of Hameldon, crowned with its ancient graves and faced by the stony slopes of the tors of Honeybag, Bel, and Chinkwell, with a vast swell of purple moor closing the northern end like a *cul-de-sac*.

GRIMSPOUND. ENGRAVED BY ALFRED DAWSON, FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

Widecombe-in-the-Moor is hardly a village in the common acceptation of the word. Under the lofty perpendicular tower, with its graceful crocketed pinnacles, clusters an ancient row of almshouses, with a quaint verandah resting on granite pillars, a parsonage, a humble inn, and two or three cottages. From these the traveller turns to the church, and inquires, with justifiable wonder, how it can ever be filled. As a matter of fact it never *is* filled. Built originally for a much larger congregation in the days when mining was more than a name, the church is too large for the place, and having regard to the scanty handful which now but serves to accentuate its emptiness, one regrets that it cannot be transferred to a more populous district. Yet the valley could ill afford to lose one of the finest granite towers in the West of England—a thank-offering, it is said, of some successful tinners.

There are few Devonshire folk who have not heard of the terrible thunderstorm which visited this moorland sanctuary just two hundred and fifty years ago. A tablet in the church still commemorates the awful effects of the visitation, and relates how

'In sixteen hundred thirty-eight, October twenty-first,
On the Lord's Day, at afternoon, when people were addressed
To their devotions in this church, while singing here they were
A psalm, distrusting nothing of the danger then so near,
A crack of thunder suddenly, with lightning, hail, and fire,
Fell on the church and tower here, and ran into the choir,
A sulphurous smell came with it, and the tower strangely rent,
The stones abroad into the air with violence were sent.'

And goes on, with equal quaintness, to recount the deaths and injuries of members of the congregation. The rent in the tower is still visible.

It is a long climb through gorse, fern, and heather to the barrow which marks the Beacon summit of the great broad back of Hameldon. Perhaps no Dartmoor height commands a view more extensive; for Hameldon is the loftiest land in this part of the wilderness. Yes Tor and Cosdon bound the prospect on the one hand, and the nearer peaks of Hey and Rippon Tors on the other. Mile after mile the sombre moorland stretches away in countless billows; smooth where no outcrop of granite

breaks their sweep, broken where 'some half-buried shape seems striving to uplift itself against the sky.' Here in its fulness is experienced that wonderful sense of freedom which seems inseparable from all mountainous districts.

But we must pass onwards, for another antiquity is at hand. Down on the northern slope stands the massive circumvallation regarded by many as THE sight of Dartmoor. So firmly persuaded are the neighbouring moor-dwellers of the world-wide renown of this 'lion,' that it is useless to ask for any other relic. Grimspound, and Grimspound alone, finds a place in the archaeological corner of their minds. And certainly they have some reason for holding in respect the ruins of the ancient British fortification. A circular space some four acres in extent is enclosed by the substantial remains of a wall of great strength. The blocks are of large size —some, indeed, several feet in length—and all unhewn. The *débris* still attains a height of four feet; but judging from appearances it was once at least double that height. There are now two entrances, through which a moor track passes, dividing the circle into nearly equal portions. Quantities of stone lie scattered over the area, the remains doubtless of dwellings, of which over twenty basements may still be counted.

When Grimspound was built is almost as doubtful as who were its builders. Most people regard it generally as of British construction, but some place it to the credit of Norsemen 'streaming' for tin in the valley beneath. The idea that it was a gigantic cattle-pound fails when we consider the number of hut circles that even now mark the area within its circumference, not to speak of the very unnecessary strength of the structure for such a purpose. Such theories as those which make it a temple of the sun may be passed without comment.

Nor does the name help us much in determining its history. The title may be derived from *grim*, a boundary, to which the fact that a central trackway running through the heart of the moor and starting close by lends some force; from *Grim*, a viking, whom some, with very little evidence, have buried at Grimsgrove, a kistvaen near the head-waters of the Plym; or from the Celtic *grym*, strength. But upon these theories it is here no place to enlarge. Whether built by Celt or Norseman, no one can view the greatest of Dartmoor pounds without being impressed by its rude strength, particularly when seen from the neighbouring height of Hookner Tor.

But there is another antiquity which should not be passed unnoticed.

> 'In many a green and solemn place,
> Girt with the dark hills round,
> The shadow of the holy Cross
> Yet sleepeth on the ground.'

These crosses are of rudest appearance. Save in the case of Syward's or Nun's Cross, which stands above the dangerous bog of Fox Tor Mire, there is no legend upon any one of them, save perhaps some initials carved by modern hands to indicate a boundary. This cross is the most massive upon the moor, and has an inscription upon each face; the one commemorating, though imperfectly, the memory of Syward (whoever he may have been), the other, according to Mr. W. Crossing, bearing the word Boc-

NUN'S CROSS. FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

lond, the ancient name of Buckland, of which abbey it may have formed a boundstone. The fact that this cross is mentioned in the 'Perambulation' of 23 Henry III. gives it an age of close upon 650 years, at any rate; how long before that date it braved the storm can only be known when we discover who Syward was. Some of the lettering however, is said to be Saxon. Like all Dartmoor crosses it possesses very short arms. The height exceeds seven feet.

Several of these weathered monuments served to indicate diverging paths, or marked the limits of manors. Others stood by the Abbot's Way, an old track leading across the moor connecting the monasteries of Buckfast and Tavistock, and still discernible

in many places. The sight of the long train of mules winding over the wild moor laden with bales of wool—for the men of Buckfast were wool-staplers—guarded by hooded monks, would have made a fit subject for the painter, especially as day waned. Yonder, westward, the descending sun throws into strong relief the massive form of the Christian symbol, towards which the procession slowly makes its way. And even now, when the good monks have long gone to their rest, and their green bridle-path has for many a mile yielded to encroaching heather or disappeared in morass, the rugged cross is at such a time not without its influence upon the lonely wayfarer.

JOHN LL. W. PAGE.

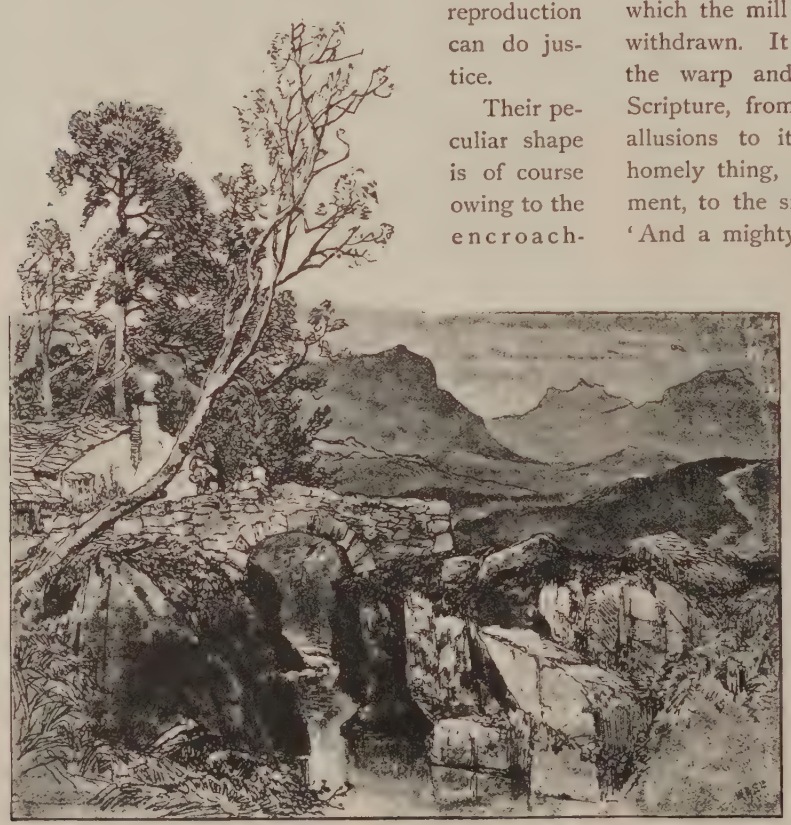
TWO DRAWINGS IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

BY WILLIAM HULL.

THE subjoined engravings are from a series of thirteen drawings made by the late William Hull to illustrate a little story written by a friend for a literary and artistic society of which they were members. The whole series is in the artist's happiest vein, and displays to great advantage his exceptional power in the drawing of all the elements of landscape, mountains, clouds, trees, rocks, and water.

But, whilst all details are given with truth and mastery, the pictures are conceived, as was proper to their purpose, in a fanciful and poetic, rather than a realistic manner. It is unfortunate that they are drawn on blue paper, ruled with blue lines; they would have had a more brilliant effect if pure white paper had been used.

They are executed in delicate, transparent, single washes of Indian ink, reinforced with the pen, to which no reproduction can do justice.



Their peculiar shape is of course owing to the encroachments of the text of the story. Few landscape draughtsmen, with the point, have exceeded this artist in charm, power, and individuality of style,—a charm which it would be as difficult to imitate as to put into words. It gave interest to the meanest subject and the fewest lines, and was often more manifest in the rapid and headlong jotting down of a fleeting effect or incident than in the most careful and leisurely performance. It expressed, with equal felicity, rock structure, weight and ponderosity, the fateful lines and adamantine strength of the yew, its knotty entrails, and branches 'upcoiling and inveterately convolved,' or the tender grace of a bundle of basket-maker's withes.

The mill, with its animating spirit, the stream, has had a fascination for the minds of poets and painters from the earliest ages. Sacred and secular literature and art would suffer a great loss if everything of which the mill has been the soul and centre were withdrawn. It is a thing which is inwoven with the warp and woof of human life and history. Scripture, from Exodus to Revelations, has many allusions to it, and although the millstone is a homely thing, it lends itself readily to poetic treatment, to the simplest and the sublimest images:—'And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all, . . . and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee.' (Rev. xviii. 21, 22.)

The Windmill (Rembrandt's notwithstanding) has no such place in our affections, as has *The Water-mill*, built out of the bed of some mountain burn and 'lichened into colour with the crags.' Overhung, it may be, with trees, its picturesqueness heightened by the plunge, the foam and fall, of water, or by the

placid pool in which its weedy walls and wheels are mirrored. Nature takes the water-mill into a loving embrace and makes it part of herself. Its gable of rough boulders takes the silvery light of morning, or the golden glow of evening, kindly; its roof becomes mantled with lovely mosses, its walls with ivy and creeping plants, its every stone a study for botanist and painter, and, without a discordant note, it gives to the landscape, however savage or romantic, that element of human interest which is needed to satisfy the mind. The mill on the other page is a charming type of a north-country water-mill, and makes a beautiful composition. Its main feature is, of course, the arch of the wheel, and contrasting lines; its blades, black with moss, but varied in shape and hue, sparkling with light and moisture casting a deep shadow into the chasm below. The young tree, springing out of the limestone rock, continues the curve of the wheel in a very pretty way, unites the two sides of the subject, and serves to carry the eye round till it runs down the slope of the hill to the 'barn and byre,' and up again to the apex of the pyramid made by the large gable, the line of which is continued by the dark under the roots of the great tree. The pyramid of light makes a striking contrast to the circle of dark, and is again contrasted by the square window, the line of hill and roofs, the upright stems of the trees, and the horizontal line of light in the sky. It is, doubtless, a study from nature, but there never has been a mill on the Duddon, from which the rest of the sketches appear to be drawn.

> 'Child of the clouds! remote from every taint
> Of sordid industry thy lot is cast.'

There used to be a mill on Tarn Beck, near Seathwaite, but that, Wordsworth says, was 'a mean and disagreeable object,' and it was a ruin when Thorne visited it in 1842. This mill, on the contrary, is eminently picturesque, with double gables, double wheels (it may be), and torrent race, and might well have given rise to the opening lines of the Thirteenth Sonnet:—

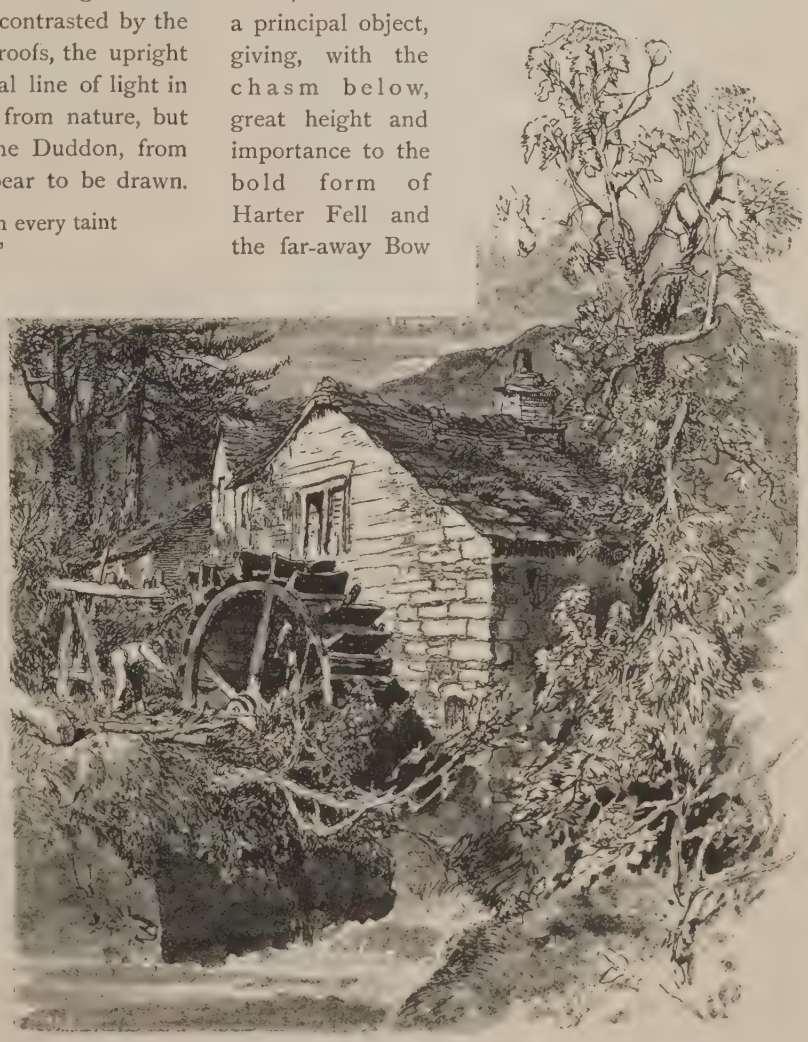
> 'Hail to the fields, with dwellings sprinkled o'er,
> And one small hamlet, under a green hill
> Clustering, with barn and byre, and spouting mill!'

But a yarn mill, or a bobbin mill, yields no such comfort and delight to the mind, has no such memories and associations, as a corn-mill; though the former carries the mind back to the time when' in each little northern dale, the simple descendants of the hardy Norsemen completed the products of their own industry, and grew, spun, wove, dyed, and wore, the long years through, their own woollen, though mostly worn undyed, the natural hodden grey. A corn-mill, however, is the chief minister to human needs, the embodiment of all ideas of comfort, peace, and plenty. It is the transmuter of the golden grain of harvest into powdery avalanches of cereal snow, vital as that manna which the Children of Israel ground in the desert, and which was of the 'colour of bdellium.'

The other engraving is a fitting companion to the mill—'There is a sympathy in streams; one calleth to another.'

In it all the elements of the picturesque are combined, but the romantic charm of the subject is greater, because there is greater variety, and the prospect is more extended. There is the same chastened freedom of execution, the same feeling of grace, the same felicity of composition, ease, harmony, unity, and variety of line.

As in the mill-wheel, the arch is a principal object, giving, with the chasm below, great height and importance to the bold form of Harter Fell and the far-away Bow



Fell and Crinkle Crags; and there is a suggestion of unknown depth in the slumbering stream which, so lately, has been white with rage.

The virile and graceful sweep of the light tree in the foreground (note the value of the dark at its root) contrasts well with the counter-curve of the cottage-roof and bridge parapet, the upright lines of the fir-trees, and their repetition in the bed of the river.

We recognise Birk's Brig over the Duddon, and the glimpse through the arch reminds us that here is one of the most fascinating and beautiful points in the whole course of the stream. There is much conflict of opinion as to the exact sites of the various localities alluded to in the Sonnets, and this point is no exception; but a majority of writers (among them being James Thorne, Mr. Rix, and the Rev. Mr. Malleson) agree in the opinion that this is the Faëry Chasm of the Eleventh Sonnet.

'No fiction was it of the antique age;
A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,
Is of the very footmarks unbereft
Which tiny Elves impressed;—on that smooth stage
Dancing with all their brilliant equipage
In secret revels—haply after theft
Of some sweet Babe-Flower stolen, and coarse Weed left
For the distracted Mother to assuage
Her grief with, as she might! But, where, oh! where
Is traceable a vestige of the notes
That ruled those dances, wild in character?
Deep underground? Or in the upper air,
On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats
O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer?'

The Rev. Mr. Malleson speaks with enthusiasm of the singular charms of form and colour on this remarkable bit of river scenery. 'From sedgy banks varied with the aromatic bog myrtle, the golden bog asphodel, now out of flower, the rosy red rattle, and the milk-white, green-veined parnassia the river plunges in haste among wave-washed rocks and boulders, scooped into fantastic shapes, whitened with the weather and the water, then passes on, in a few yards, through a deep, dark chasm between perpendicular rocks, cleft with gloomy fissures, deeper and deeper, narrower and more narrow, to a black pit some twenty feet deep, spanned aloft by one narrow arch; and here an exclamation of surprise spontaneously bursts forth even from a solitary wanderer as he gazes down with astonishment upon the intense, transparent green of that pellucid pool, where now the water lags lazily along, only indicating the sluggishness of its movements by the gentle wafting of small discs of white foam brought from the fall close by. Whence this dazzling and most marvellous glossy greenness, reminding one of the blue transparency of the deep mill-pond in the chalk in Arundel Park? The polished slabs of rock that line the bottom, and would no doubt be white if laid on the land, lie below as green as the emerald cushions of moss that make gay the trickling rocks above. Perhaps none can accurately explain the physical cause. This is Wordsworth's Faëry Chasm:

"Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,
Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure
When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,
And the solidities of mortal pride,
Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust."

'Peering rather perilously over the edge, the deafening roar of the torrent causing an involuntary tremor, I see the lofty crags riven with deep, dark fissures, where neither moss nor humblest fern can grow; buttress succeeding buttress, some like the flying buttresses of Gloucester Cathedral, all curved and hollowed out by the foaming torrents into a hundred weird, fantastic shapes. Here one starts at the unexpected sight of a colossal foot and leg of stone from the knee downwards, dipping suspended in the stream, formed by the wearing away of the rock of volcanic ash. The resemblance is wonderful, making it an object of curiosity to both dalesfolk and visitors. Charming contrast! Through the arch I see the clear, transparent, glassy pool kissed by the nodding alders, and kindled into life by the fiery red of a low mountain-ash in all her autumn bravery.'

Of the part of Donnerdale shown in this drawing Wordsworth has given a fine description, which exactly applies: 'Russet and craggy hills' (he says), 'of bold and varied outline surround the level valley, which is besprinkled with grey rocks plumed with birch-trees. A few homesteads are interspersed in some places, peeping out from among the rocks like hermitages whose site has been chosen for the benefit of sunshine as well as shelter; in other instances the dwelling-house, barn, and byre compose together a cruciform structure, which, with its embowering trees, and the ivy clothing part of the walls and roof like a fleece, call to mind the remains of an ancient abbey. Time, in most cases, and nature everywhere, have given a sanctity to the humble works of man that are scattered over this peaceful retirement. Hence a harmony of tone and colour, a consummation and perfection of beauty which would have been marred had aim or purpose interfered with the course of convenience, utility, or necessity.'

Mr. Hull made a series of drawings of this comparatively short, but lively, bold, and buoyant river, from its source on Wrynose Fell till it enters the Irish Sea near the island of Walney. These, it is hoped, may some day see the light.

THOMAS LETHERBROW.

PHOTOGRAPHY'S LATEST SERVICE TO ART.

IN no respect has art benefited so much of late—not even by photography itself—as by means of that process of making permanent and perfect copies which has been applied to drawings by the greatest masters, from Gentile Bellini (whose sketch of the Sultan, Mahomet II., occurs in an imperishable transcript) to Sir F. Leighton's yesterday's study of the nude. By this process the student of to-day can place side by side unchallengeable facsimiles of originals which are the width of Europe asunder, and he may thus, and without a moment's loss of time, compare drawings in St. Petersburg or Naples with others whose homes are in London, Stockholm, and Madrid.

Every artist knows the prodigious value of ancient drawings; painters from Vasari (who exulted in the possession of a body of Michael Angelo's studies of this nature) and Rembrandt to our own time have prized them highly, and, of late, ownership of a number of these things has conferred distinction on collectors such as Dr. Wellesley, while it was among the claims for our gratitude to Lely, Reynolds, and Lawrence, to say nothing of Richardson, Lenoir, Alfonso d'Este (who gathered nearly two thousand five hundred instances), and William duke of Devonshire, that they lost no opportunities for acquiring specimens of the first ideas and sharpest impressions of noble designs. It has been denied by many not unwise students, that photographic reproductions of pictures have a real value and are fitted to serve the turns of painters. It has been asserted that photography betrays the student who relies on its aid for copies from nature, and that it would be better if he made them with his own hands and mentally searched, so to say, the object or subject he desired to know.

Of the reproduction of pictures by photography under conditions very different from those which obtained of yore, and to which the prevailing demurrers apply with force, it will be right to speak further on. As to the reproduction of drawings in monochrome, black, white, red, or other self-colours, these scruples have no application whatever; and, as to architecture, sculpture, and engraving, every one admits the service permanent photography can render. Even amateurs, with no technical knowledge whatever, have, with a sort of *naïveté* which has amused 'practised hands,' not been slow to appreciate the advantages photography has conferred upon students who cared to seek inspiration at the fountain-head. In fact, *dilettanti* have been apt to over-appreciate the advantages in question, and to think too much of the copious springs of original thought and forthright skill which the chemical knowledge, and extraordinary perseverance of operators like Mr. Swan of Newcastle and Messrs. Adolphe and Gaston Braun of Paris and Dornach, have, so to say, discovered for the benefit of painters.

These benefactors endowed the art-student with fresh treasuries of photographic magic, when they facsimiled thousands of drawings, and thus gave us 'to the life' an immense body of knowledge and skill such as no opportunities of travel and time, no experience or outlay of money, could otherwise secure of bringing on the same table the thoughts of, say, Rembrandt, as they exist to the number of fifty-three in Vienna alone, and of Dürer remaining in the same place and not fewer than ninety-three. These studies may now lie side by side with their like from the British Museum, Paris, Venice, Florence, and Milan; and with good fortune no one has enjoyed since the artists joined the majority, the whole may be arranged in chronological order, grouped so as to illustrate the inception and progress of masterpieces, or made to display the development and changes of those great conceptions which the artistic world is proud of and has never ceased to profit by. It would be hard to say too much of the charm of such studies as those for which art is thus indebted to photography. The student may choose his examples from Basle, London, Lille, the Hague, Berlin, Dresden, Amsterdam, Venice, or Milan, and the Autotype Company and similar operators will supply his needs.

It is chiefly the Autotype Company, whose *Catalogue Générale*, a volume of nearly six hundred pages, is before me, with titles of works in compact alphabetical order from 'Abbate' to 'Zwolle,' who have supplied students in the above-named direction. Messrs. Goupil of Paris and London, and the Berlin Company, have devoted themselves mostly to the reproduction of modern pictures, in which the Autotype Company have been by no means remiss, although their effort has chiefly been in the line specified above.

The more recent achievements of the Messrs. Braun, some of which lie before me, have endowed the art-student with a wonder of photographic magic greater in its way, if not quite so far beyond challenge, than that which copied the drawings. They have succeeded in producing veritable—that is reliable, if not invariably perfect—versions of pictures in their fulness of tone, and with quite legitimate renderings of their coloration. Thus works which, till of late, defied the camera and its chemicals, and

seemed to baffle those wonderful genii, the 'Seven Daughters of the Light,' have been brought into subjection with success which is marvellous. Artistically speaking, magic is nothing compared with this, and the benefit to students and art-lore at large, is immeasurable by anything short of a comparison with what had been previously attained by the reproduction in unalterable facsimile of drawings in monochrome, besides sculptures and buildings which are colourless. Some of the reproductions of MM. Braun are far truer to the original paintings than any engravings could be expected to be. The latter represent what has filtered through the intelligence of students who could not, however able in art they were, avoid imparting something of their own to the delineations of their originals. Again, these reproductions are far more numerous than engravers' works could be. Thousands of examples which it would never pay to employ an artist upon, while only first-rate engravers' or etchers' work would be tolerated, have been copied in this manner and specimens sold at a few shillings each, whereas fine hand transcripts could only be, if at all, had for many pounds, and would not be more permanent than those of the wizards of Dornach and Paris (including all the above-named firms with Messrs. Braun in chief) to whom we owe so much.

In nothing did the late Mr. Reid of the Print Room, British Museum, signalise his judgment more fortunately than in adding to the national art-treasures a vast collection of the *photographies inaltérables au charbon.* Mr. Colvin has, I think, continued this wise practice of his predecessor, and secured examples of all sorts as fast as they were published. Every museum in Europe, and every national gallery from Trafalgar Square to the Belvedere, has extended special favour to operators who signally improved the methods first applied with anything like success by Mr. Swan of Newcastle. How great is the number of these newly-found treasures, what wealth of material is thus offered to the critic, and how many fresh examples are offered to artists, we could not realise until the Autotype Company—representatives in this country of MM. Braun—produced the above-mentioned catalogue. There is scarcely a painted masterpiece of the ancient art-world which is not named in it, from the Holbeins at Basle to the Hoppners at Windsor. These are in addition to drawings of all the schools, from the Dürers at Basle to the Da Vincis at Weimar, and to sculptures, antique and modern, in most of the great galleries.

With the advantages thus offered it is to be hoped we shall hear no more of the insensate demand that fine drawings and rare prints—many of them unique and irreplaceable—shall be exposed to the risks of public exhibitions, including injurious excess of light, danger of shifting, and what not, and for this end removed from collections where students have access to them, while for popular use, and even for comparison in the hands of experts, enough, and more than enough, of the beauty and idiosyncrasies of the originals are to be found in the facsimiles. In them is abundant means for the acquirement of learning much deeper than nine hundred and ninety-nine persons out of every thousand could hope, not to attain, but only to have knowledge of.

Of the wizardry which overcame the most refractory colours, and translated into tones their true chromatic values, I have already said a word or two. The astonished world of art has mastered the facts, but it has not yet realised the full value of this latest, and certainly by much the greatest gift science has made to the arts. A very large proportion of the photographs in question represent master works of which no engravings have ever been made, nor are ever likely to be made. They are absolutely accurate in respect to their outlines and ordonnance of design, and in truth of keeping and general effect they are capable of sustaining comparison with many brilliant engravings. Beyond these qualities they should not be compared with engravings.

Orthochromatic photography, to which we owe the transcripts of pictures here mentioned, represents a recent advance of science, the *modus operandi* of which is more or less secret, by means of which power has been obtained to so modify the chemical action of colour radiations on a sensitive plate that photographs of coloured objects, such as pictures, are now produced in a scale of monochrome gradation, corresponding more nearly than heretofore with the visual impression of the objects represented. Engravers have long known how to translate pictures into black and white, so that with the negation of colour there is yet given a representation of the subject, harmonising with the impressions received from the original. In this art photography has been till of late a conspicuous failure; blue has been rendered as white, bright yellow as sombre brown, and scarcely any differentiation of green, orange, and red has been perceptible.

Photography direct in natural colours is still a dream; the fortress of such an attainment has not yet been taken, but any improvement of the art which shall add to its marvellous pourtrayals of subject and detail, a monochromatic rendering of colours in correspondence with their apparent darkness or brightness to the eye, is an advance of the greatest interest and importance. Dr. Vogel of Berlin, Colonel Waterhouse of the Indian Survey, Dr. Eder of Vienna, and Messrs. Abney and Botthamley at home, are amongst the most prominent scientific names associated with orthochromatic photography,

while MM. Braun and Co., the Autotype Company of London, and Messrs. Dixon, have, in the reproduction of paintings, put in evidence practical results of great preciousness. It was in 1873 that Dr. Vogel announced the discovery that the addition to the sensitive plate of certain dyes (derived from coal-tar) *increased* its sensitiveness to yellow and green. Dr. Eder soon after published an account of his experiments with a large number of dyes, thus confirming Vogel's discovery with the important addition that certain of these dyes *diminished* the sensitiveness of photographic plates to blue and violet. Thus the colour difficulty was being attacked at both ends of its scale corresponding to the violet and the red ends of the solar spectrum. The blue and violet which heretofore too vehemently impressed the negative could be restrained, while the feeble influence of the yellow and red rays could be increased. Mr. C. H. Botthamley repeated and varied Dr. Eder's experiments, and showed that the addition of ammonia to the dye greatly increased its sensitiveness to yellow. It is now easy to photograph yellow so that it prints with even too great luminosity. The scientific experiments have been principally made with the solar spectrum, which yields pure colour, and supplies the standard, but the colours of the artists' palette are compound and variable, introducing a host of difficulties into practical work. The most experienced workers in orthochromatic photography are often able to predict with certainty what the results of copying any particular picture will be. As applied to painting the process has its weak points as well as its advantages; it manifests a tendency to tone down what is rugged in a picture, to obliterate the cracks in a canvas, and to neutralise the pleasure of obtaining a far greater amount of detail in the shadows by a weakening of the general effect. But the process is yet in its infancy, many scientific and practical heads are working at the problems, and from the large measure of success —success which no one hoped for twenty years ago—we may expect a greater achievement to come.

F. G. Stephens.

ART CHRONICLE.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie has been elected Associate of the Royal Academy. We have recently noted a collection of his clever sketches of sea and shipping, shown at the Fine Art Society's. His election may be said to bring again to the front in Burlington House the special line of subject that Clarkson Stanfield made his own within the walls of the old home of the Academy in Trafalgar Square. Hitherto, however, Mr. Wyllie has shown himself in the spirit of to-day—brilliant rather than solid.

The loan exhibition of pictures by Cotman having been closed in February, the next art collection at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, gathered for the study of members and their friends, is a fine series of miniatures and medallions, dating not later than the first twenty years of the century.

An exhibition of art in connexion with ecclesiastical uses, retrospective and contemporary, will be held in York during the coming season, from June to October, at the buildings of the Fine Art and Industrial Institution, and is likely to prove of exceptional interest. Among the promoters are the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Leeds, Duke of Manchester, and many of the bishops.

During the spring and summer months it is intended to hold, at the Walker Corporation Gallery, Liverpool, an exhibition similar to the recent Arts and Crafts in London.

It is not only in London that public monuments are destroyed by rough usage. One of the two well-known groups by the sculptor M. Carpeaux, outside the Paris Opera House—*La Danse*—a signal example of audacious artistry, has been so ill-treated that it must be removed into safe housing.

Among minor exhibitions of the last month may be noted a series of sketches and drawings to illustrate the scenery of Sussex by Mr. E. M. Wimperis, who, despite a sameness of style, has been fairly successful in painting, with frank *technique* and happy selection, the rolling woods and downs, the picturesque buildings and open coast, of that characteristically English county. The drawings were shown at Messrs. Dowdeswell's.

A collection of exceptional interest of pictures by Corot has been made, and is now shown at the Goupil Gallery by Messrs. Boussad and Valadon. At the Fine Art Society's is opened an exhibition of drawings by Dutch aquarellists.

The group of the latest acquisitions of the National Portrait Gallery (including Gheeraedt's *Conference in* 1604 *at Somerset Place*, from the Hamilton Collection; *The House of Commons* in 1793, by Nickel; *The Third Lord Fairfax and Wife*, and *Mountjoy Blount, Earl of Newport*, and *George, Lord Goring*, by Dobson; *Mrs. Opie*, by Opie; *Samuel Rogers*, by T. Phillips, and other valuable portraits), have been lodged *pro tem.* in a ground-floor room at the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square.

At the Fine Art Society's have been on view, since the beginning of last month, a collection of sketches by Mr. Paul Naftel, of the Royal Water-colour Society, chiefly studies on the coast of the Channel island, Sark, and views in North Wales, with a few bits from Dorset and Devon. Mr. Naftel's style has a certain cheerful prettiness of colour and deft drawing which ensure popularity; but many of these sketches have qualities of a larger and more vigorous sort, and show an unlaboured freshness which one would have hardly expected. An artist is always nearest nature in his sketches if there be the grit of truth in him, and Mr. Naftel is no exception to the rule.

The mixed gathering of eccentric painters, able and infirm, known as the New English Art Club, will hold another exhibition this season at the Egyptian Hall, and we understand that the show is to be in advance of last year's, for which it may without discourtesy be allowed, there is occasion. The accomplished French pastellists, MM. Lobse and Hellen, have been elected members of the Club.

SINCE our last issue Signor Carlo Pellegrini, the genial humorist, whose portrait caricatures have made the fortune of 'Vanity Fair' for twenty years, has passed from the ranks of living artists, regretted alike by his personal friends and the wider circle of the unknown public to which his pencil appealed. The caricatures of 'Ape' may be said to have memorialised nearly all the leading men of the day in many fields of activity —politics, the pulpit, art, science, letters, and practical life. A certain distinction in Pellegrini's pencil kept his humour free from coarseness and his satire from malice, while he emphasized with a firm grasp of character the comic possibilities and incongruities of physiognomy and figure.

THE fifth volume of the 'Henry Irving Shakespeare' brings us 'All's Well that Ends Well' and 'Measure for Measure,' the historic play 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Troilus and Cressida,' and 'Macbeth.' Mr. Gordon Browne's pencil is facile as ever, his invention always ready, but this issue does not show his talent at its best. The meeting of Macbeth with the witches puts his drawing and fancy to test proof, as fairly as any of the designs, the mounted chief reining back his startled horse being as energetic in conception and drawing as the weird sisters are ineffectual. The supernatural is distinctly not Mr. Gordon Browne's strong point; he is more at home with the humorous or the actual.

'A HISTORY of French Painting,' by Mr. C. H. Stranahan (Sampson Low & Co.), fulfils the comprehensive promise of its title chiefly as regards the last two centuries of production. A slight sketch of the earliest stage of pictorial art in France ushers in the painters of the seventeenth century and the fortunes of the Académie des Beaux Arts. Mr. Stranahan seems to have gone to good sources of criticism for his analysis of styles; his own remarks are pertinent and sympathetic. Not a little anecdotage enlivens the pages, and gives a popular turn to a class of book usually relegated to the shelves of a reference library. The summary of the nineteenth-century pictorial art is pretty full, and the varied personality and individual artistic position of each painter are well brought out. Seventeen plates, engravings of very various quality, illustrate aptly enough by examples the French school, from Le Nain and Nicholas Poussin to Bastien-Lepage.

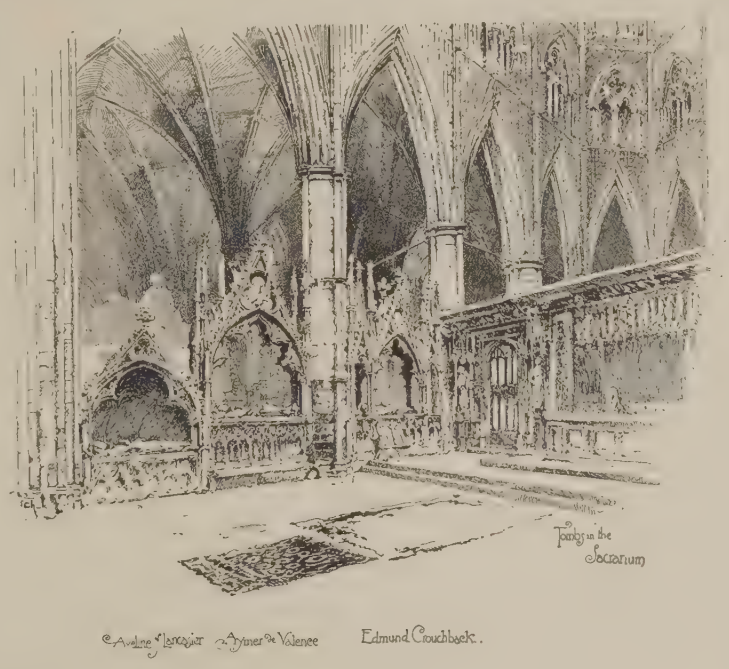
THE large plate by Mr. Mortimer Menpes, after one of Franz Hals' noble Haarlem pictures—*Banquet of the Officers of Archers*—which was shown in unfinished proof at Messrs. Dowdeswell's in February, may be counted a remarkable achievement in dry-point etching. It was a bold thing to translate the energetic brush work and sonorous tonality of Hals by this close and clear line work, which borrows no adventitious aid to effect from the accidents of process, or from mechanical preparations of the ground; and the search after varieties of surface and gradations of shadow has involved Mr. Menpes in much complex handling. There are some very fine passages in the plate, alert drawing, and brilliant modelling; the etcher is his own printer, greatly to the advantage of his intricate execution. It would not be fair to prejudge the final effect of this important plate; it remains, therefore, a matter of surmise how far Mr. Menpes will be able to maintain breadth on a scheme of such detailed variety of tone and such vivaciously interpretative manner.

THE publication of a new edition seems to imply that Mr. Loftie's 'Orient Guide' has been found a satisfactory travelling companion by the travellers on the Orient Line steamships, by whose managers the book is published. The alteration of the Company's route, while it has necessitated a fresh placing of the book, brings occasion for plenty of new papers and the omission of others. Mr. Loftie is a ready compiler, and has brought together from the pens of many accredited contributors quite an astonishing amount of all sorts of information—practical, descriptive, scientific, &c., &c. The edition is, as far as possible, posted up to date, but events move even faster than publishers, and already the editor's notes on Cairo need adjustment, as the Boulak Museum, which he describes in its old estate, has just been sold, and its contents, within eighteen months, will be removed to the Palace of Geizeh.

BEFORE the loan collection of beautiful and curious musical instruments at the 'Inventions' Exhibition was dispersed there had been hope that a worthy illustrated catalogue might have perpetuated that splendid array of 'silent music;' but sufficient guarantee and opportunity were not found. The loss is largely made up by the publication of the work by Mr. A. T. Hipkins of a splendid volume issued by Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh—'Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare, and Unique.' It is needless to speak here of the knowledge and accuracy displayed in the letterpress. The illustrations, chiefly from the skilful hand of Mr. William Gibb, of Edinburgh, and colour-printed in facsimile with singular delicacy and success, reproduce some of the most beautiful and interesting instruments known, Queen Elizabeth's virginal, the guitar of David Rizzio, a Celtic harp, a famous ivory oliphant, quaintly carved, an exquisite dulcimer, and other quaint or graceful pieces, delightsome to an artist's eye.

THE French school of living painters has sustained loss by the death of M. Alexandre Cabanel, the accomplished painter of portraiture and history, pupil of Picot, successor of Horace Vernet at the Académie des Beaux Arts, Professor at the École des Beaux Arts, and bearer of many honours, native and international. Among the best-known of his pictures are the *Thamar*, *Death of Francesca da Rimini*, *Florentine Poet*, *Birth of Venus*, and the large composition, *Paradise Lost*, which became a familiar piece at international exhibitions.

the Abbot of Westminster and his monks, and it still devolves on the Dean and his Canons, who have the privilege of standing with the Bishops during the ceremonial. The oil used to be poured over the King's head and shoulders, and left to dry, not being wiped off. Meanwhile for six days the King was covered with a white linen coif. In the account left us by Sir Edward Walker, the Garter King of Arms who was present at the coronation of Charles II., we read that the Archbishop (Juxon), 'who by reason of his infirmity had until that time reposed himself in St. Edward's Chapel, came out,' wearing a rich ancient cope; and the King coming up to the altar was disrobed by the Lord Great Chamberlain, hose and sandals being put on his feet. The ribbons which closed his crimson satin coat were untied and the shirt underneath was opened. The 'Ampull,' with the oil and the spoon, were brought from the altar, the Dean holding the vessel and pouring the oil into the spoon. Then, with various prayers and sentences said or sung, the King's hands were first anointed, then the oil was poured on his breast, between his shoulders, on both shoulders, on his elbows, and, lastly, on the crown of his head, 'which donne, the Deane closed the ribbands.' A coif of lawn was then placed over the King's head by the Archbishop. At the coronation of Queen Victoria this is the official account of the anointing:—



'The Queen will then sit down in King Edward's Chair, placed in the midst of the area over against the altar, with a faldstool before it, wherein she is to be anointed. Four Knights of the Garter hold over her a rich pall of silk or cloth of gold; the anthem being concluded, the Dean of Westminster, taking the ampulla and spoon from off the altar, holdeth them ready, pouring some of the holy oil into the spoon, and with it the Archbishop anointeth the Queen in the form of a cross on the crown of the head and on the palms of both hands, saying, "Be thou anointed with holy oil, as kings, priests, and prophets were anointed."'

The four knights on this occasion were the Dukes of Rutland and Buccleuch and the Marquises of Anglesey and Exeter. According to contemporary newspaper reports the anointing of the royal hands was omitted. George III. was anointed on the head, hands, and breast. At the celebrated coronation of George IV., when every old ceremony was revived, care was taken early in the morning to have the ampulla full of oil and placed with the spoon upon the altar. The King was anointed, like his father, on the crown of the head, the breast, and the palms of the hands.

Another curious ceremony is the presentation of the spurs. This is supposed, if the King is not already a knight, to make him one. The Queen must be held to be a knight as she is able to confer knighthood; but it may be said that her own knighthood dates from the presentation of the golden spurs, directly after the anointing. The spurs used are among the regalia in the Tower, and are placed on the altar before the ceremony. At the coronation of Charles II. they were put on the King's heels by the Lord Chamberlain, kneeling. Of George III. we read that the spurs 'were only applied to the King's heel, and immediately afterwards returned to the altar.' At the coronation of George IV. they were presented only and returned to the altar. Queen Victoria also received and returned them, as well as the sword of state, which was returned, as on former occasions, by the sovereign herself:—

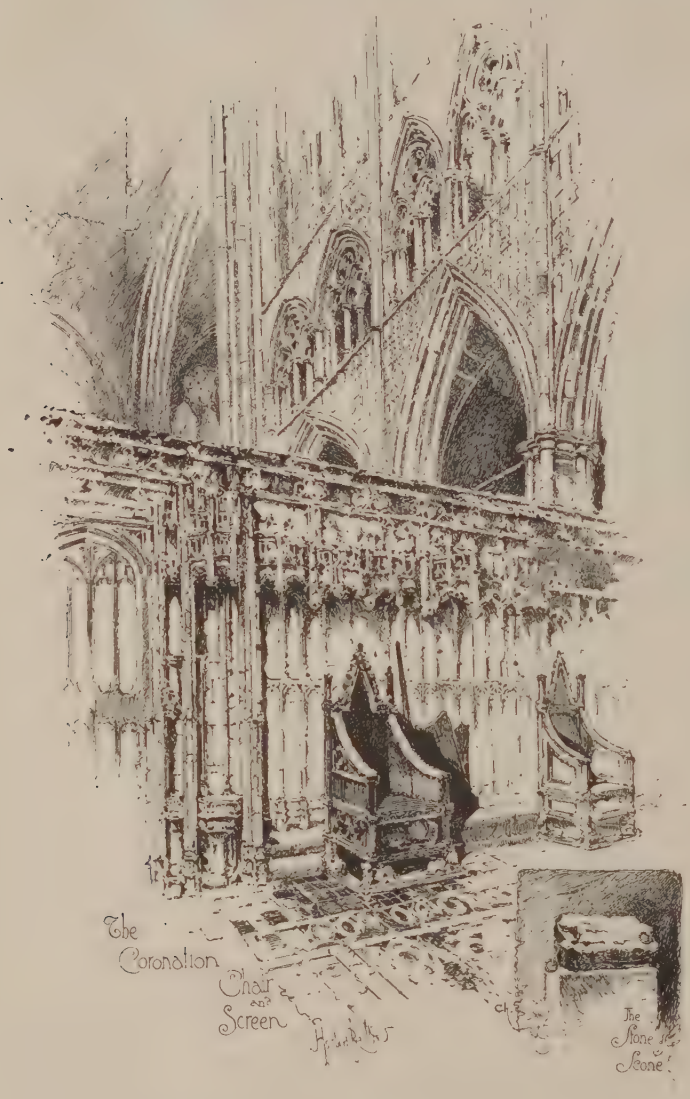
'Then the Queen, rising up and going to the altar, offers the sword there in the scabbard, delivering it to the Archbishop, who places it on the altar; the Queen then returns and sits down in King Edward's Chair; and the Lord who first received the sword offereth the price of it, and having thus redeemed it, receiveth it from off the altar by the Dean of Westminster, and draweth it out of the scabbard, and carries it naked before Her Majesty during the rest of the solemnity.'

Lord Melbourne was the nobleman thus employed, and the price of the redemption of the sword was, as always before, a hundred shillings.

The coronation takes place while the Sovereign is seated in King Edward's Chair. It must have been specially constructed for the reception of the famous

stone which Edward I. brought from Scotland in 1296, and has been constantly used at coronations ever since, the last time it was brought out from the chapel where it stands being for the Jubilee Thanksgiving Service, when the Queen sat in it during the ceremonial.

The history of the stone is briefly as follows:—A Greek brought from Egypt into Spain, in or about



the time of Moses, the identical stone from Bethel on which the patriarch Jacob laid his head when he saw the heavenly ladder. In the eighth century B.C. King Simon Brech took it to Ireland. Four hundred years later it was transferred to Scotland by King Fergus, more than three centuries B.C. Such is the legendary history of the stone on which unquestionably a number of Scottish kings were crowned at Scone. In 1296 it was removed by Edward I. to Westminster, and mention is made of it in lists of things belonging to the Abbey as 'una petra magna super quam reges Scociae solebant coronari.' In 1865 Dean Stanley asked Professor Ramsay, the geologist, to examine the stone, and he gives the result in his 'Memorials.' It is 'of a dull reddish or purplish sandstone,' of the kind masons call 'freestone;' and he is inclined to attribute its origin to the neighbourhood of Dunstaffnage, whence it went, as is known, to Scone. But the Professor is mistaken when he says there is no sandstone of the same character in Egypt, for one of the most celebrated statues in the world, the so-called *Vocal Memnon*, is made of it.

On the chair, under the seat of which the stone is placed, every king and reigning queen is crowned. When Queen Mary was to be crowned with her husband, William III., in 1689, a second chair had to be made. We are not told in which the King sat. The Princess Anne, afterwards queen herself, stood beside her sister. 'Madam,' she said, 'I pity your fatigue.' The Queen replied: 'A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it looks.' Compton, the Bishop of London, in the absence of the non-juring Archbishop, officiated. The old feud between Canterbury and York had long died out when Queen Anne came to the throne, and while Archbishop Tenison placed the crown on her head, Archbishop Sharp preached the sermon. 'The Queen received the homage of her husband, Prince George of Denmark, in the same form as that of the English nobles,' observes Dean Stanley, forgetting that George, though of Danish birth, was a naturalised Englishman, and a noble, as Duke of Cumberland, Earl of Kendal, and Baron Wokingham, so created by William and Mary two days before their coronation. Anne's successor, George I., was crowned on the 14th of October, 1714, when the ceremonies had to be explained to the King in Latin. The coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline, on the 11th of October, 1727, was made as splendid a spectacle as possible. The Queen borrowed jewels from all the ladies who could or would lend them, and also hired diamonds for the occasion. At the accession of George I. he had distributed all Queen Anne's jewels among his German favourites, and Queen Caroline assured Lady Suffolk that she never received anything from that source, except one pearl necklace.

Horace Walpole was in Westminster Hall when George III. and Queen Charlotte were crowned. The sword of state, he says, was forgotten, and the Lord Mayor's was borrowed for the occasion. 'By a childish compliment,' the Hall was not lighted up until the King's arrival, and as it was late in the afternoon (22nd of September, 1761), the Hall was dark, and the procession, with the Knights of the Bath wearing plumes, was 'like a funeral.'

An interval of nearly sixty years elapsed before George IV. came to Westminster for his coronation, and the pageant on that occasion exceeded everything that had been seen by those present. Nothing was omitted that could add to the solemnity and

Reverendissimo in Christo Patri
GILBERTO Divina Providentia
ARCHIEPISCOPO CANTUARIENSI
totius Anglie PRIMATI et Metropolitano
nec non Serenissimi Dni Regis CAROLI
H^e a Sanctioribus Consiliis
H D D D S

W. Hollar fecit aqua fortis. 1668. Ætat. 48 compl.

magnificence of the show. The ceremony was rehearsed the week before, both in the Abbey and in the Hall. A series of pictures in the South Kensington Museum gives us details of all kinds which no verbal description can impart. They are by Stephanoff, Wild, and Pugin, and show us some parts of the old Palace, so soon afterwards burnt, together with the Abbey, which was filled with people, as at the Jubilee Service two years ago. One of them represents the Court of Claims, which sat at intervals from the previous 18th of May, 1820. The King then intended that the coronation should take place on the 1st of August. The arrival of the unhappy Queen, Caroline of Brunswick, and the proceedings taken against her, delayed matters. By July, 1821, everything was ready, and on the 9th a proclamation was issued appointing Thursday, the 19th. The Queen did her best to mar the performance and annoy the King, both before and during the ceremony, which, nevertheless, was fully carried out. The feeling for Gothic art and antiquity was immensely stimulated by this coronation. Sir Walter Scott, whose poems and romances did so much in the same direction, himself wrote a description of the scene.

NORTH TRANSEPT. FROM AN ENGRAVING BY G. COLLINS, 1689.

The King's bed was removed from Carlton House to the Speaker's official residence, and he slept on the night of the 18th, we are told, 'in the Tapestry-room, looking out over the Thames,' the last time the old Palace was inhabited by a king. The King arrived at half-past eight and supped with his host. The next morning was as fine as the day which saw the Queen's Jubilee in 1887. The King entered Westminster Hall at ten, and already 'appeared to be somewhat fatigued.' He, however, himself superintended the arrangements, and gave each of the grand functionaries the piece of the regalia which he was to carry. The Dean and Chapter had brought them all over from the Abbey. When he handed the crown to Lord Anglesey he graciously dispensed with his walking backwards in retiring, as the Marquis had lost a leg at Waterloo six years before.

The heat in the Abbey is described as intense. The King in his heavy robes appeared, even at the commencement of the ceremony, to be 'distressed almost to fainting.' He was by no means young, very fat and in bad health. It is strange that he should have been willing to take part in so long a service. But he went through with it to the end, with a personal pluck and courage which showed that even George IV. could sometimes rise to the occasion. At the recognition he stood by his chair; and he listened to the sermon with his head uncovered. After the coronation he retired for ten minutes into St. Edward's Chapel, and when he came out the church was already half empty, everybody either tired out or anxious to see the procession back. He is described as much encumbered with his splendid attire, but he moved forward and shook hands with his sister, the Duchess of Gloucester, before he left the Abbey. The banquet in the Hall took place at

five, the procession having only left the Abbey at four. When all was over the King returned to Carlton House in the twilight of the summer evening.

The effect of this pageant on the art and literature of the succeeding period was immense. The revival put, under Wren's supervision, to the north transept of the Abbey. During that time the Palladian tradition of Inigo Jones and Wren had died out, and was succeeded by the supposed Greek taste which put the portico to Apsley House and supplied us

of a mediaeval ceremonial necessitated the revival of mediaeval art. Heraldry and architecture received the strongest stimulus. Historical novels became the rage; and, no doubt, a great deal of the hold which the Gothic style took on the building genius of the day must be ascribed to the coronation of George IV. It was as nearly as possible one hundred years since the last Gothic touches were with the National Gallery, Euston Station, and St. Pancras' Church. But the Grecian architecture did not flourish. The best things—the British Museum and St. George's Hall—are conspicuous for their rarity; and it may be conceded that, only for the wretched 'restoration' craze which so closely attended it, the Gothic revival was a benefit to architecture.

W. J. Loftie.

DARTMOOR.

IV. — *The Borders.*

Chagford—Piddledon Down—Fingle Bridge—Prestonbury and Cranbrook Castle—Moreton Hampstead—The Punchbowl-tree—Bovey and the Heathfield—Lord Wentworth's Cavaliers—Ashburton—Buckland Drives—Under Bench Tor—Henbury Castle—Buckfastleigh Abbey—Valley of the Aune—Scenery about Ivybridge—Plympton—Sir Joshua Reynolds—The Dewerstone—Tavistock—Brent Tor—Lydford—Okehampton.

BEFORE the Great Western Railway invaded Devonshire little was known of the villages bordering the mountain moorland beyond the districts of which they severally formed the centre. Even the four Stannary towns of Tavistock, Plympton, Ashburton, and Chagford—the places where, in days long gone by, the miner brought his tin cubes to receive the royal seal—attracted small notice east of the Exe; means of communication were limited to the coach and the carrier; guide-books did not exist, and tourist tickets were undreamt of. But the railway has changed all that, and for many years some of the finest scenery in the west has become accessible to the lover of Nature. In fact, with the exception of the country between Okehampton and Chagford—a gap of ten miles—Dartmoor is completely surrounded by the unlovely lines of metal for which Mr. Ruskin expresses so strong an aversion.

With Chagford, then, let us begin. Not only is it in the midst of the finest scenery of the border, but there is a peacefulness, a sense of reposeful beauty about the quaint old Stannary town which its more busy brothers no longer boast. All honour to the utilitarian iron-horse—but may the day be far distant

when the threatened Teign Valley Railway has its terminus at Chagford!

Let us descend, therefore, from the Moor where, as Risdon says, 'I have detained you over long (I must confesse) on a place so wild, with so slender repast; where, it is to be doubted, you have taken the cold, or the cold hath caught you,' and follow the steep road winding between rocky Nattadon, an outlying tor, and the dome of Milldown. The town appears to occupy a lowly position, but this is not actually the case. In reality it stands upon rising ground, quite overlooking the Teign, and were it not for the escarpment of Dartmoor immediately behind, would be considered as standing upon a comparatively high and breezy site. The long street, beginning in thatched and whitewashed cottages, ends, where it approaches the triangular market-place, in rather more pretentious domiciles, where slate succeeds to straw, for Chaggiford, as the natives call it, is no mere village community. Just beyond stands the church, a large and handsome building—granite, of course—and nearly opposite the 'Three Crowns' Inn, in whose fine old Tudor porch Sidney Godolphin met his death in a skirmish between Cavalier and Roundhead when Charles I. was king.

As we are more concerned with country than town, let us betake ourselves towards Rushford Bridge, and so on to the pathway which runs along the slope of Piddledon Down. At a great distance beneath rolls the Teign, at one time eddying round great boulders, fallen from the heights above, anon rushing in broken *stickles* over a gravelly bed or resting for a moment in a clear brown pool, where the foam-flecks slowly sail round and round until, drawn into the current, they dance once more away to the wooded gorge of Fingle. There is a combination of grandeur and soft beauty at the point where the road crosses the hoary bridge. Above, the wooded hills fold into one another, line upon line, and in colour varying from dark green in the foreground to pale blue in the distance. Below, almost blocking the river, towers the great wall of Prestonbury, its precipices—for the slopes deserve no milder term—covered with alternate patches of grey stone, gorse, and heather, while the windy summit is crowned with the decaying remains of a British fortress, joint guardian of the pass with Cranbrook Castle, the larger camp cresting the opposite steep.

Up this steep climbs the road in a tremendous zigzag, fit for nothing but a Dartmoor pony, or a horse that has spent his days among these nerve-shaking lanes. By the river is an old mill, its slowly revolving wheel thickly coated in moss, and almost as great a favourite with the artist as the better known one at Holy Street, higher up between Chagford and the Moor. At the third or fourth elbow of the zigzag the best view of the valley is obtained. Standing at an opening in the coppice and following with the eye the broken gleams of the river, we shall agree with Mr. Blackmore that 'the special glory of the Fingle Vale is the manifold sweep of noble curves from the north and from the south, by alternate law descending, overlapping one another by the growth of distance, and holding up thin haze-like breath that floats to and fro between them.'

Cranbrook Castle is as high as Dartmoor and commands an amazing view. Whyddon Down, whereon it stands, is a stretch of turf and bracken, otherwise bare like a tonsure, whence thick oak coppice descends to the river. In a hollow somewhere to the westward is Whyddon Park, an old Jacobean mansion, which may be viewed on the walk back to Chagford—a walk through such lanes as will only be found in Devonshire, presenting, through almost every gateway, a beautiful and ever-varying panorama of dark moor and wooded undulating lowland.

Four miles from Chagford is Moreton Hampstead, another little border town, principally famous for its ancient elm, trained into the form of a punchbowl. In years gone by the lower branches supported a dancing platform, where the youth of Moreton were wont to disport themselves. The church, which contains memorial tablets to divers French prisoners of war and the massive granite façade of an almshouse built some two hundred and fifty years ago, are the only edifices of note in this breezy settlement, which, according to Mr. R. N. Worth, had, within living memory, no vehicle larger than a wheelbarrow, and was approached on foot or by packhorse. How astonished it must have been when it awoke to find a horse 'of sterner stuff' at its doors; for Moreton is the terminus of a railway.

It is an interesting piece of line, and although shut out from Dartmoor by Lustleigh Cleave and other hills, all more or less wooded, affords charming peeps at border scenery. In some places, indeed, the hills rise so abruptly that the height appears much more magnificent than is really the case. Soon after leaving Bovey Tracey the twin masses of Hey Tor come into view on the right hand, with the crest of Rippon Tor a little beyond. The train now crosses a stretch of country, flat, and, to the ordinary traveller, somewhat monotonous, but to the geologist of surpassing interest. We are traversing the celebrated Bovey Heathfield, the bed of a Miocene lake, now worked for lignite, a species of coal—and very nasty coal it is, at any rate to the nostrils. All sorts of wonderful and gigantic conifers have been dug from this tame-looking tract, besides plants which now are only found in Arctic climes, and must have flourished when elk, mastodon, and other strange monsters

roamed the wooded slopes of a very different Dartmoor to that of to-day.

Here we leave the railway and ramble round the skirts of the Moor, by Ilsington and Bagtor, to Ashburton. In the church of the former the scattered troops of the Royalists routed by Cromwell from Bovey Tracey found sanctuary. The story goes that the Roundheads descended suddenly under cover of night upon the village, to find the King's troops so intent upon revelry that no efficient watch was kept. A ready-witted gambler cast a handful of silver among the foe; others followed his example, and while the men of the Parliament were scrambling for the coins the majority of Lord Wentworth's cavaliers escaped.

directions a view of great loveliness. Beyond the woodland, on high ground, lies the hamlet of Buckland in the Moor, whose tiny church possesses a handsome, though much mutilated, screen. In the opinion of a recent writer, the mutilation was of *malice prepense*, as the churchwarden accounts of Ashburton, the sister church, exhibit items showing that money was actually paid for destroying the paintings. On the hill across the river stands Holne, the birthplace of Charles Kingsley, a village remarkable rather for the noble prospect it commands than for any intrinsic merit, for it is not an interesting place. Near it is perhaps the most romantic among the many romantic valleys which cut into these, the eastern outskirts of the Moor. The full flood of

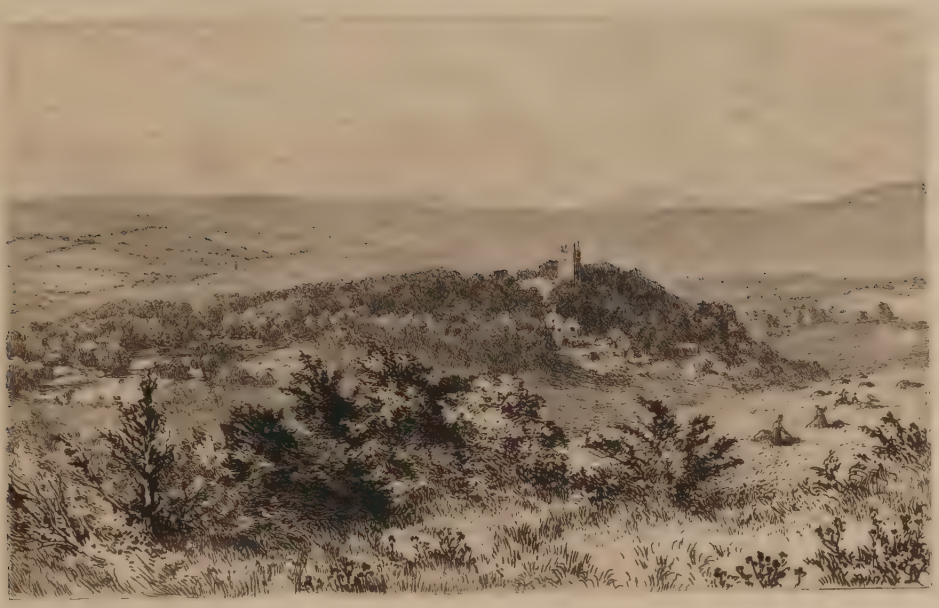
WIDECOMBE ON THE MOOR. BY ALFRED DAWSON.

Ashburton, another of the Stannary towns, is not a large place. One is, therefore, somewhat surprised to see rising above the roofs the towers of apparently two churches. But inquiry will soon elicit the fact that only one has an ecclesiastical fabric belonging to it. The smaller tower is all that remains of the chantry chapel of St. Lawrence, founded by Bishop Stapledon in the fourteenth century. There are one or two picturesque old houses, the one most famous historically having at one time been the 'Mermaid Inn,' where General Fairfax lay in 1646.

The country between Ashburton and the Moor is full of interest. Along part of the great horseshoe made by the Dart encircling Holne Chase stretch the Buckland Woods, opened up by the beautiful 'drives.' Here are bright stretches of river rushing through the gorge below; great slopes of tree-clad hill; masses of crannied rock towering above the water. Chiefest is the Lovers' Leap, a high crag beetling over the stream, and commanding in both

Dart, made up of the east and west branches, which join at Dartmeet further up the stream, rushes down a ravine shut in between the steep glacis under Bel Tor and the precipitous side of Bench Tor, clothed more than half way up with dwarf oak and hazel. In winter the gorge is gloomy even at midday, and the river, rolling its dark peat-stained flood along the rocky bottom, gives forth a roar which may be heard half a mile distant. Overhead the flying clouds are rent into fragments by the pointed head of Sharp Tor or the loftier but less defined summits of Yar and Corndon across the highroad—a highroad in more senses than one—to Princetown.

On the ridge running from Holne to Buckfastleigh is Henbury Castle, a hill fort seven acres in extent overlooking the river, which, now in quieter flood, sweeps round the base of the hill. Connected with it is a strange legend. It is said that the Danes once fortified themselves within its lines, and, after their manner, carried fire and sword among the sur-



rounding homesteads. All attempts at dislodging them proving fruitless, the women of Buckfastleigh came to the rescue. A certain number permitted themselves to be captured by the Northmen, and were carried off to Henbury. But the invaders were less fortunate in love than war. In the dead of night the ladies cut their throats, and the remnant, discouraged as they well might be, decamped, and were no more seen.

Buckfastleigh has now a less notable name than in a former day among the towns of Devon. Here was the flourishing abbey of Buckfast, which has seen such strange vicissitudes. Founded first by a Saxon noble as a house of the Benedictines, it fell into the hands of Cistercians, who held it till the Dissolution, since when it has lapsed by slow degrees into ruin. But history repeats itself, and, lo! the Benedictines are again in possession. Some French monks have recently purchased the fragments and the mansion of later date erected within the grounds, and are rebuilding this once-famous monastery. The parish church stands upon the hill above, between abbey and town. With the exception of Brent Tor, it is perhaps the most inconveniently situated building in the county. The Buckfastleigh folk have to climb close upon one hundred and forty steps to their place of worship.

There are many picturesque scenes between Buckfastleigh and Plympton, but space will not allow more than the shortest reference. Those who wander afoot, instead of following the rail, should not fail to explore the recesses of Dean Wood and the wild moorland valley of the Aune or Avon, from the dull little town of South Brent to the spot where the weather-worn Huntingdon Cross stands hard by the Abbot's Way. There is Ivybridge, too, under the shadow of the lofty viaduct which spans the rapid Erme, and carries the iron way high over the tree-tops beneath Hanger Down; the Yealm, with the strangely-named Awns and Dendles, a wooded combe through which the little river tumbles in noisy cascades; and the park-like scenery about Blachford, Delamore, and Slade. And so we come to Plympton.

Plympton St. Mary is celebrated for its church, one of the finest in southern Devon, with a magnificent pinnacled perpendicular tower. The building itself is a mixture of perpendicular and decorated work. There is a noble east window. Adjacent are the remains of the wealthy Priory, founded in the reign of Henry I., now represented only by the refectory kitchen.

The Stannary town of Plympton Earl, of which Plympton St. Mary is practically a suburb, lays claim to great antiquity. Many a picturesque building makes its streets interesting to the lovers of old houses, notably the seventeenth-century Grammar School, where Sir Joshua Reynolds received his education. The quaint Gothic building, with its high-pitched roof and granite cloisters, was a worthy seminary for the great painter. It is much to be regretted that another dwelling has taken the place of the master's house, where Sir Joshua first drew breath. But the Guildhall—coeval, or nearly so, with the School—in which the painter once sat as Mayor, still stands, though his portrait, painted by his own hand, no longer adorns the walls. Corporations, some one has said, have no souls; and to this dictum the municipality of Plympton formed no exception. We read in the invaluable 'Murray' that the painting was 'disgracefully sold by the *Reformed* (save the mark!) Corporation for one hundred and fifty pounds!'

Disgusted at such an exhibition of callous indifference, we turn our steps northwards and wander through the hanging woods of Bickleigh Vale, and pause to admire the wild rock and river scenery where mighty Dewerstone, its scars folded in ivy, towers over the meeting of Meavy and Plym. Thence, hastening onwards past distant moorland slopes, we arrive at Tavistock, the last and most considerable of the Stannary towns. Tavistock is seated on the Tavy, which here, wearying somewhat of its impetuous character, flows in a more peaceful, yet still energetic, current through green meadows overhung by fine trees. In this pleasant valley, on the site now occupied by the Bedford Hotel, certain public buildings and the vicarage garden, stood that wonderful abbey built in Saxon times by Ordgar, Ealdorman of Devon. The space between the mouldering ruins in the vicarage garden and the gateway, now the public reading-room, attests the extent of the buildings. The church, of which no trace remains, vied, it is said, in size and grandeur with the Cathedrals of Exeter and Wells. The only other ancient edifice in the town—except, indeed, the parish church, a large and interesting building with a tower having a doorway in each face—is the restored gateway of Fitzford, the vanished mansion of the family of Fitz and of their heiress, the notorious Lady Howard, no unimportant personage in the days of the Civil War, and of whose wicked doings many stories are still rife. Close by stands a monument, which will at once attract the notice of the artist—a very fine bronze statue to Sir Francis Drake, born at Crowndale, a mile down the Tavy Valley. There is a pleasing view up the long road, with the great hill of Cocks Tor rising beyond the handsome Town Hall.

A little to the north a mountain, in shape if not in size, rises abruptly over against the Moor. Perched on its very summit is a diminutive church, the votive offering of a shipwrecked merchant who, drifting into Plymouth Sound, promised a church to St. Michael on the first land sighted. This, according to the

legend, was Brent Tor. The sturdy little early English church—so small is the space on the peaked summit of the hill—has a length of but forty feet with a width of fourteen. The storms of six centuries have assailed its walls in vain, and those who are hardy enough to climb the steep ascent may still worship there.

Four miles distant, on the very edge of Dartmoor, is Lydford, famous, or rather *in*famous, for its Castle, from very early times the Stannary Prison, and at later date the judgment-hall of the butcher Jeffreys. Only the shell of the keep is left, gaunt and ugly, quite dwarfing the old church standing beneath its shadow. Walking up the solitary street of this straggling, poor-looking village, it is difficult to realise that it was once a Saxon burgh of such importance that it was taxed equally with London, an assize town, and even, for a short period, in proud possession of a mint. How are the mighty fallen!

But, unlike stone and mortar, Nature decays not. Right in front of the village stands a line of tors, as unchangeable as in the days when the Conqueror laid the burgh waste on his western progress, scarce yet recovered from the wrath excited by the stubborn rebels of Exeter. And behind is the lovely glen of the Lyd, with a cascade plunging over a precipice ninety feet high, and almost closed at the upper end by a narrow chasm spanned by a single arch, whence the river, worming through the black walls below, is scarce to be discerned. This Devil's Bridge of South Devon was once destroyed by a tempest, and it is said that a belated cavalier, unconscious of the fact, was astonished by a sudden spring made by the animal he bestrode. Upon reaching the village his astonishment turned to a feeling of gratitude when he recognised how the instinct of the horse had preserved him from sudden death. But no horse has leapt Lydford Gorge since.

The railway sweeps round the base of the Moor to Okehampton. As the train rumbles over the spider-like Meldon Viaduct, one hundred and sixty feet above the Ockment, a wild view opens up of the moorland valleys beneath Yes Tor. Another hundred yards or so, and we come in sight of the Castle, a beautiful ruin, built, or at any rate commenced, by the De Redvers, whom the Conqueror created Earl of Devon. It is the lion of Okehampton. The town lies far below the railway, and is a quiet, unpretentious little borough, owing what attraction it may possess to a position among some of the finest, and certainly by far the boldest, scenery of the borders.

BRENT TOR. FROM A SKETCH BY J. LL. W. PAGE.

There is a particularly fine view from a hill-side to the north of the town. The deep valley conceals the houses, but the fine church tower stands boldly forth against the great sweep of the Park, as the wild slope, melting almost imperceptibly into the Moor, is called, while, above all, the rugged crests of the tors peer over the downs. The one on the extreme left of our illustration—Yes, probably *East* Tor—is two thousand and thirty feet above the level of the sea. And space fails to tell of the wooded ravine of Belstone Cleave, the rocky valley of the Taw, and the many romantic combes lying between Cawsand Beacon and Chagford. Most have some picturesque cottar dwelling; more than one shelters an ancient farm-house with fine Tudor porch and lattice window. In favoured spots, where the keen moorland blast cuts not everything down to stunted proportions that is unguarded by stone wall, the sycamore flourishes exceedingly, and stretches its long arms lovingly over tiled roof and thatched linhay, green with mossy cushions. One might linger for months among these

wilds at the feet of Dartmoor, where vegetation fights so hard against barrenness, and fill portfolio after portfolio with sketches of weathered tor, rugged circle, brawling stream, varied by fragments of rural architecture from villages which have not yet lost their distinctive character. But the circuit is completed. Over the hill there lies Chagford, and our pilgrimage over Dartmoor and round its borders must for the present come to an end.*

JOHN LL. W. PAGE.

* Those who desire a more detailed account of this interesting region are referred to a work by the writer of these papers, which is nearly ready for publication, 'An Exploration of Dartmoor and its Antiquities, with some account of its Borders. Map, Plans, and Illustrations.'—SEELEY & CO.

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

II.

WE have now to leave the front, and, passing through the great door, to turn our attention to the interior of the building; and here too, though we find a less purely classic feeling, and though elements of earlier styles may form the groundwork of its arrangement, yet the note of sumptuous decorativeness, which was the dominant character of the façade, will remain the most impressive influence for us within. If the nave, indeed, be Gothic in its style, it does not seem out of harmony with the rest of its surroundings, but rather adds something of its own impressiveness and solemnity to the marvellous richness of fresco and marble work, of inlaid *pietra-dura* and bronze and coloured glass with which the whole interior is filled.

Perhaps what strikes us first as we enter are the great gates of bronze—the work of Milanese artists—that divide the nave of the transept and the central part of the church; beyond them we see the rich carving of the high altar, and above a ceiling of deep blue, sown with stars of gold, and encircling the legend '*Grazie*,' that is set among arabesque and scroll-work, while at either side a long line of chapels extends down the church. It is to these chapels that our attention is first directed by the courteous *custode*, who, after he has left us for a while to indulge our admiration, proceeds to conduct us round the building: and here it must be said that as far as arrangements for the convenience of visitors are concerned nothing that I have seen has been more perfect than those observed here. We all—or, at least, most of us who have travelled—know only too well the discomfort often to be endured from the average guide, whether it be in Church or Gallery, and whether in Italy or elsewhere. Perhaps, among a party, we would linger for a few moments before some choice object of art or interest; but, no! our guide has delivered his parrot-like harangue, and it is time to proceed to the next apartment; or perhaps in a church we would fain study quietly some exquisite work of religious feeling, the subtle loveliness of whose sentiment seems to harmonise in our own spirit with the solemn lines of arch and pillar, with all the mystery of association in a spot where so many have hoped and suffered, and raised themselves for a while out of themselves to the Eternal Power beyond: but then, alas! our tormentor is sure to be at hand; he is not troubled with an over-sensitive sympathy or superfluous imagination, and is, besides, too busy with the fee he means to extort to think how his patter of sorry detail jars upon our deeper mood. These small annoyances are, perhaps, in some cases and to some extent inevitable; but, at least, in this building they are reduced to their minimum: the guides are civil, attentive, and strictly forbidden to receive money, while in each chapel a full and accurate description of its contents in French and Italian is printed on numerous cards for the use of visitors.

If we follow the order which was taken by our party, and which, I believe, is that which is generally observed, we should enter the first chapel on the left, and notice, as we pass into the second, the altar-piece, once decorated with paintings in six compartments by Pietro Perugino. Of these only one now remains; the rest of the paintings have had a wandering and eventful existence, two of them—representing an Annunciation—having been carried away by the French, in 1796, and unfortunately lost, while their place was filled by the portraits of four doctors of the Church, cut down to fit the frames, and which are attributed to Borgognone. The lower range of paintings are only copies of the originals, which now hang in our National Gallery, having been bought, in 1856, for the sum of 4000*l.* from the Duca di Melzi, whose ancestor had been a leading agent in the Cisalpine Republic. The original, which is well worth a visit to those of our readers who do not know it—No. 288 in present catalogue—shows Madonna and Child between the Archangels Michael, in full armour on the right, and Raphael with Tobias; behind is a background of blue mountains and deep blue sky, and above Madonna there is a carola of singing angels: it is painted in the master's best manner, and is certainly one of the ornaments of our collection.

In the sixth chapel is a splendid painting of St. Ambrose, enthroned with other saints, by Ambrogio

Borgognone, and on the other side of the nave, in the first, second, fourth, and fifth chapels, are paintings and frescoes from the same hand, some of which are very beautiful, that of St. Sirus enthroned in the fifth chapel being particularly admirable. Elsewhere in the church we shall find much of what is best in the decoration is due to this artist's hand; his is the delicate painting and scroll-work on the roof; his, too, the *intarsiatura* in the stalls of the choir. 'He appears to have been a man,' says Kugler, 'of a deeply pious nature, and his works so exclusively religious that he has been called the *Fra Angelico* of the Lombard school.'

And, indeed, we see this character in his work throughout this building; how sweetly and with what a tender dignity his Madonnas look down on us from frescoed roof or wall beneath their soft and drooping lids; in such subjects he was the most himself, he best expressed something which he had not learnt in the school of Foppa, which was his own most inner sentiment; and if in more dramatic art and larger subjects he sometimes seems to fail, he touches the true note of devotional painting in some of his work within the Certosa.

Twenty-two medallions of doctors and bishops from his hand are in the refectory; and the fragments of the silk standard which he painted for the Certosa may be seen in our National Gallery, whither they have found their way.

They show us twenty figures of men and women kneeling in profile beside what seems to be a tomb; the men are all serious, hard faces, a little pinched and wan, such as one may sometimes see in a church of northern France, among a group of Norman peasants kneeling at the Mass; among the women, however, there is more touch of Italian grace; notice the one clad somewhat richly in dark green velvet, with pearls set among her auburn hair, or the sweetly simple child's face above, whose locks are only confined in a modest net.

A sort of calm breathes over all these quiet adoring faces, the subtle effluence of pure and holy thoughts, the breath of God's own spirit, reflected in happy human souls.

In the same Gallery may be seen (No. 1077) his Tryptych of the *Agony in the Garden;* in this painting the attraction will, I think, be found less in the central panel, which shows Madonna with angels at her side who play on lutes, than in the beautiful figures of the suffering Christ, which form its side wings. That on the left shows us the Saviour of men bearing His cross, with a background of riverside, which might suggest the Lung' Arno; in the figure on the right—that of Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane—the artist touches his deepest religious chord; in this wonderful face, we may find, if we look deep enough, all the tokens of his passion, we may see sorrow, compassion, and love, all blended into an expression that reaches our hearts like an embodied prayer.

We might also mention here another painting by this master, of which a most interesting account has been recently published in this magazine. The painting of *Christ bearing the Cross followed by Carthusian Monks*, which has been considered as Borgognone's masterpiece, was painted for the Carthusians of the Certosa, and is now in the Academy of Fine Arts at Pavia; but in the meantime it had been exposed to many changes of fortune, having been discovered by the Marchese Crivelli in a corner of a woodhouse, which had once been used by the monks as a workshop, and whither it had found its way from a pig-stye, where it had actually formed a part of the roof. It is a subject of congratulation, indeed, that the picture has survived this rough treatment without very serious damages; the figure of Christ has suffered most, but is still of great beauty and dignity,—in the background, on a height that the painter's fancy has introduced, is the Certosa still covered with scaffolding.

Before leaving the chapels we may call attention to the beautiful marble reliefs, which cover in so many cases the front of the altars, and indeed the whole of these chapels are remarkable for the richness of their decoration, every available foot of ground seems to be covered with lovely painting and delicate work in marble and bronze.

The same remark will apply when we come to other parts of the building, to the sacristy, for instance, or to the choir, whose *intarsiatura* work with figures of saints and apostles by Bartolommeo da Pola we have already noticed.

In the *Sagrestia Vecchia*, and beside the marble door adorned by a choir of angels from the hand of Amadeo, we should notice a most curious altar-piece by Bernardo degli Ubbriachi, inlaid, in the minutest manner, in ivory of the teeth of hippopotami, and containing sixty-seven bassorelievi and eighty small statues. In the *Sagrestia Nuova* are paintings by Solari, by Luini and Borgognone; and in the *Lavatoio*—which contains also some good stained glass of the fifteenth century—a fresco of Madonna and Child, which is one of the best of Luini's smaller works, and of which we give an illustration. The Virgin shows us that oval face, with soft drooping lids and arched lips half parted into an opening smile, that this artist loved, and which he perhaps derived in some sort from his study of Leonardo. The child on her lap is plucking at a flower that grows on the rock beside her; and behind we see a castle perched upon a cliff. The type of the faces and the whole treatment of the subject has a charm that is essentially 'Luinesque.'

When we return to the centre of the church we

shall notice the beautiful bronze gates, which divide the nave from the upper portion of the church, and near them the tombs which are on either side of the transept. That in the north transept is the monument of Lodovico il Moro and of his wife, Beatrice d'Este. It had been originally in the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, and was not removed here till later in the sixteenth century.

To the student of Italian history there will be a peculiar interest in this beautiful monument of death, when he thinks of the names which it commemorates, and of their influence on their country's downfall. He will be brought back, then, by his fancy into the full brilliancy of the mid-Renaissance, in all the witchery of her beauty, in all the plenitude of her power; and casting a glance over the many forces that were then stirring in Italy, he will remember at Milan the name this tomb suggests—that of Lodovico il Moro (so called from the mulberry-tree to whose typical prudence he likened his own sagacity), Lodovico the despot, whose intrigues first brought on his country the disasters of a foreign invasion. Then perhaps his thoughts will travel to the 'City of the Lily,' still girt with her embattled towers, Florence, the pulsing centre of Italian art and learning, whose scholars number Politian and Ficino and Pico della Mirandola, whose artists Filippino and Ghirlandajo and Sandro Botticelli,—the home of intellectual sybaritism, who yet hears within her Duomo the terrible voice of Fra Girolamo, and his warning of coming judgment ever ringing through the wanton laughter of her Carnival of Beauty. Or perhaps, again turning southward, he will dream of imperial Rome, in whom antique deities and old-world sins rise up into the glare of day, and the Borgia sits upon the Papal throne: or of Naples, whose ruler, Alphonso, lives haunted by the ghastly wraiths of the dead whom he has murdered. And over all this lovely land, then so rich in every form of beauty, so fascinating even in her crimes, he will feel the dim presentiment of terror, the awful lull before the storm, when men's overwrought fancy saw visions of conflicting armies in the heavens, and heard within their hearts the knell of coming doom. Then to complete his picture, to form the background of this strange masque of beauty and madness and sin, he will have to call in the tramp of the invading armies marching over the passes of the Alps, that bring to unhappy Italy the fulfilment of her fears in bloodshed, famine, and disease, in moral and political ruin.

How much of this misery was directly caused by the selfish policy of Lodovico, when, to prop up a throne unjustly usurped, he brought about the invasion of Charles d'Anjou in the memorable year of 1494? Yet while these thoughts must occur to our memories, we may at least remember in his favour his unselfish devotion to his wife, the lovely Beatrice d'Este, whose sweet sculptured form, carved by the hand of Cristoforo Solari, lies peacefully upon this tomb, wrapped in rich robes of honour and wearing her jewels, as if decked for some brilliant pageant such as Leonardo may have designed for her, when, amid that Court of Love, she yet reigned as queen.

The tomb on the other side of the transept is of a no less famous Prince of the Milanese dynasties. As Lodovico is the last name of the Sforza dynasty

MADONNA AND CHILD. BERNARDINO LUINI.

so Gian Galeazzo marks the summit of power which the preceding house had attained. We have touched already on the main points in his career, and have remarked on the strange chance which willed that his bones should, after all, be never laid in this sumptuous tomb.

Yet here, at least, the effigy of the founder reposes, in the similitude of an eternal sleep, beneath a rich canopy that is guarded by watching angels. We have given an illustration of this tomb, and have thought that the reader might look with interest on this face, which, by comparison with other likenesses, we may take to be a faithful portrait of the man. While its strong individuality must impress us, there is much in the face—in its hard lines about the mouth, and perhaps in the shaven lip and short beard—which suggests rather the counting-house than the

palace, and shows the character of the man, his love of order, his economy, and the clearness of head, which kept his treasuries always full, his armies well paid, and which justifies us in thinking of him as the first initiator of modern finance. The reliefs around the tomb are probably from the hands of Giacomo and Amadeo della Porta, and the statue of the Virgin above by the sculptor Brioschi, whose beautiful work on the façade we have already noticed.

Having visited the main points in the church, we have now to pass into the cloisters, beneath the door on which Amadeo's first angels were carved. The smaller of these, called the *Chiostro della Fontana*, from the fountain on its south side, deserves a special notice from the charming little frieze in terra-cotta which surrounds its upper part, and which represents little children playing on different instruments of music.

GATEWAY IN THE SMALL CLOISTER OF THE CERTOSA.

There is a wonderful charm in these dainty little figures, who breathe some delicate strain of hidden melody, the work of unknown Lombard artists in the sixteenth century; they are indeed masterpieces in this kind of work, and as perfect in their way as the Della Robbia's children in the Piazza degli Innocenti, at Florence. It is only of late years that this form of decoration has come into notice in English architecture, and it is one which deserves attention both from its adaptability to decorative ornament and figure work, its cheapness, and its durability when properly treated, as is shown here by the fact that these delicate figures and mouldings are in excellent preservation.

The rich red colour, too, is an attraction in itself, most of all when, as here, warmed by the brilliant southern sunlight, and contrasted with the white marble pillars that support the arches, and the roses that bloom beneath their shadow.

In the great cloister beyond, we may visit the cells where the monks were wont to pass their quiet life, and we may perhaps conclude that, for one who could find contentment in this simple existence, the life thus chosen might well have been a happy one.

Each dwelling has four rooms, two above and two below, which include a kitchen and sleeping-rooms, and outside a little garden set about with flowers, and a stone seat and well; thus every dwelling forms a little home and is quite compact within itself.

Those of our readers who have visited the Certosa outside Florence will remember the similar arrangement of cells in that monastery, and in fact it is this method of arrangement which always makes the Carthusian foundations cover such a large extent of ground. We saw no monks in our visit, and I believe that there are now none left in the monastery.

Beyond the cloister is the walled garden and the park of the Certosa, where the French king Francis is related to have surrendered after the battle of Pavia; as he entered the great church the monks within the choir were chanting the office of the day,—those psalms of the Hebrew people, which, themselves the outpouring of a passionate soul, have ever found the nearest and most intimate path to the inner life of the human heart; and the story tells that the defeated king as he entered the church in the hands of his enemies himself joined in the penitential words of the 119th Psalm: '*Bonum est quod humiliasti me; Ut discam justificationes tuas.*'

With regard to the history of the Certosa since its completion there remains little to add to our account. It has suffered many vicissitudes since the expulsion of the monks in 1782, most of all at the hands of the French Directory, who, in 1797, robbed the building of the sheets of lead which formed its roof. In 1843 it was again restored to the Carthusian Order, but, in 1870, the monks were expelled at the suppression of the monasteries throughout Italy.

The monastery is now, I believe, though kept in most excellent preservation by the Government, entirely unused for monastic purposes; and it is somewhat sad to reflect that this sumptuous church, these beautiful cloisters and porticoes, which were once the scene of lives of devotion and of prayer, and, we may imagine, an influence of culture and refinement to the world without, are now only an object of interest to the casual visitor, or to the student of past art and history.

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.

'Times change,' sang the Latin poet, 'and in them ourselves too change;' but though it is, perhaps, true that the monastic impulse can never become dominant again throughout the civilised world, as in the days when this monastery was founded, though its own inherent faults and our present views of life render such a revival hardly possible or desirable, yet it is certain that the principle it involved, and which was the essence of its power over mankind, can never pass away, for it is inherent in our very nature,—in our nature which seeks the unattainable, and is limited by the hard realities of the actual.

The German poet, Goethe, was no bigoted adherent of any form of faith, and, in his wide culture, had touched all that is most living in our modern life; yet he confesses the abiding strength of this principle when in his great poem he utters its watchword:—

'Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren!
Das ist der ewige Gesang,
Den unser ganzes Leben lang
Uns heiser jede Stunde singt.'

SELWYN BRINTON.

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN CARICATURE.

AMONG the hundreds or thousands of visitors who journey from the shires of England or the states of America to view the strange, rococo Gothic house which Walter Scott, in the days of his rising fame and temporary prosperity, amused himself with building, there is, perhaps, scarce one whose attention is not directed to a small pen-drawing, executed with marvellous minuteness and exuberant spirit, which hangs in the lobby adjacent to Scott's own library. The visitor will probably be told, and truly, that no day passed during Scott's occupancy of his 'flibberty-gibbet of a castle,' as he called it, without the great author either pointing out the merits of the drawing to some friend, or revelling in a private inspection of it for his own behoof. He will also very likely be informed, not so correctly, that it represents an incident recorded in Melvil's memoirs. In reality, the artist has left on record that the idea was suggested by a passage in a different though equally curious book, 'The Court of King James,' by Sir Anthony Weldon, a keen satirist of James the First, who thus records the incident:—

'In his (Sir Roger Aston's) employment I must not passe over one pretty passage. I have heard himselfe relate: That he did never come to deliver any letters from his master, but ever he was placed in the lobby, the hangings being turned him, where he might see the Queene dancing to a little fiddle, which was to no other end that he should tell his master, by her youthful disposition how likely he was to come into the possession of the crown he so much thirsted after; for you must understand the wisest in the kingdome did believe the King should never enjoy this crowne as long as there was an old wife in England, which they did believe we ever set up as the other was dead.'

In Melvil the same outline of narrative is given, with the addition that the Queen danced 'high and disposedly,' which hardly describes the vigorous caprioles in which the heroine of the Abbotsford

picture is indulging. While the subordinate figures are sketchy and feeble, the concentration of every muscle upon the vigorous spring which the determined virago is executing is rendered with a fidelity and force which raises the figure to the highest rank of comic delineation. Her Majesty's

countenance, a not very exaggerated copy of the one upon the defaced coin engraved in Walpole's 'Noble Authors' (second edition, vol. II., page 242), is drawn into puckers of determination and endurance, which wrinkle every inch of it into one vast labyrinth of expression, and even the thumb and finger pinched together in an attempt to imitate a careless fillip, have a grim, muscular grip in place of an airy touch in their position. Well might Scott, on its first arrival in 1808, speak of the pleasure—'the inextinguishable laughter,' is his own phrase—which the possession gave him.

The drawing was the first of several presented to him by the artist during an intimacy of more than a score of years, and is also one of several in which the eccentricities of the 'Virgin Queen' were pitilessly exaggerated by a pencil as bitter as her own tongue. There was, in one respect, a strange likeness between the caricaturist and his subject; they both affected the carping, cynical view of human nature which hides sympathy and purpose beneath a mask of disparagement. The 'stout heart of England's Queen,' and the sincere chivalry of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe's Scottish patriotism, often exhibited themselves alike in a crabbed coarseness, born of a mental obliquity which seized at once upon the worst and least dignified side of the character or person with whom they were concerned.

In Sharpe's case it is curious to trace the influence of the literary taste of his day upon his not inconsiderable pictorial talent. At his home in Dumfriesshire his father, a man far more amiable, and in his way as accomplished as his clever son, delighted to welcome men of cultivation and acknowledged ability in the arts. One of the walks at Hoddom Castle was known as Corri's, after the celebrated violin performer. Burns was a visitor there, and met better company and received better advice than at the tables of the fourbottle lairds and boon companions of Annandale; and hither, in his peregrinations in the North, came Burns's crony—Captain Grose, whose skill with the pencil attracted the attention of the host's son Charles, already making pictorial attempts to illustrate his nursery fairy tales, who received from the good-natured southern the gift of a volume of academy studies, which were over and over again copied and worked up by the young amateur. Charles Sharpe also took some lessons from one Martin, an artist in vogue in Edinburgh, as we are informed by Mr. Daniel Wilson; but, excellent as were his likenesses and humorous his comic drawings, he never attained any high degree of artistic skill in either landscape or figure.

Yet his faces have all a wealth of expression; his type of ideal female beauty was the feline, simpering, sly-eyed countenance which Fuseli affected in his fantastic pictures, but it is strange how varied are the emotions of which it is found capable in Sharpe's delineations of *diablerie*. The etching in Hogg's 'Queen Wake,' for instance, is much inferior to the original sketch, and this is especially the case in the features of the principal figure; the younger Doyle

has faces of the same style in some of his exquisite fairy fancies, but their arch beauty is hardly equal to Sharpe's *Bonny Kilmeny*. Or again, in his *Lion in Love*, the forester's daughter is a hoydenish simpleton in the plate, but the original drawing there is a cruel hardness in the eyes which is almost shocking.

One of his drawings, never engraved, *Sir Hugh and the Jew's Daughter*, has this wolfish expression rendered with tragic intensity in the temptress's countenance. In his composition he was often weak and conventional; he could not draw a horse, and his warriors are all of the disproportioned elegance of Angelica Kauffman. The heroic and the pathetic were beyond his grasp; but his imagination ran riot in the suggestion of the ludicrous, and then his pencil was as grotesque as that of Callot, to whose school, even more than those of Hogarth or Breughel, between whom Walter Scott would place him, he may be said to have belonged. Distortion grew into a passion with him, and want of proportion became a fine art. Beginning life with the era of Monk Lewis and Tales of wonder, the extravagance in which his artistic taste was nurtured soon suggested historical parody as a subject for his sketches; and his knowledge of the byways of literature, forgotten memoirs, '*chroniques scandaleuses*,' and the queer anecdotes which crop up in private collections of MSS., gave him an almost illimitable field in which to exercise his eccentric faculty. Nor was he long without an admiring circle of friends to encourage and suggest. In the title-page of a 'fifteener,' 'Terence,' illustrated with the quaint woodcuts of Sebastian Brandt, Scott had written these words: 'For the acceptance of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., this volume, of which the text so well suits his attic humour, and the grotesque decoration his talent for embodying the costumes and manners of former times, is destined by his sincere friend, WALTER SCOTT.' And the sentiment thus conveyed by a man most competent to judge of such qualities was the general verdict, not only of fine ladies like the Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Charlotte Bury, but of critics and *literati* like Surtees, Marriott, Chambers, and Allan Cunningham, and any one who projected an out-of-the-way publication like the privately-printed revivals of the Bannatyne Club, or those resuscitations of forgotten legend which employed the leisure of Turnbull and David Laing, was eager to enlist his pencil for a frontispiece or a portrait.

Sharpe was also a student of history of no mean attainment, and he had especially devoted himself to the annals of his own country, with particular reference to the disastrous reign of Mary, in which more than one of his own ancestors of the families of Lennox and Mar had made a conspicuous figure. For that unhappy Queen he had a genuine compassion and a strong admiration, which did not, however, blind him to the defects in her character and policy. He was far too accurately acquainted with the minor incidents of her chequered life to consider her in the light of an injured innocent, a character of which, he remarks to one of his correspondents, the Bothwell MSS. suffice to deprive her; and he also frankly recognised her extreme imprudence in provoking her English sisterly rival. 'I wonder,' he says of Prince Labanoff, 'if he will print

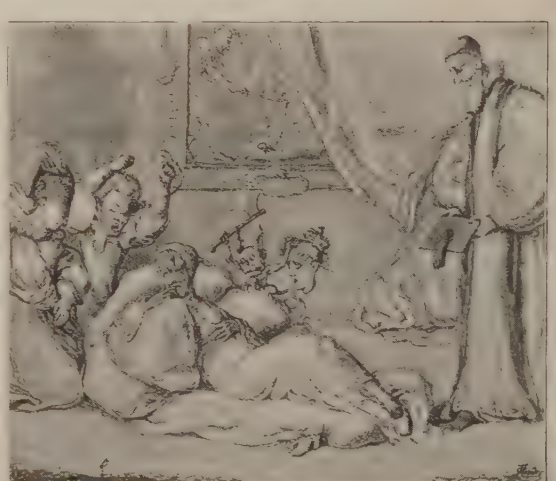
her (Mary's) extraordinary letter to Queen E——, to be found in the Burghley Papers. After writing such an epistle it is a miracle the outraged fury

allowed her to survive a fortnight.' But his sentiment of pity for her was strong and genuine. 'There was one little circumstance,' he says, 'respecting Linlithgow which struck me much; though the sun was

shining bright on the green fields, on the lake by the castle, and on the ruin itself, yet in the roofless chambers where Queen Marie was born lay a wreath of snow! How emblematic of her miserable fortunes.' This is an unusual strain with the satirist, who was more at home in avenging her memory on her evil

genius and destroyer, whose foibles indeed were tempting to so complete a master of the grammar of ridicule; and he had many abettors in his evil intentions. Lady Douglas, Scott's friend and correspondent, for instance, writes to suggest as a subject, 'Sir John Harington's account of her wearing Lady Mary Howard's too fine and too short petticoat, with poor Lady Mary gazing on it for the last time,' and says she is delighted with the series of portraits which in 1808 he had sent her. The subjects are mostly suggested by the memoirs of James Melvil, the shrewd observant Scotsman, who, having accurately taken stock of the foibles of the royal personage to whom he was so often confidentially accredited, set down the result of his observations in a highly diverting catalogue of petty vanities, perukes and jewels, dresses of the English, French, and Italian mode, the lute and virginals, on which she played 'excellently well,' and the eager fishing for admiration and perfect self-satisfaction. 'I said she was the fairest Queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. She inquired which of them was of the highest stature? I said my Queen. Then, saith she, she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low.' Sharpe's powers were exactly, like Elizabeth's stature, proportioned to the proper dimensions of his self-chosen task. These are the designs which we now reproduce as the best specimens of Sharpe's pencil, in a walk where historical knowledge and facility of humorous design go hand in hand.

In the first of our illustrations we have the Queen in 1566, precisely as limned by Crespin de Pass, 'putting her hand under her cheek and crying out to some of her ladies that the Queen of Scots hath a fair son, while I am but a barren stock.' It was the news of the birth of James the First which thus exercised her. The next subject has more of the caricature. The preacher at St. Paul's (Bishop Aylmer) inveighed against female vanity and extravagance in dress, upon which the Queen flung open the lattice of the royal gallery and so soundly rated him that he well-nigh swooned for fear. Ireland was her constant source of disquietude, and when bad news arrived from that quarter she is said to have relieved her disturbed equanimity by fencing at the figures in the arras—the subject of the next drawing. In the next, again, the famous scene is depicted where Essex, her favourite and her plague, arrives 'bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,' and rushing into her presence without changing his boots, is received with a significant gesture of disgust, and a blunt rebuke for his unseemly attire, by his irritated mistress. In the next sketch Elizabeth is represented in her decrepitude, sipping from a cup of wine while giving audience, as described in Melvil's 'Memoirs;' and the next gives 'the last scene of all,' which ends this strange, eventful history, the dying woman, denuded of her coiffure and other elaborate finery, lying on pillows on the floor of her room, and averting her eyes from a hideous demon who brandishes an axe



in one hand, while with the other he holds the severed head of the murdered Queen of Scots. At her pillow two stupid-looking maids of honour are kneeling, one yawning desperately, the other given up to tranquil repose; while at the foot a feeble-looking prelate seems, by his attitude, to be

addressing some prosy consolation. 'What is Time poking out of the fire with his scythe?' says one of Sharpe's correspondents; and the question still remains unanswered. Poor as is the execution of this drawing the conception almost rises to the tragical, and the haggard despair in the countenance of the moribund beldam is as terrible as anything ever depicted by Hogarth in his darkest mood. The fiend is a caricature, the ludicrous demon of the middle ages, but the idea conveyed is impressive. Had Sharpe been compelled, as his friend Scott well remarks, to earn a livelihood by the exercise of his talents, he would have produced something far more finished and perfect than these odd fragments of capricious genius; but the feeling in them is unmistakable, and almost unique in the way of illustration. They are not mere sparks from an anvil of true burlesque, as are the 'Comic England' and 'Comic Latin Grammar' of John Leech; the artist cared for his subject, and knew it to its veriest detail. Nor was he confined to one period of history. Louis Quatorze, or the heroes of mythology, came equally under the scope of his crowquill; but laugh as we will, we cannot but regret that a life should have been spent in historical research and artistic study without any better result. The reputation for singularity, which is the key to the life of the artist of these eccentricities, may be bought at too high a price.

Sharpe had a real knowledge of portraiture, and his notes upon the family galleries of Scotland are most valuable; but his whimsical taste made him accumulate rubbish of the most extraordinary hideousness, christened by every kind of misnomer, and just, as he himself observed of Byron, 'to make people stare;' he would write of Reynolds that his female subjects were all vulgar; and of Lely and Kneller that they never painted their sitters' feet because the classic deities were always represented without lower extremities.

The volume of etchings, which was published by Messrs. Blackwood about twenty years ago, and the portraits and vignettes in the more recent publication of Mr. Sharpe's letters, contain many indications that but for that fatal facility in exaggeration, of which the worst specimens are less ludicrous than offensive, he might have obtained a high place among artists, and that what old English writers would have called his 'maggot' really hindered his progress in art. When we remember that the Elizabethan sketches were the work of a man under thirty years of age it is melancholy to think that his work of a quarter of a century later had absolutely deteriorated both in taste and manipulation. His latest drawing, 'which the painter refused to execute,' was a sketch of himself in his shroud, seated on a coffin, inscribed with his name, and holding in his hand a skull. He gave this ghastly fancy to his friend, Turnbull, for whom he did much of his work in later years.

W. K. R. Bedford.

ART CHRONICLE.

The Society of Painter-etchers, which now attains the recognition of its status in the authorised prefix of Royal to its name, locates this year's collection at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Water-colour Painters, where for the future the Annual Exhibition will be held. Out of grateful and graceful compliment to the President, Mr. Seymour Haden, a chief attraction consists of a gathering on the long wall of the Gallery of a comprehensive series of his plates, from examples of the fine set first published, which was catalogued by M. Burty down to the mezzotint version of the *Agamemnon*, which is of comparatively recent date. This noble series of plates, all which are included in Sir F. Drake's catalogue, published by Messrs. Macmillan, may be said to illustrate the resources of the etcher's art, though, of course, as a means of expression, the result is marked, or limited, by the artistic idiosyncrasies of the executant. Among the plates not published may be noted *Mouth of a Brook* (two plates, a dry point and an etching); *Combe Bottom*, with rabbits in the foreground; *By-road in Tipperary*, a splendid study of an avenue of trees; *Thames Fishermen*, an early and charming plate. There are several states of the *Agamemnon*, including one washed with sepia. Two plates showing the impetuous confidence of the artist may be noted with interest—the mezzotint of *Harlech Castle*, 'scraped at one sitting with common etching-scraper,' and *The House by the Sea*, a plate done at a lecture. This remarkable and well-selected series sums up the finer qualities of Mr. Seymour Haden's etched work, such as his freshness and courage, his power of drawing, the purely artistic and interpretative qualities of his work, and its entire harmony with the nature of the art, together with other characteristics included within these. The exhibition contains a good deal of interesting performance, and is altogether one of the best the Society has held, although a large proportion of eminent members, including most of the American and Continental contributors, have not sent at all. Honour is done to the vigorous faculty of Mr. Strang, to whom a place of honour at the head of the room is assigned for a group of portraits, eight illustrations to the ballad of *Death and the Ploughman's Wife*, and several other designs. We have frequently had occasion to mark our appreciation of this etcher's original thought and sturdy power. His faults as an artist are the exaggerations of a sombre imagination, which is apt to dwell on the tragic and pathetic side of life with a painful and sometimes grotesque intensity, and will not avail itself of the sweeter types and gentler graces that are no less legitimate and true means of expression for deep truths. In devotion to the great master of his art, he seems sometimes to forget that Rembrandt's designs were not great by reason of homely or sordid types and actions, but in spite of them. Nevertheless, our modern etcher achieves full and manly expression of the dignity and nobility of the labour-worn sons of the soil; and between the earnestness of his thought and the broad directness of his artistic method there is a fine fitness, combined in allegorical subjects with a grim fancy that is refreshingly *naïve*. The plate *After Work*—a peasant man and woman resting at twilight after their field labour—is a powerful plate, significant in design, and bold in heavy shadows and frank white space. *Despair*—a starving woman with infant and child in a garret room—is equally emphatic in manner and of even terrible

force. Messrs. Frederick and Edward Slocombe contribute largely and well to the exhibition. Capital plates by the latter are *Rue Basse des Tanneurs, Amiens; Rouen Cathedral;* and *The Shambles, York.* Mr. Axel Haig has effective plates, and Mr. W. W. Burgess contributes, among others, *Lincoln Minster, from the Cloisters*, which is the least heavy and dry of his series of English cathedrals. Mr. Strutt sends a large and exceedingly spirited and frank etching of his own picture, *A Flying Visit*—dogs careering through a farmyard. Mr. Roller's crisp and well-understood studies of figures in landscape, chiefly Spanish; a good many scribbled 'notes' by M. Sickert, which seem to imply more audacity than knowledge; graceful work by Mr. Toovey, Mr. Spread, Mr. Percy Robertson; and some rather tentative plates in etching and dry point by Mr. Herbert Marshall claim record in our notice, which is necessarily, from exigencies of space, incomplete.

THE Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colour this spring opened its door unusually early, and the exhibitors lacked the month of grace granted to members of the elder Society. The principal attraction of the collection lies in its landscapes, as, with certain strong exceptions, the subject pictures are somewhat unsatisfactory, and seem hardly to represent the undoubted strength of the Institute in this branch. The President, Sir James Linton, sends but one small picture—*Beppina*—a not very interesting study of a girl in a mediæval dress. Mr. Lawrence Bulleid, the newly-elected Associate of the R.W.C.S., has sent a pleasing picture, both as regards subject and treatment, in *The First Lesson*, wherein a graceful woman, in classic dress, is teaching a fair-haired child, who quaintly poses in front of her, to play upon a reed. The figures challenge comment on good drawing, as they stand out in emphatic relief against the white marble of the background. *In the Sweet Spring-time*, by Mr. Charles E. Wilson, is perhaps one of the most charming rustic subject pictures in the exhibition. Two village children stand under a tree laden with pink hawthorn blossom, the little lad being in the act of gathering a spray of the coveted treasure for a tiny girl who holds out her pinafore to receive it. Mr. Frank Dadd is fully up to the mark in humorous *genre* in his smaller picture entitled *Between Ourselves*, which is one of the best things this clever painter has ever done. In the parlour of some country inn the squire and a friend linger after dinner over the 'walnuts and the wine,' while the former discloses some piquant morsel of news just 'between ourselves.' Mr. Charles Earle paints *An Old-world Home*, an English garden at high noon in all the coloured glories of early summer-tide, heightened and harmonised by the old grey house in the background and the village church nestling among the trees. *The Barbican, Plymouth*, by Mr. David Green, has a clever study of boats and fisher-folk on a quay. Mr. H. G. Hine, the veteran Vice-President of the Institute, contributes several delicate and beautiful landscapes. Messrs. Henry Hine, Joseph Knight, Alfred East, Aston, Huson, Aumonier, C. Hayes, W. May, and other well-accredited members and exhibitors, fill their places worthily. Lady artists are in great force, and seem to find at the Institute an unusually free welcome. Among other satisfactory work we may name landscape by Miss Alice Squire, the flower-painting of Madame Hegg and Madame Dubourg, and the charming studies of bird-life by Miss Helen O'Hara.

THE collection of water-colour drawings by eminent artists of the Dutch School exhibited at the Fine Arts Society in Bond Street has proved disappointing. A general want of purpose and completeness and a sloppiness of effect marked most of the work; and even the contributions of Mesdag, Israel, and Van der Meer, fail to atone for the general dullness of the collection. Among the examples most worthy of note are *The Sewing Lesson*, by A. Neuhays, a pleasing subject picture, in which a fair-haired little maiden sits perched upon a big chair in a cottage-room holding her needle ready threaded in her hand, while an old peasant woman prepares a piece of sewing for her. The triteness of the subject is relieved by the art of the painter. *A Corner of the Pond*, by P. Zilcken, is a poetic little picture of a bit of dark water overhung by an old tree whose sparse foliage is touched with the melancholy tenderness of autumn change. Of the four examples of Mesdag, the most favourable is *The North Sea*, a masterly study of wild waves lashed into angry white foam. The capital studies of fruit by Madame Mesdag Van Houten recall the traditional triumphs of Van Huysum.

THE Corot Collection at the Goupil Galleries has been distinctly the most attractive exhibition held here for some time. Twenty-one of the painter's masterpieces, the greater number on loan from private collections, have been shown to admirable advantage. Of these the *Souvenir d'Italie* is the most important. The landscape, full of charm and tenderness, and the group of exquisite dancing figures, make up a scene of idyllic grace finely characteristic of the painter. *Le Lac*, lent by M. Victor Desfossés; *L'Arbre Brisé*, from Mr. Alex. Young; and *La Vanne*, lent by M. Vever, show how worthily representative, though small in scale, was this gathering of work by the simple-hearted head of the 'Ecole de Barbizon.' An excerpt from an article that appeared in the 'Magazine of Art' last year served to preface the catalogue, and the writer gave some authentic notes, which we may recall for their permanent interest as to Corot's technical method. He was as particular as to the excellence of his canvas and the soundness of his pigments as any Italian master of old. The canvas was lightly primed and tinted, and the subject just blocked out with white chalk. On this first idea the painter brooded awhile, then laid in the whole boldly, even violently sometimes, with raw umber, black and white, and ochres, securing the extremes of the scale of tone, from light to dark. When the substructure had thoroughly dried and solidified, the canvas was taken up again and the harmonies were evolved with transparent and semi-transparent colours and that sensitive brush-work which combined to produce the aërial perspective and delicate silhouettes dear to the lovers of Corot's art.

THE chief interest in Messrs. Tooth's somewhat mixed spring exhibition attaches to the latest picture by Fortuney, *Le Jardin du Poète*, which, however, is not likely to enhance the painter's popularity in this country, inasmuch as the subject is unpleasantly treated, and the execution, however brilliant, exaggerates the painter's mannerisms. Three small works by the consummate Meissonier, and a graceful pseudo-classic subject—*A Siesta*—by the accomplished painter Conrad Kiesel, are also distinctive points of attraction.

MESSRS. GEORGE CLAUSEN and G. L. Bulleid, figure and *genre* painters, are elected Associates of the Royal Water-colour Society.

A NOTEWORTHY picture of colossal scale is shown by Messrs. Wallis at their gallery in Pall Mall—viz., a sacred picture, *The Descent from the Cross*, by Herr Krämer, a young Viennese painter, pupil of Leopold Müller. It is an impressive work, nobly drawn, and painted with an entire absence of meretricious sensational effects, whether melodramatic or realistic. Characteristic work by Joseph Israëls, thirty-four fresh studies from nature by Professor Heffner, and examples of Munkaczy, Sadée, and Haas, are included in the exhibition. *A Florentine Procession*, by Mrs. Benham Hay, is an effort of that ambition which overleaps and falls, a big picture painted on theory in imitation, rather than assimilation, of the Italian schools, imperfectly understood.

WE have to record the death last month at an advanced age of Mr. S. C. Hall, so long known as Editor of the *Art Journal*, and identified with much of the movement for bringing art within the reach of the middle classes, the extension of the system of art schools, and the encouragement of taste and energy in the application of art to industries and manufacture. He had survived his wife, well known as an authoress, some years.

SEA PIECE.

ENGRAVED BY FRANK SHORT, FROM A PICTURE BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

THERE is this difference to be observed between Turner's early studies of the sea and of the land. As we all know he commenced his career as an artist by travelling about the country, for the publishers of engravings, making sketches of different towns and castles, and places of interest. This was his business. But he was not employed to study the sea. This he did for his own sake, and for its own sake. It was work done, as we say, for 'love,' from an impulse more spontaneous than his other work, and, like all such serious and single-minded study, it had its reward. His first sea-piece, *Fishermen at Sea*, was singled out for special notice in the 'Companion to the Exhibition' of 1796, and his second, *Fishermen*, exhibited in the following year, also attracted attention. Mr. Thomas Greene, of Ipswich, recorded it in his diary of that year:—

'June 2, 1797. Visited the Royal Academy Exhibition. Particularly struck with a sea-view by Turner; fishing vessels coming in, with a heavy swell, in apprehension of tempest gathering in the distance, and casting, as it advances, a night of shade, while a parting glow is spread with fine effect upon the shore. The whole composition bold in design and masterly in execution. I am entirely unacquainted with the artist; but if he proceeds as he has begun, he cannot fail to become the first in his department.'

How he proceeded and became the first in his department is a matter of history. It did not take long; indeed, if Mr. Greene had known it, he was first in his department already—at least as a painter of the sea. The oil sketch which we engrave was probably made a few years after this. It belongs to the same class in feeling and colour as the *Calais Pier* and the *Shipwreck*, and it is not wonderful that in a collection which contains such important works as these, this little panel should have been comparatively neglected hitherto. It would be rash to assert that Mr. Ruskin has not made some special note of it somewhere, but if so it is strange that Mr. Cook should have failed to note the fact in his 'Handbook to the National Gallery.' He describes it simply as 'an unimportant, and no doubt early work, painted presumably about 1800.' This is true enough, but it is made, so to speak, of the same stuff as his greatest sea-pieces of the period, and might, so fine is it in motive and composition, have served as a study for a much larger picture. The time was one when Turner's imagination was in its youthful vigour; the time when many of the designs were conceived which were afterwards used for the *Liber Studiorum*. This would have been worthy of a place there, and might have found it if it had not been disqualified by its shape. Like most of his work in oil at this time, it is more remarkable for its powerful effect of light and shade, and confident handling, than for the beauty of its colour. Dark almost to blackness are the masts of the stranded ship, and the ragged ribs of the jetty beyond which she is lying. Heavy green are the waves, and these, lightened here and there with splash and crest of foam, stretch away to the leaden horizon, which rises and clears upwards through smoky but luminous clouds of mottled dun to where the sky shows a dusky blue at the top of the panel. The only bright bits are dashes of white and red in the costume of the boatmen and on the boat. Yet, though the tints are dull and somewhat 'dirty,' they are managed with a true sense of harmony, and laid on so as to produce both 'quality' and richness. Here, however, we need not regard it as a work in colour; the vivid truth of the scene, the heavy weather, the welter of the waters, the heaving of the boat upon them, the melancholy tilt of the stranded ship, the fine arrangement of mass and line, and light and shade, the movement, the pathos, the art of it all we can see well enough without colour.

C. M.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

V.—*The Confessor's Chapel.*

Incongruity of the First Monuments—A Modest Proposal—Henry III.—Queen Eleanor—Are they Portraits?—William Torel—Queen Philippa—Edward III.—Richard II. and Queen Anne—King's Langley—Richard's Death—John of Waltham—Thomas of Woodstock—The Lady Edith—Queen Matilda—Edward I.—'Pactum Serva'—Examination of his Body in 1774—Monument of Henry V.—The Reredos—Funeral of Henry V.

IT is well worth while to point out that the first monuments erected in the church of Henry III. were in an incongruous style. While the 'great Gothic revival' and its destructive companion, 'restoration,' were all powerful, it was seriously proposed to take out of the Abbey everything that was not judged to be strictly in what Pugin used to call 'the Christian Pointed Style.' But nobody, so far at least as I am aware, ever remarked that the first monuments to be condemned on this principle would have

been the shrine of Edward the Confessor, the tomb of Henry III., and the magnificent monument of Henry VII. Incongruity among things beautiful in themselves is the very first element of the picturesque. As it is, though Westminster Abbey has suffered much, and is suffering more, at the hands of the modern 'restorer,' its delightful want of uniformity is not, and can hardly ever be, overcome. Besides sweeping out all the monuments erected between the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria, we should have to take down the banners of the knights in the chapel of Henry VII., the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, the tapestry, the pulpits in the choir and in the nave—but it is not worth while to go on: the task would be impossible, though it might have been undertaken by one of the modest architects of the generation which ruined so many other buildings—Salisbury, for example, and Hereford, the Temple, St. Albans, and hundreds of parish churches.

In matters of taste the thirteenth century was certainly ahead of the nineteenth, and that the tomb of Henry III. was rather in the style of the Romanesque church he destroyed than in that of the first Pointed church he built, only shows that the artists of that day sought for the best that could be had, regardless of mere considerations of style and congruity. There is a curious parallel, therefore, between the tombs of Henry III. and of Henry VII. Romanesque was dying out in England when Torel made the monument of Henry of Winchester; it was reviving again when Torregiano made the monument of Henry Tudor. We have lost the greater part of the monument of Edward VI., or we might perhaps compare it in like manner with that of Edward the Confessor.

The learned in such matters assert that the oldest statues are not portraits, but conventional representations of kings, and queens, and nobles. I confess to a strong feeling of reluctance in accepting this verdict. If the beautiful Eleanor of Castile was not like the marvellous figure on her tomb, she cannot at least have been very different. As to her father-in-law, Henry III., perhaps, as all contemporary accounts make him an ugly little man, with a squint, the portrait may be flattered; but that it is more or less a portrait, however much idealised, would seem certain, if only because of the way in which the features answer to what we know was the character of the King. Handsome as they are, we think we can detect in them the weakness, cowardice, falsehood, treachery, and tyranny, which characterised Henry III., as well as the magnificence, the taste for art, the polish, and the courtliness, which made him the stranger's friend. Perhaps the effigy does not bear me out in this opinion, and it may be well, lest the reader be led astray, to quote the opinion of an expert. The late Mr. William Burges, R.A., says of the effigy of Henry III.: 'The face is purely conventional and such as we shall see in nearly every effigy of the period.' He praises the hands, but says they are not 'cast from the life, like those of Torregiano's effigy of the Countess of Richmond.' Of Queen Eleanor's effigy he says:—

> 'On the top of the Purbeck tomb is the *chef d'œuvre* of William Torel, goldsmith and citizen of London, and who, for the honour of our country, appears to have nothing whatever to do with the Italian family of Torelli, as the name Torel occurs in documents from the time of the Confessor down to the said William: in fact, the attempts of various art critics to prove that the artist of this beautiful figure was an Italian are perfectly inexplicable; for if we look at the contemporary Italian work at Pisa and elsewhere, we shall find that the English and French, so far from being behind the Italians in the thirteenth century, were, if anything, in advance of them. On examining the statue we discover the same conventionalities as we see in that of Henry III. Thus, the line of the lower eyelid is straight, the *alæ* of the nose are small (the nose in this instance is straight); there is not much drawing in the mouth, but the middle line goes down a little at either end, and the hair flows down the back in very strong wavy lines. Now Eleanor at the time of her death was over forty years of age, and had had several children; it is therefore most improbable that this can be a portrait-statue, and, to a certain degree, we are the gainers; for however curious it would have been to have seen the real likenesses of Henry III. and of Eleanor, it is still more so to have the ideal beauty of one of the great periods of art handed down to us in enduring brass.'

The opinions of Mr. Burges on a matter of this kind will, of course, have great weight, especially with those of us who knew him and recognised his extraordinary critical abilities. It should, however, be stated, on the other side, that there is no inherent impossibility in the opposite view. Burges makes a point of the Queen's age at the time of her death. But could we not, in England, find a beautiful princess, whose children are grown up, and to whose face, so far, no sculptor has yet been able to do justice? Queen Eleanor's forty years can have nothing to do with the portraiture question.

The lower part of the tomb is simply ornamented with shields in low relief. It was the work of Richard of Crundale, who also made the last of the 'Eleanor Crosses,' that erected at Charing. A smith, named Thomas, at Leighton Beaudesert (Buzzard), made the wrought-iron gratings, for which he received 13*l.*—an immense sum in those days. For gilding the statue, Flemish coin was bought—a curious illustration of the meaning of our modern word 'sterling,' or Esterling. The erection of crosses wherever the bearers of the body rested on the way from Harby to Westminster followed a precedent set in France, where, at the burial of Louis IX., who had died in Tunis, when he was on the crusade

with Edward and this same Eleanor, and who was canonised as St. Louis of France—crosses were set up at all the places between Paris and St. Denis at which the men who bore the body stopped to rest. This must have been well known to Edward, who, with his Queen, passed through Paris on his way home from Palestine in 1273.

The tomb of Philippa, queen of Edward III., is

in a position on the south-east side of the chapel, corresponding to that of Queen Eleanor on the north-east. In the stout effigy which surmounts this monument there can be no doubt of the intention of the artist to make a likeness. Hawkin of Liége has, in fact, almost fallen into caricature. Whether we call Liége French or Flemish, Mr. Burges was certainly right in calling this effigy Flemish work. Hawkin only made the statue, for which he received, in January, 1366, the sum of 133*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* The small figures were by John Orchard, stonemason, of London, and he was paid 5*l.* for that part of his work, and other sums for iron grills and for 'divers images in the likeness of angels.'

'The effigy,' says Mr. Burges, 'is probably the first one in Westminster Abbey which has any claims to be considered a portrait. Some parts, such as the head-dress, have been elaborately coloured and gilt.' The portly form and round buxom face of the Queen are well known. The monument is most elaborate, but has suffered much from the later building of the chantry of Henry V. and from the depredations of thieves. An iron railing, which Edward III. purchased from the tomb of a bishop at St. Paul's and brought here, defended it, but has long disappeared, and may perhaps be identified with some fragments in the triforium. One of the decorative niches and other portions were found by Sir Gilbert Scott in a private collection, and were purchased and replaced.

Immediately to the west of Queen Philippa's tomb is that of her husband, Edward III. He is represented as he was, no doubt, in later life—a venerable man, with a long flowing beard. 'The gilt-bronze effigy is remarkable as having connected with it the tradition that the features have been cast from a mould taken after death.' The figures ornamenting the tomb have been stolen where they were accessible, but are still to be seen on the south or outer side, and represent the King's children, each with an appropriate shield of arms, by which it can be identified.

Next to Edward III., westward, is the larger monument of his grandson, Richard II., who had it made in his own lifetime. It bears the two figures of Richard himself and his first wife, Anne of Bohemia. They were made by Nicholas Broker and Godfrey Prest, London coppersmiths, and are finished in the most elaborate manner—the heraldic decorations alone being worthy of hours of study. The Queen died in 1394, and the tomb was finished in 1397. In 1399 Richard was deposed, and resigned the crown to Henry IV.:—

> 'I resign to thee.
> Now mark me, how I will undo myself:—
> I give this heavy weight from off my head,
> And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
> The pride of kingly sway from out my heart,'

as Shakespeare makes him to say. This was on Michaelmas Day, Monday, the 29th of September. On the St. Valentine's Day following he died, or was murdered, in the castle of Pomfret, or Pontefract, in Yorkshire, and his body was brought to London. that the people might see and identify it. Thence it was conveyed to King's Langley, about thirty miles north of London, and buried probably in the church of the Blackfriars, destroyed at the Reformation. In 1403 one of Richard's uncles, Edmund of Langley, duke of York, was buried in the same place, and his tomb, probably removed from the Priory, is now in the parish church. Richard's body was not left long at

Langley. In 1413 a certain John Wyddemer received 4*l.* for making an appropriate 'horsebere' and other things, for the purpose of removing the body hither to the tomb of the Queen. The canopy over the figures still remains, and shows the remains of painting and gilding. It was decorated by John Haxey, who is believed, also, to have painted the portrait of Richard which Mr. George Scharff and

Mr. Richmond recently cleaned, with the assistance of Mr. Merritt. The portrait now hangs in the choir, on the opposite side, if I do not mistake, to that for which it was intended. It hung over a pew occupied by the judges, whose wigs, it is said, brushed against it and soiled it. Be this as it may, the portrait is now in a wonderful state of repair and brilliancy, and represents the King very much as he is in the effigy on his tomb.

Malcolm, writing at the beginning of this century, says of this monument, that in the basement in the aisle 'several square apertures used to be open, through which a hand might be conveyed' to the coffin of the Queen. These openings had been filled up before 1802. Dean Stanley says that the basement was accidentally opened, and bones and skulls were seen and handled. Neale further tells us that Gough, the antiquary, examined both the skulls pretty closely, but could find on that of the King no mark of the poleaxe which was popularly supposed to have terminated his life. Many were the legends as to this event, among them being one which asserted that Richard's body was not shown to the people at St. Paul's, or buried first at Langley and afterwards here, but the body of Thomas Maudlin, a priest, and Richard's private chaplain, who closely resembled him. The dates will not fit. Maudlin was implicated in a conspiracy against Henry IV., and was put to death a month before the exhibition of Richard's supposed body in London.

The effigies are made up of several separate pieces fitted together; but the hands of the King and Queen, which were clasped together, have been stolen. This display of affection was specially arranged by Richard to show his affection for his wife. She died at Sheen, which Henry VII. renamed Richmond in 1394, and it would seem as if Richard lost any powers of mind he had ever possessed in his extravagant grief. He had the palace in which she died razed to the ground. On the day of the funeral he behaved like a man beside himself, and violently assaulted one of the lords in the Abbey. From this time forth his downward course was steady, until his cousin, the Duke of Lancaster, had little choice left but to deprive him of his crown, perhaps of his life. To Richard was due the burial in this chapel of a personage not of royal blood, namely, John of Waltham, whose brass is seen on the floor immediately in front of the northern door into the chancel. He was Bishop of Salisbury and High Treasurer, and Richard, it is said, 'loved him entirely.' His death, the year after that of the Queen, no doubt contributed to the downfall of his master. Godwin mentions his epitaph as stating that Richard commanded that his body should be buried among the kings, but the inscription and many other portions of the brass have disappeared. The fate of another brass is even more deplorable, for it has disappeared altogether. This was on the gravestone of one of Richard's last victims, Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, the King's youngest uncle. He was murdered at Calais in 1397. His body was first buried at Pleshy, where he had founded a collegiate church, but was brought here by Henry IV., and buried close to the monument of Philippa, his mother. The Duchess lies under one of the finest and most perfect brasses in the Abbey, in the chapel of St. Edmund. She only survived the Duke two years, which she spent in Barking Abbey.

The other interments within St. Edward's Chapel are very few in number. The body of the Lady

Eadgyth, or Edith, the widow of the Confessor, was, after some migrations, buried on the north side of the shrine, at the foot of the monument of Henry III. She, like Bishop Waltham, is one of the few persons not of royal blood known to have been buried in this chapel: the daughter of Earl Godwin, though she was the sister of Harold, could boast of no very illustrious lineage. At the opposite side of the shrine lies Queen Matilda, the Scottish princess, the wife of Henry I., who died in 1118. She was the daughter of Malcolm, king of Scotland, by Margaret, the sister of Edgar the Atheling, one of the last scions of the old Saxon stock. Like the companion 'queen' on the north side of the shrine, she bore the ancient English name of Eadgyth, and was living with her aunt, the Abbess of Wilton, when the King sought her out. As she had plenty of brothers and sisters, she cannot in any sense be called the heiress of Alfred; but she was a princess of the old house, and her marriage with Henry I., when she changed her name to Matilda, or Maud, was very popular with Henry's English subjects. Two small princesses are also buried here, namely, Margaret of York, fifth daughter of Edward IV., and Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VII. Roger of Wendover, bishop of Rochester under Henry III., is said to have been buried near his master, but no memorial is extant. Nor is there any monument of Richard Courtenay, bishop of Norwich, who accompanied his kinsman, Henry V., in his French campaign, and died of dysentery at the siege of Harfleur, in 1415, before the victory of Agincourt. An infant son of Richard III. is also said to have been laid in this chapel; and among the treasures of the shrine of St. Edward was reckoned a golden vase, which contained the heart of Henry 'of Almain,' a nephew of Henry III., whose murder at Viterbo, by the sons of Simon Montfort, is commemorated by Dante in the 'Inferno.'

We now reach the plainest, but in many respects the most remarkable, of these royal tombs. The first tomb which catches the eye as we ascend to the level of the chapel is the simple box-like coffin of stone which contains the body of Edward I. It has often been remarked that monuments are as much the memorials of those who make them as of those for whom they are made. In the splendid tomb of Henry III., with its cunning mosaic, its ruddy porphyry inlay, its gilded image, we have a memorial of the filial love of a good son to a bad father, of the loyalty of an obedient subject to an unscrupulous king. In the delicate tracery, the exquisite carving, the lovely figure of Queen Eleanor, we have the monument of Edward's life-long devotion to the wife whose memory is perhaps as widely kept alive as that of any queen-consort who has ever shared the throne of an English king. The Eleanor crosses are famous, and this tomb is but the last and crowning effort of the royal mourner in his sorrow. For himself there was no monument necessary. The completion of the Abbey—where sleep his father and his wife—that is monument enough for Edward. The fine plain Purbeck slabs, with their grim inscription, are a sufficiently magnificent resting-place for 'the greatest of the Plantagenets.' The epitaph, 'Edvardus Primus, malleus Scotorum, hic est. Pactum serva,' has been a puzzle to people who thought it as old as the tomb. But the letters are of the time of Queen Mary I., and were painted up at the time of Feckenham's 'restoration' of the chapel. He placed similar inscriptions

on other tombs, with brief moral sentences to eke out the line. The pact that is to be observed might, however, very well have been the treaty and compact which the King had entered into with the Abbot of Westminster, never to omit the celebrations at the grave of Eleanor, with, if possible, a pontifical mass, and the burning of innumerable candles. For this purpose the King, on his part, gave the convent many great additions to their territorial possessions, but provided by the pact that each new abbot should take an oath for its observance before 'the restitution of the temporalities.' Feckenham had, no doubt, gone through this formality on taking possession of the restored estates; when he put the words just quoted on the stones of Edward's tomb, he likewise wrote on that of the Queen:—'Regina Alionora consors Edwardi Primi fuit haec: Alionora, 1298, Disce Mori.'

There are several royal warrants relating to the

tomb of King Edward, whose body, carefully embalmed, was at intervals taken out of its coffin for the renewal of the cerecloth in which it was wrapped. In 1774 Dean Thomas gave leave to a committee of the Society of Antiquaries to open and examine the tomb. A plain coffin, hollowed out of a block of Purbeck marble, was found within. When it was opened the body was seen wrapped in waxed linen. When this was thrown back the royal corpse was found to be habited in all the trappings of royalty. The face was dark and wasted, as if with long illness, the nose and eyes were sunk, and the chin was beardless. The dress was very magnificent, though ornamented with imitations of jewels. The mantle was of rich crimson satin, fastened on the left shoulder with a magnificent brooch of gilt metal. A copper-gilt sceptre was held between the thumb and two first fingers of the right hand, and a rod, more than five feet long, surmounted with the figure of a dove, was in the left hand. A crown of brass-gilt was on the head; but it was remarked that the workmanship was not equal to that of the sceptre and rod. No rings were on the fingers, and if they had slipped off they were not found, as the body was not further disturbed, and was carefully covered up again, when a measurement had been made, which showed that Edward's nickname of *Longshanks* was well merited. He must have stood, in his prime, more than six feet two inches in height.

The monument of Henry V., owing to its extraordinary magnificence, has suffered more than any other in the Chapel of St. Edward. It can, perhaps, hardly be described as in the chapel, for though the tomb stands on the utmost eastern verge of the mound of holy earth, it is separated from its regal companions by the supports of the chantry or Chapel of the Annunciation above. It was evidently intended by the designer of this tomb, that it should not only occupy the most important place next to that of the shrine itself, but that it should be the finest of all the royal monuments. The figure, of oak, was covered with silver plates, and the head was of solid silver, or, more probably, was a hollow silver casting. All is gone now, but a shapeless, headless block of wood. The silver plates were stripped off, and the head stolen, some time in the reign of Henry VIII. The same fate had already overtaken the golden shrine of Edward the Confessor, of which Brayley says that 'the workmanship exceeded the materials.' This chapel and the tomb of Henry must have been a perfect blaze of colour. Gilding, silver, precious stones, mosaic, and every other device known at the time, were employed to add to the effect. Both the chantry at the east end and the screen at the west end seem to have been the work of Henry VI. The screen has been so thoroughly *restored* that very little, if any, of the old work remains. On its western side was the beautiful Renaissance reredos, designed by Inigo Jones, which had previously stood in the private chapel at Whitehall. When that palace was burnt, it was fortunately saved, and was removed to Hampton Court, where, however, it was never set up. In 1706 Queen Anne, apparently at the instance of Sir Christopher Wren, had it taken out of the stores

there, and presented it to the Dean and Chapter, to be set up in the Abbey. It must have been a very beautiful structure, not too large, but otherwise something like the reredos recently placed in St. Paul's. It was chiefly of white marble, but the composite columns which supported the central entablature were red and brown. Of course, such a reredos, in a Gothic church, was exceedingly obnoxious to the architects of the revival. Brayley, writing in 1823, says that it would 'far better accord with the florid decorations of a Greek or Roman temple than with the solemn character of a Christian church'—an absurd sentiment which unfortunately found plenty of assent. In the following year Bernasconi, an

Italian, was employed to 'restore' the old reredos, if there ever was one, which he did in the material chiefly in use at the time—witness Regent Street—namely, lath and plaster. Scarcely less unpleasing

is the modern work put up by Scott in 1867. It is, to my eye at least, quite as incongruous as Inigo Jones's pilasters can possibly have been, and is, moreover, what architects call *poor* in the strictest sense, though its materials — marble and mosaic—are costly enough. The statues are only equalled by the picture of the *Last Supper*, which forms the altar-piece. There is an incongruity of meanness about the whole thing which is the reverse of that kind of incongruity which produces picturesqueness. What has become of Inigo Jones's beautiful work I do not know. A small fragment is in the Triforium.

The funeral of Henry V. was the most imposing function of the kind ever witnessed in England up to that time. He died, apparently of dysentery, at Vincennes, near Paris, on the last day of August, 1422. His funeral at Westminster took place on the 7th of November. 'His three chargers were led up,' says Dean Stanley, 'to the altar, behind the effigy, which lay on the splendid car, accompanied by torches and white-robed priests innumerable.' A service had been held at Notre Dame in Paris, next at Rouen, and thirdly at St. Paul's. The coffin was placed in an open chariot, whereon also, on a bed covered with crimson silk, was an image of the King made of *cuir bouilli*—leather soaked in hot water to make it pliable, a favourite material for many purposes, such as tilting armour, crests, boxes, and other objects. The image was, of course, coloured, and was clothed in a purple robe edged with ermine, with a crown on the head and a sceptre in the hand. The widowed queen followed a league behind; and the voice of the chanters was kept up incessantly all the way, masses being celebrated every morning wherever the procession had halted for the night. Fifteen bishops went from London towards Rochester to meet the procession, and an immense concourse of the citizens went with them. The body remained some time at St. Paul's while the Abbey was prepared for its reception. From St. Paul's the hearse was drawn by six horses, each of which bore a different coat-of-arms: St. George, Normandy, King Arthur, St. Edward, France, and the King's own scutcheon of France and England, quarterly. The chief mourner was the King of Scotland, James I. Five hundred men-at-arms in black, with their lances reversed, must have presented an imposing appearance, to say nothing of three hundred more with torches. The funeral helmet, saddle, and shield, were hung on a cross-beam. The shield has lost its heraldry, but it and the saddle and the helmet are still in their places. The accounts furnished by the undertaker are extant, and include the helmet, unfortunately for Dean Stanley's reference to 'the very casque that did affright the air at Agincourt.'

W. J. Loftie.

INIGO JONES.

I.

INIGO JONES was born in 1573. He was the son of a certain Ignatius Jones, cloth-worker, in the parish of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, who died in 1597, leaving a son, Inigo, and three daughters. The name Inigo is, I believe, the Spanish form of Ignatius, and it has been suggested that it was due to some Spanish merchant of his father's acquaintance. Little is known of Inigo's early life. The anonymous memoir prefixed to 'The most notable antiquity of Great Britain, vulgarly called Stonehenge, &c., 1725,' states that 'he was early distinguished by his inclination to drawing and design, and was particularly taken notice of for his skill in the practice of landskip painting,'—a skill which he afterwards found of service in his designs for the scenery of masques.* There is a picture at Chiswick which is attributed to him. It is a classical landscape, not unlike a Gaspar Poussin, and shows some feeling for style and a considerable mastery of the brush. This picture lends some colour to the view that in the first instance it was almost a toss-up whether Inigo became an architect or a painter.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century he paid his first visit to Italy. The first paragraph of his 'Stonehenge Restored' opens with the words, 'Being naturally inclined in my younger years to study the arts of design, I passed into foreign parts to converse with the great masters thereof in Italy;' and it is probable that whatever small patrimony his father left him he spent in travelling to Italy. According to Webb, his pupil, he spent some years in that country. In the 'Vindication of Stonehenge Restored,' published in 1665, Webb states that 'Christianus IV., King of Denmark, first engrossed him to himself, sending for him out of Italy, where, especially at Venice, he had many years resided. Upon the first coming of that king to England, he attended him,' &c.; and there is a tradition† that while in the service of the Danish court he designed several important buildings, such as the Castle of Frederiksborg, the Rosenborg Palace, and the Bourse at Copenhagen. There are, however, several suspicious points about this story. Andersen Feldborg ascribes the design of the Frederiksborg Castle to Inigo Jones, on the ground of its resemblance to the Inner Quadrangle of St. John's College, Oxford, and to Heriot's Hospital. In point of fact there is little reason for supposing that Jones had anything to do with either St. John's or Heriot's Hospital; and even if he had, there is little resemblance between the three buildings. The Frederiksborg Castle appears from drawings to resemble German Renaissance work of the sixteenth century, and is in much the same style as Cronenberg Castle, of which the architect was a certain G. F. Stahlmann, as appears from two drawings at Chiswick. In one point Webb's account is clearly inaccurate. He says that Inigo Jones accompanied Christianus to England in 1606, whereas it is known that he was in England in 1604–5; for on Twelfth Night, 1605, a masque was performed at Whitehall, composed by Ben Jonson, 'of which the bodily part,' says Jonson, 'was of Master Inigo Jones' design and art.' This is the earliest specific mention of his employment in England. At this time he would have been thirty-one years of age; if, therefore, as Webb states, he resided many years in Italy before he was summoned by Christianus, not many years out of the thirty-one are available for his stay in Denmark, especially if, as suggested above, he did not go to Italy till 1597. Either his stay in Italy was shorter than Webb makes out, or Webb is wrong about the extent of his work in Denmark. There can, however, be little doubt that Jones was actually in the service of the Danish court, for Webb could hardly have made an absolute misstatement of a fact which must have been well within the knowledge of his contemporaries; but probably he was not there long, and was only employed in a subordinate capacity, perhaps as assistant draughtsman to Christianus, who is said to have been an accomplished designer himself.

How Inigo Jones acquired his reputation there is no evidence to show. People in the seventeenth century did not tumble into fame, especially when they were the sons of unprosperous clothiers. It is possible, as Webb's account suggests, that he carried back with him to England letters of recommendation from the King of Denmark, but this would only throw the question one stage further back; we are still at a loss to know how a man of his obscure antecedents got into favour at the Danish court. As compared with the record of other artists, Inigo Jones was a middle-aged man when his career in England began. From this time forward till the stormy times of the Civil War, his services were in constant demand; at first for the designs of the *mise en scène* of masques, and after his appointment as surveyor of the King's works in 1615, in multifarious architectural work.

* The illustrations in the text are taken, by the kind permission of the Duke of Devonshire, from the original drawings in his Grace's collections at Chatsworth and Chiswick.

† Andersen Feldborg's 'Denmark Delineated.'

The masques played at Court and elsewhere in the early part of the seventeenth century were on a scale of great magnificence. The most brilliant noblemen and ladies at the Court were the actors, and the pieces were mounted at an absolutely prodigal cost. The great masque of 'The Hue and Cry after Cupid,' composed by Jonson and designed by Inigo Jones, in honour of the Lord Viscount Haddington's marriage at Court in 1608, cost the actors '300*l.* a man.' The actors were such men as Lord Arundel, Lord Pembroke, Lord Montgomery, the Duke of Lennox, and eight others.* The costliest masque ever performed was, probably, Shirley's 'Triumph of Peace,' the scenery and machinery by Inigo Jones. The music alone, under William Lawes and Simon Ives, cost 1000*l.*; and Whitelock, a contemporary, states that 'the charges of all the rest of the masque, which were borne by the Societies, were accounted to be above 20,000*l.*' It was exhibited by the Societies of the Middle and Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, at Whitehall, on February 3rd, 1634. When it is recollected that these masques were seldom, if ever, performed more than twice, and that they were in the nature of private entertainments and unproductive expenditure, it is easily understood how Charles became hopelessly embarrassed before the beginning of the Civil War. As to the status of the actors, in 1630, the masque of 'Love's Triumph through Callipolis' was performed by His Majesty in person and the lords and gentlemen in waiting, to which courtesy the Queen replied by acting the principal part in the masque of 'Chloridia' in the same year.

In fact, in the reigns of James and Charles I. the masques were more fashionable at Court than the legitimate drama. They were the opera of the time with this difference, that the most important person seems to have been not the musician or the poet, but the inventor of the scenery and costumes. A complete masque consisted of an anti-masque and a masque. The anti-masque introduced various disreputable characters, to cast a more heroic lustre on the personages in whose honour the masque was composed. Vangoose, in the 'Masque of Augurs,' says, 'Oh, sir, all de better in an antick masque. De more absurd it be, and vrom de purpose, it be ever all de better.' After this began the masque proper, which consisted of allegorical speeches, songs (many of them of great beauty, such as the songs of the nymphs and the hymn to Pan in the 'Shepherd's Holiday'), galliards, brawles, corrantos, and other dances of extraordinary intricacy. To give one instance only, the 'Masque of Queens,' by Ben Jonson, given at Whitehall in 1609, led off with the anti-masque of a witches' meeting, presented with all the horrors that the poet's erudition and Jones's sombre fancy could devise. After the witches had exhausted their incantations, an allegorical figure of heroic Virtue appeared on the scene, who sang the praise of Fame, coupled with the names of the great queens of antiquity, and of Belanna, Ben Jonson's rather fulsome name for the wife of James I. Fame then stept on the stage and arranged a triumphal procession of chariots, to the wheels of which the witches were bound as captives. The rest of the masque was taken up with elaborately allegorical dances, such as one with figures to form the letters of the name of Charles Duke of York, interspersed

THE BRIBING LOVER.

with galliards and corrantos, and songs by 'that most excellent tenor voice and exact singer Master Jo Allen,' to the tunes of Master Alfonso Ferrabosco.

The poets who wrote the masques in some rare cases designed their own scenery. Webster designed all the scenery in his 'Monuments of Honour' in 1624; and in a masque at the house of Lord Hay, written by Ben Jonson in 1617, the whole masque was sung 'after the Italian manner, *stilo recitativo*, by Master Nicholas Lanier, who ordered and made both the scene and the music;' but in nearly all the most considerable pieces during the reigns of James and Charles the whole of the scenery was designed by Inigo Jones; and it appears from the various drawings in the Duke of Devonshire's collection that he supplied elaborate pen-and-ink sketches to show the appropriate gestures and costumes of the characters. Indeed it would appear that once, at least, he tried

* Collier's 'Annals of the Stage.'

his hand at the verses, for in 'Bartholomew Fair' Ben Jonson taunts him with being 'a parcel poet and an ingeneer,' and the division of labour between the poet and the artist proved a constant source of quarrel. 'He engrosses all,' says Jonson; "he makes all the puppets in the Fair;' and, according to the poet, he made a very bad business of it, but this was only the desperate gibe of a defeated rival. Jonson spoke otherwise in his prosperous days.

On historical grounds, Inigo Jones's designs for masques are nearly as important as his architectural work, for he completely revolutionised the scenery of the stage. As is well known, the mechanical resources of Shakespeare's stage were of the most primitive description. There seems little doubt that at both public and private theatres (as opposed to performances at Court) no such thing as moveable scenery existed till the latter half of the seventeenth century. In the first place, the fact that the whole of the stage up to the back line projected into the theatre, shows that the use of such scenery was *ipso facto* impossible, and that whatever scenery there was, must have taken the form of hangings, or probably painted frames, at the back of the stage. Moreover, there is abundant evidence in the plays of the time to show that such scenery was not in use. Its place was supplied, to quote a note from William Percy, by the 'nuncupations only, in text letters;' that is, the name of the scene was painted on a board and hung up at the back of the stage, and the spectators were expected to imagine the scene of action without any further to do. The scenery used at Court for the revels and other pageants in the sixteenth century had always been on a more considerable scale; but it appears that this, too, was always fixed, and whatever the character of the performance, one scene had to do duty for the whole, though, of course, movable properties, such as 'Hell mouths,' might be dragged in and out at will. The most complete account of a theatre of this time is contained in the indenture dated January 1599, between Philip Henslowe and Edward Alleyn, and Peter Street, carpenter, for the

PROSCENIUM AND SCENERY FOR THE PASTORAL OF FLORIMEN.

construction of the Fortune Theatre. It is described at length in Collier ('Annals of the Stage,' III., 302). The theatre was to be 80 feet square outside, and constructed of half timber work on a brick foundation. The galleries and staircases were ranged round three sides in three tiers. The fourth side formed the back of the stage, behind it were the tiring-rooms, in front the stage itself, 43 feet wide, and projecting into the house 27 feet. It was fenced off from the spectators by oak railings, but arrogant people, who chose to pay for it, were allowed to sit on the stage and smoke their pipes during the performance. It is clear from this description that on such a stage the *mise-en-scène* must have been quite rudimentary, and movable scenery must have been out of the question. In fact, it was not introduced on the public stage till 1657, on the occasion of a play by Davenant.

The great improvements made by Inigo Jones

were all developed from his initial change in the form of the stage itself. While the public stage was a mere platform standing out into the house, the stage which Jones used for the masques was set back behind a proscenium,* so that the necessary room for the machinery and attendants for shifting the scenes was provided out of sight of the spectators. There are several designs for proscenia in the Duke of Devonshire's collection similar to that to Florimen given in the text, which, except for the provision of the flight of steps in front, are only distinguished from those of modern theatres by their freedom from vulgarity and superior style. Malone, confirmed by Collier, states that the first instance of movable scenery being used in England was at the entertainment given to King James in the Hall of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1606, on which occasion 'they hired one Mr. Jones, a great traveller, who undertook to further them much, and furnish them with rare devices, but performed little to what was expected,'—a somewhat ungrateful criticism, as the same authority allows that 'the stage did vary three times in the acting of one tragedy.' As a matter of fact, however, the first masque for which Jones designed the scenery was Ben Jonson's Masque of Blackness, played at Whitehall in 1605, in which there was certainly one change of scene, if not more, for Jonson's account of it is obscure.

DESIGN FOR THE SCENERY OF A MASQUE.

Inigo Jones had doubtless learnt his new methods from the works of such men as Baldassare Peruzzi and the Italians; but a man of his skill would soon overcome the mere mechanical difficulties of scene-shifting; and it appears that towards the end of his career he had carried the mechanics of the stage to a high degree of perfection, for in Heywood's 'Love's Mistake,' performed at Court in 1636, he changed the scenery to every act; and in Cartwright's 'Royal Slave,' played at Oxford before the King and Queen in 1637, he introduced eight changes of scenery. The drawings at Chatsworth and Chiswick show that he worked his changes by means of slips or, as he calls them, 'shutters,' with a large painted scene on a frame at the back. There are several sets of designs for these shutters at Chatsworth all in sets of four; each shutter is carefully drawn in perspective in relation to the rest. They are done on narrow pieces of paper in Indian ink, with a line diminishing in thickness and intensity of shade as the scenery recedes from the eye. There are no working drawings of the machinery in the Duke of Devonshire's collection, but among the Lansdown MSS. in the British Museum there are eight authentic drawings by Inigo Jones, which throw a most valuable light on his method of managing his scenery. The most important are a plan and section to scale, with written directions, of the machinery for 'the King and Queen's masque, "Salmacida Spolia," played at ye new masquing house, at Whitehall, in 1640.' This was the last masque at Court before the Civil War, and the drawings show the furthest point to which Inigo developed his stage machinery. The arrangements are very elaborate and complete. The width of the house was 55 feet, the depth from the back wall to the front of the stage about 30 feet. The opening to the stage was 31 feet 6 inches wide,

* Perhaps I need hardly point out that this term is not used in its classical sense. Strictly speaking, 'proscenium' means the stage itself. In the text it is used to express the architectural or other border which sets off the entire stage, scenery and all, from the rest of the house, and which in modern theatres usually takes the form of a gigantic picture-frame. There is no classical term for this feature, for the simple reason that it did not exist in the Greek or Roman theatre; but the term 'proscenium' has been used with sufficient looseness by later writers and grammarians to justify the application I have given it in the text.

by 30 feet high. The scenes were arranged in five sets, one behind the other along the two sides of an equilateral triangle, with five shutters to each set. The first set was 18 inches behind the front of the stage; the space between the first and second sets was 3 feet 8 inches; between the second and third, 3 feet 10 inches; between the third and fourth, 3 feet 1½ inches; and between the fourth set and a long range of shutters extending right across the back of the stage, 1 foot 8 inches. Each set was diminished in height from the front to the back of the stage; the first set was 26 feet high, the next 22 feet 6 inches, the third 18 feet 6 inches, the fourth 15 feet, the fifth 14 feet. These shutters were rolled backwards and forwards in grooves fixed on the floor and along the top, the upper grooves were concealed behind drop-scenes of clouds, which 'came down from y^e^ roof before y^e^ upper part of y^e^ syde shutters, whereby y^e^ grooves above were hidden, and also y^e^ house behind them.' These clouds also went in grooves,' and could be changed with the scenes to form either thunder-clouds, or 'one gold heaven.' Behind the second of the shutter scenes were placed 'engines,' that is, pulleys worked from below, by which the cloud scenes could be raised or lowered. All these five sets of shutters were movable, and the innermost, which extended across the back of the stage, was made to open in the middle, in two parts, which could be rolled back to disclose the masquers seated behind on a platform. At either end of this platform were stout wooden uprights, in connexion with engines, which raised this platform to any height required. The floor of the stage was raised at the back eight feet above the floor of the house, with a fall of one foot to the front of the stage. The windlasses for working the engines were placed under the stage floor. The only piece of fixed scenery was a large painted screen, quite at the back of the house, and behind the masquers' platform. A variation on this is shown in the scenery for 'Florimen,' in which part of the scenery was fixed 'to show as but one standing scene,' and behind this there was a set of three movable scenes, which were opened to disclose the masquers. The use of movable scenery was the most important improvement introduced by Inigo Jones, but there can be little doubt that he greatly developed the mechanical resources of the stage all round. It is clear from the written descriptions of the scenery to masques that a good deal of skilful management must have been wanted to let down the numerous goddesses and allegorica persons from the clouds in a graceful manner, 'not after the state, down-right, perpendicular fashion, like a bucket into the well, but gently sloping downward.' Such points as the concentration of lights on the performers were carefully considered. While the public stage was lit only by a couple of hanging candelabra and half-a-dozen footlights, as appears from the view of the interior of the Red Bull Playhouse, the masques were lit by coloured lights of 'divers diaphanous glasses filled with several waters that showed like so many stones of orient and transparent hues.' In the 'Masque of Queens,' the 'friezes both above and below were filled with several coloured lights, like emeralds, rubies, sapphires, carbuncles, &c., the reflex of which, with our lights placed in the concave upon the masquers' habits, was full of glory.' In 'the memorable masque' 'all the lights were so orderd that though none was seen, yet had their lustre such vertue that by it the least spangle of the masquers' rich habits might with ease and clearnesse be discerned as far off as the seats.'

It is rather remarkable that Jones's varied knowledge was never called into play for the ordinary theatres. During the first twenty-five years of the seventeenth century several theatres were built in London, but Inigo Jones was not a popular man, and there is no record that he was ever employed to design these theatres; the consequence was that the popular stage remained in its primitive immaturity for another fifty years. He was essentially a Court architect, and all his designs for scenery were made for masques at Court or at the houses of the great noblemen.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

JOSEPH WOLF, F.Z.S., ARTIST AND NATURALIST.

I.

NEARLY thirty years ago, Mr. P. H. Gosse, whose observant life lately ended in the quiet seclusion of his Devonshire home, published the first series of that fascinating book, *The Romance of Natural History.* To many this was, no doubt, a surprising title. The term 'Natural History' may have been connected in their minds with the excursions of some country club and the jovial luncheons at village inns. A beetle, or a butterfly, or a fossil, with a resounding name on a neat label may have fed their appetite for 'specimens,' or they may have grubbed among the dusty archives of craniology, osteology, or any other 'ology which feeds (as Mr. Gosse puts it) upon 'statistics as harsh and dry as the skins and bones of the museum where it is studied.' But where, they may have asked, is this

romance? Among those who could have answered this question to some purpose we may name the artist who partly illustrated the book I have mentioned, Mr. Joseph Wolf; and we safely say that, by means of many of his works, he has answered it.

To some, the innumerable living marvels of this tiny fraction of the solar system which rushes through space with such awful speed, do not appeal at all. For the most part they are not even seen, and never sought. Yet to others the air is full of eloquent voices, and what to one man seems a dismal solitude, with nothing whatever 'going on' in it, to another is no solitude at all, for he sees it teeming with life. All around him he sees exquisite forms; living things so frail and yet so vigorous, so minute and yet so perfect, and withal so infallibly guided by unerring hereditary instinct of the most marvellous kind, that his mind fails to grasp the magnificent profusion of Nature. Her laws overawe and her romance overpowers him. He turns from the mere collector with disgust almost as great as the supercilious city fop awakes in him. The romance of natural history speaks not only of the living but of the dead; and, as Mr. Gosse says so well, unearthliness is a great element in the romance. It speaks, as it spoke to Darwin, of strange times countless centuries ago, when enormous, uncouth monsters browsed over bleak continents long since altered in their form. Monsters who, when their time came to die, dragged their ponderous bones to preconcerted spots (as it seems), there to await the wonder-struck geologist.

The artists who have devoted themselves to work connected with natural history have always been easily distinguished from each other (like the draughtsmen of animals), first, by the relative proportion of their technical skill, and next by the appreciation, or the want of an appreciation, of the romance of nature—a faculty the rarer from the rebuffs and discouragements it is peculiarly liable to meet with from the patrons of that particular branch of art. The crabbed scientist stipulates for 'the utmost scrupulosity of exactness'; for the kind of stuffed-bird conventionality he confounds with 'truth to nature.' If he desires the portrait of an eagle for some dry monograph, that eagle must be drawn ornithologically. As much of him as possible must be shown by means of some taxidermist's attitude; shown, too, almost after the manner of a feather fire-screen. Every feather must be there, ready to be counted, and if light and shade cast any doubt over the number, light and shade must be omitted. In short, the artist is regarded as a machine to be actuated by the ornithologist, and the eagle is regarded as a specimen. The animal painter is but little better off. He must conciliate the sporting patron on the one hand, and observe the traditions of art on the other. Time-honoured conventionality is the safest course and the most profitable—witness the print-shops of the past and the present centuries; besides the drawing-room and the library of every well-to-do Briton. To escape the dangers that await him the artist who devotes himself to natural history with a worthy ideal before his eyes, must possess originality, great knowledge and power of observation; but, above all, that sparkle of imagination without which his handiwork may please, may sell, but can never enthral and never touch the heart.

THE OLD POACHER'S SPRINGE.

Of all animal draughtsmen it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to mention one in whom the perception of the romance of nature has been more happily blended with artistic skill and scientific knowledge than in Mr. Wolf. It has been said, 'Scientific naturalists consider that his power of delineating specific character is simply unrivalled;' but possibly these gentlemen are not aware that this unrivalled power is largely if not altogether due to the possession of those higher qualities which have commended his work to accomplished artists. To grasp the 'specific character' of any object is to see and to show the essential points which distinguish it from all other

species whatsoever; to extract the essence, if I may so call it, not laboriously to map out its markings or arrange its feathers like tiles upon a roof. The process requires a training besides that of the monograph, the museum, or even the studio; it needs an intimate acquaintance with the objects of study in their wild state, and *a love for those objects.* By virtue of his innate genius and his peculiar training, Mr. Wolf, in his own line of art, seems to me to have hit that happy middle course so difficult of attainment, and therefore so seldom attained. His birds and animals never lack a seemly measure of the correctness so highly valued by the scientist, but they also possess, for the most part, some touch of imagination, some appeal to human pity or wonder, and a quality almost indescribable, but one which invests the artist with a far higher rank than the most skilful delineator of mere specimens can hope for.

Mr. Wolf, as I shall show, is a self-made man who followed his natural bent till it led him by comparatively pleasant paths to competence and reputation. I say 'comparatively,' because he has suffered, as by far the greater part of his profession are doomed to suffer, by commissions which prescribed limits to his treatment or enjoined an uncongenial choice of subject. The best and most important of his finished works have, for the most part, passed direct from his studio into the collections, where they are now highly prized. Comparatively few have been seen at exhibitions, and still fewer are now in the artist's possession. It has, therefore, been a matter of some difficulty to select illustrations for these papers which will do him full justice.* The work (*Baffled*) which I have chosen for reproduction by photo-engraving struck me as an original and artistic rendering of a notable incident in the natural history of our own country. It may be dwarfed by the conflicts with and between the terrible brutes of the great continents, some of which Mr. Wolf has so ably illustrated. The awful uproar that suddenly arises in the depths of the forest sleeping in the sultry tropical night; the moonlight challenge of a lion to his rival, thundering along the ruined colonnades of some colossal city; the remote howls of pursuing wolves first faintly heard by the traveller through the dreary, snow-hampered forests of the north;—these things stunt our British fauna into insignificance; yet this incident is full of pathos and interest. A herd of Red-deer are quietly browsing in a remote mountain glen in the centre of the deer-forest. The rifles of the owner are stored away in the gun-room, and the marvellously keen scent of the hinds does not warn them of any danger. Indeed, there is no living thing beside the deer themselves, and perhaps a Pipit or two, in sight. Suddenly, a mighty bird hurls itself from the mist straight at a fawn's back, and, driving its talons into its soft flesh, beats the air with outspread wings, seeking to carry off its victim. The calf, blinded by pain and terror, flies from the herd, carrying with it for a time the shrieking Golden Eagle, but its mother, instead of joining the tumultuous stampede of her companions, stops and looks pitifully back. At last the calf breaks away by sheer weight, leaving blood and floating fur behind it. The baffled eagle soars upwards, but those great claws have done their work, and when the hind looks her last at her dead baby a few hours hence, the bird will triumph after all.

The author of this vigorous design was born in a little village in the district of Coblentz, in Rhenish Prussia, on the 21st January, 1820, and was the eldest child of a substantial farmer—one of a class equivalent to our own yeomanry. The ways of the family were simple, and their occupations monotonously regular. The father's hope was just that his sons should become well-to-do, homely husbandmen like himself, with no ambitions beyond good seasons, good prices, and comely cattle—no troubles besides Prussian extortion and certain 'Frenchifying' tendencies which vexed his Teutonic soul. The boys in their turn were, with one exception, content to walk by the team's side in the holidays, to take a turn at cow-minding, and to make themselves useful elsewhere. The farmer was the head man of the village, and by virtue of that dignity his house bore upon it the Prussian Eagle. The other cottages sheltered just such families as this (each with its small farmyard and barn); and these people, if not so prosperous as farmer Wolf, were yet content with their lot, and content, if they happened to live under thatch instead of slate, to pay the Government fine of three *marks* if they repaired it, for the Government was paternal, and discountenanced inflammable materials.

Fate, however, sprinkling with niggard hand the seeds of genius over the world, dropped one by chance in this commonplace German village. Little Joseph Wolf grew discontented; cow-tending became wearisome, and satisfying the ever-recurring hunger and thirst of poultry and sheep, a burden grievous to be borne. Yet, apace with this discontent, there grew a great love for the wild fur and feather-clad populace of the surrounding country—country in those days teeming with living things, including wolves which sometimes took the very dogs out of their kennels and slaughtered the sheep, gaudy Golden Orioles, and even, now and then, a Blue-throated Warbler. Those who have read the life of Thomas Edward, the naturalist (a book all should read), will remember how nothing would diminish, far less extirpate, his innate affection for the birds and beasts of his native place. Ridicule, starvation, brutal maltreatment, left the little fellow sore in

* *The Old Poacher's Springe* and *The Peregrine Falcon and Teal* have been reproduced by the kind permission of Messrs. Jackson & Gurney.

mind and body, but an enthusiastic naturalist still. So, in a degree, it was with Joseph Wolf, for, although he had no such bad usage to endure, he was without encouragement of any kind, and without advantages save his own clever head and hands. No member of the family had the faintest conception of art; nor more than the very slight knowledge of nature which suffices most people.

Now the boy, finding that he was constantly seeing strange birds of whose flight, notes, plumage, and habits, he knew nothing, longed for a closer acquaintance; and to this end he daily trotted at the heels of one of his father's labourers who was remarkably skilful in setting snares. Possession is nine points of the law, and certainly nine points of natural history. The bird that looks a mere dingy speck in the distance in the hand appears a marvel, and it is not till we capture the insect that we can appreciate those beauties of form and colour, and the adaptability to habitat which are so eloquent to a naturalist—to 'No-eyes' so supremely uninteresting.

The farm was two miles from a lovely and picturesque part of the Moselle, and here, in due course, young Wolf trapped and nested to his heart's content. One day he would be off to watch for the arrival of some rare migrant; the next, to ransack the steep banks (some of them three hundred feet high) of the tributary mill-streams, for Ring-doves' nests, or to set gins for Marten-cats. Now these Marten-cats had tails, and consequently a very considerable influence on the prospects of my subject. There had arisen within him one of those mysterious impulses that seem to generate with such utter spontaneity in kindly soil. They arise in spite of adverse circumstances, and (as in the case of Thomas Edward again) they seem, when of the genuine kind, to be as irresistible as Fate itself. An impulse to be an artist had seized upon the boy's mind, and an artist he must be. He had no particular desire to undertake saints for churches, signs for inns, or portraits of local dignitaries, but he longed to paint, with careful and devoted hands, the exquisite birds and animals he saw, and sometimes caught, in his daily rambles. Moreover, there now came that red-letter day in the calendar of every country boy, the discovery and acquisition of his FIRST GUN. The first gun! What is not conveyed by those three words? In a dark corner behind a ponderous wardrobe it stood, this ancient, heavy flint-lock. Large of bore, long of barrel, and beautifully carven in the stock; rusty and dusty, but what a priceless treasure! The strange birds that flashed by him out-of-doors, the wild notes of day and night might now be identified, and there would be no lack of models if paints and brushes could be had. The Marten-cats had tails!—what could be better than the longest and most elastic hairs from these tails, stuck in a Sparrow or a Thrush quill? The brushes being made, the boy returned from a tramp to the few shops of Neuwied with some cheap colours in his pocket, together with some powder and shot and a new flint or two. He was ready at last for the first step on the ladder to fame. Besides his models he shot some fat Fieldfares, and when the old *market-enderin* and basket-hawker came on her rounds he sold them to her, and thus he was soon able to chink a few *groschen* in his pocket with confidence as to a future supply of ammunition. The good woman's curiosity elicited the fact that Joseph was all agog to be an artist, whereupon she shook a head wise with the chit-chat of a dozen villages, and repeated the old German proverb: 'Seven shooters, seven fishermen, and seven bird-catchers cannot feed one idle man.' An idle man, however, Joseph determined not to be, and even the gun (fell temptation to an idler) was devoted to his chief object.

And now there came a happy time for the young student. Schooling there was in the neighbouring village and fierce battles to be fought to save young Sparrows from decapitation with the wooden knives the boys manufactured for the purpose. Many a drubbing would the Sparrow champion have received but for a big cousin who protected him, and with whom, after school hours, he would ramble away, flintlock in hand. A strange cry or a bird of unknown flight was pursued for hours together, under protest by the practical, prosaic cousin, who thought the Hares and Partridges a much more sensible object. But being rewarded with a lion's share of these (when they got any) he consented to his kinsman's waste of time and powder, as he thought it. Young Wolf had a strange sympathy with living things, which reminds us again of Thomas Edward, and the same insatiable curiosity about wild animals and birds. With the Bullfinches he taught to pipe, the Tree-sparrows that nested behind the farmhouse shutters, with his flourishing colony of pigeons, and even with the tame but not altogether disinterested white cats that followed him into the fields like dogs, there was far more than the ordinary boyish sympathy. With the innumerable birds of prey that then infested the neighbourhood, and regularly migrated to and fro, the boy cultivated a particular intimacy, which led to his becoming in after years a noted authority on the family *Falconidæ*. Goshawks, Sparrow-hawks, Buzzards, Kestrils, and Merlins, bold, cunning, and abundant, hunted the surrounding country. It was Wolf's object to take alive as many of these birds as possible, and to make them sit for their portraits. For this purpose the gun was useless, but not so the wood-craft he had learned from the old labourer.

The farmers were wont to graze and fold each other's sheep in turn for their common profit, and when any of their broad, flat fields were inadmissible they marked them by means of a stake

crowned with a wisp of straw. Wolf discovered round these stakes evidence of their frequent use as perches by the hawks, and he devised a most ingenious trap or springe, which he attached to the stakes during the annual October migration of the birds of prey from north to south. Having set a good number of springes he watched them from afar with his father's telescope, and when a hawk was captured he hurried up and secured his prize in all its unspoilt beauty and savage vigour. Every evening he made a round of his traps and released the Little Owls (*Noctua passerina*) and other superfluous birds, which the foxes would otherwise have filched away during the night. Many boys, and big ones too, would have been seduced by this very respectable sport from all serious thoughts of work at home; but it was just in this home work that Wolf found his chief pleasure; and it almost seems, from the way he set about it, that some such words as those of a very great critic must have passed through his mind:—'Be so much of an Egyptian as to believe that some god made hawks, and bears up their wings for them on the wind, and looks for ever through the fierce light of their eyes, and therefore it is not good to slay hawks; and some day you will be able to paint a hawk quite otherwise than will be possible to you by any persistence in slaughter or dissection, or help of any quantity of stuffing and glass beads in thorax or eye-socket.' Thus Wolf preferred adding a drawing of a Kestril or Sparrow-hawk to his rapidly increasing series, to slaughtering half a hundred with his gun, fond as he was of gunnery. One day he had a Kestril, by means of some unaccountable fascination, sitting for his portrait on a chair-back, but just as he was finishing the drawing the farmer entered, and, the spell being broken, the bird dashed through the window-pane, whereupon there followed paternal chastisement, and, no doubt, baleful maternal prophecy.

'INFORMERS.'
The Puma's Ambush discovered. (*From an original sketch.*)

Now I dare say the reader imagines these drawings (I should have done so myself had I not seen them) as perhaps little better than the usual boyish attempts in colour. They were done, we must remember, without any previous teaching; without encouragement, but with the discouragement of having as models the living objects themselves, full of difficulties of form and colour, and almost unattainably beautiful. They were done with home-made brushes and the cheapest colours, with a farmhouse room as a studio and its unappreciative inmates as the only critics. It is, therefore, with astonishment and admiration that we find (after a few of the earliest attempts of all), instead of the crudest daubs, exquisite little bird pictures; brilliant, minute as miniatures, true to nature, and full of drawing and artistic feeling. They are works which to see is to covet, but never to forget. 'The reason I did them so small,' says the painter, 'is that I had got into the way of working minutely, and could not cover a larger surface.' 'Nobody taught me,' he says, as he hands me a tiny drawing of a goldfinch, 'to lay a ground of gamboge for the head and then to work over it with carmine to get brilliancy.' He noticed (he tells me) that the backs of the farmyard Sparrows were marked very definitely in stripes, and adds, 'I used to labour to get those stripes right as if everything depended on it.' It is one of the characteristics of these little paintings that they show the extraordinary sleekness and precision of marking in the wild originals (qualities so soon impaired by captivity) without sacrificing artistic quality.

There is a kind of natural-history illustration,

particularly of birds, which conventionalizes away all individuality, and gives nothing in exchange. They are drawn by recipe and coloured by the dozen. Ill-formed travesties of legs cling to time-honoured apologies for twigs, and the feathers are laid in as if the bird were being tiled like a roof. Cabinet ornithologists seem to like this kind of art (or its price), for they fondly cling to it, but a Sparrow on their window-sill should teach them that birds' bodies are not blown into shape like glass; that there is as much drawing in its outline as there is individuality. The little German farmer-boy saw this by the light of his own genius; so, being gifted with accuracy, patience, power of observation, and an eye for colour, he was able to turn his back on the plough-tail, and to step boldly out on the dangerous road to reputation.

His home studies were pre-eminently fascinating, if also pre-eminently difficult; but once more ambition goaded him. He saw that he could not make any great advance in a profession, such as art, without more serious study, and a mastery of those academical elements so essential in every calling. He was therefore ready to welcome almost any opening which might lead to the attainment of his object, however obliquely. At Paris, Munich, and Dusseldorf, lithography had reached a high pitch of excellence, and lithographs of the principal pictures in the German galleries began to find their way into the country. When it was found that Wolf would by no means follow the plough, his family, in sage council assembled, made up their mind that he should follow lithography. So, in his fifteenth year, he became an apprentice to that trade in the neighbouring town of Coblentz. Here then, he found himself one of half-a-dozen hands, learning to write backwards, and laboriously copying all sorts of commonplaces for exercise. Here, too, he achieved some 'compositions' which would not seem to be ambitious, as they included tickets for wine-bottles. They also included sketches of birds, animals, and flowers, which met with the commendation of the firm. This apprenticeship was not altogether without its advantages, although as far as art is concerned Mr. Wolf regards it as time utterly thrown away.

PEREGRINE FALCON AND TEAL.

It did not in the least divert him from his object, but with many a beginner it would have proved a dangerous fossilizing process. It gave him, however, the opportunity of increasing his knowledge of birds by recourse to the museum; and there, wondering greatly at the badness of the copper-plate illustrations, he laid eager hands on the first book on natural history he had ever seen — a work of Susemel's.

Few country boys, I suppose, visit a town of any size without their money burning in their pockets, and the apprentice's earliest purchases were Schlegel's *Shakespeare* and a percussion gun. It is to the credit of the boy's friends that they were much more delighted with the *Shakespeare* than the gun, but I fear the gun had a much greater share in making its new master's reputation than the 'sage and serious poet.' The first trial shot was fired over a skittle-ground at the back of the Coblentz lodging, and woefully upset the dignity of a tame Raven, who thought he had croaked his last.

After three years' uncongenial drudgery at the lithographic 'establishment,' the apprentice returned to his people for a time; and no doubt he found his bird-haunted home a paradise indeed. Many a joyous day he spent, renewing his old feathered friendships, and from time to time making new ones, but always with a view to his painting. A good dose of the dusty Coblentz parade with its stream of dapper citizens and smart military band, were just the things to make the wild ravines of the Moselle, haunted by Rock Doves and Marten-cats and Golden Orioles, seem doubly romantic. It was better on a sultry day than plying lithographic chalk and scraper, or writing bottle-labels backwards, to roam gun in hand through a hill-side coppice looking down on the pretty windings of the river, while the doves cooed drowsily on every side.

Wandering thus on one occasion, the lad suddenly flushed a large, unknown bird, which settled on a tree only to fall thence heavily among the brambles before his gun. On rushing up, he found he had secured no ordinary prize, for he recognised by its beautiful plumage that rarity a Hazel-hen. Wilson himself, deep in the unexplored depths of the South

American forest with unknown birds at every turn, could not have been more excited than Wolf on such an occasion. Artist, ornithologist, and sportsman—each was gratified. Another time he had just released a poor Little Owl from one of his springes when a magnificent Goshawk, who had patiently bided his time in an apple-tree, flung himself upon it and carried it off in spite of its pitiful screams and manful resistance with beak and claws. Sometimes a Buzzard, by sheer power of wing, would loosen and carry off stake, springe, and all. It was thus that the young painter was supplied with subjects during this year he spent at home after his apprenticeship ; and when, at the age of nineteen, he travelled to Frankfort and Darmstadt seeking work as a journeyman lithographer, he carried with him not only a goodly collection of highly-finished drawings, but a thorough knowledge of the habits, notes, flight, and migrations of the originals.

He failed to find employment at Frankfort, but was advised to show his drawings to Dr. Edward Rüppell, who was then preparing his *Vögel Nordost Africas.* Rüppell was delighted. He pressed Wolf to stay at Frankfort, and promised him that he should illustrate his book ; further, that the lithographs should be printed at whatever house the draughtsman happened to be employed. The old proverb that nothing succeeds like success is a true one. The young lithographer thus encouraged, showed his portfolio to another naturalist, Dr. Kaup, of Darmstadt, who praised the drawings warmly. He did more than this; for, being about to meet some brother naturalists at Leyden, he took the portfolio with him, and before long sent its owner a commission from Professor Schlegel, of the Leyden Museum, to illustrate with life-size figures a large work on hawking. Wolf had been drudging away again at uncongenial work, but this timely employment justified him in abandoning his trade for good, and beginning a far more congenial and independent career. Staying at Leyden for a few months while working for Schlegel, he became acquainted with Temminck and other notable ornithologists, who between them would have kept him well employed, but for his falling ill with ague, which obliged him to return to Darmstadt. Here he continued to work for Dr. Rüppell, and, what was much more to the purpose, attended the art-school. Here also he picked up for a song, a beautiful double-barrel, late the property of some impecunious nobleman—a gun which years afterwards attracted the commendation of Sir Edwin Landseer himself while shooting with his brother artist on the moors. He was also fortunate in making the acquaintance of some of the upper foresters of the Grand Duke. This brought him many a good day's shooting, and (what he esteemed much more) an excellent opportunity of studying the wild animals and birds which abounded in the forest preserves. The game included Wild Boars, Hares, Red, Roe, and Fallow-deer, Capercailzie, and Blackcock, so the sport of his boyhood was quite eclipsed. On these shooting expeditions Wolf used to leave at head-quarters a large roll of what is called 'continuous' paper, and on his return from the chase, any animal or bird of which he wished to possess the exact proportions, was laid on a piece of this paper and carefully outlined round in pencil. From these data he was able to compile a scale of comparative measurements. Of the birds of prey, especially, he made diagrams with the wings extended, so that in time he was able to distinguish each kind while flying at almost any altitude.

That the young painter, while he was in Darmstadt, made copies of some of the King of Bavaria's pictures for his Majesty, at anything but a kingly price, is a fact which scarcely deserves mention beside the discovery of a Woodcock's nest in the Odenwald. Certain woodcutters felling underwood, and attended by a forester lest they took to poaching, reported that the bird had just flown off its eggs. They continued their work, and in spite of their presence and the destruction of the cover, it returned to its nest. The forester told Wolf of this, and the artist was thus able to make a series of careful sketches of the bird sitting on her eggs within a few feet of him—sketches that were of incalculable value.

It has often been a characteristic of able men that, in spite of early success, they have been anxious to improve, to learn, and above all things, to master those elements generally despised by mediocrity. We shall, therefore, be the less surprised to find that this accomplished naturalist and draughtsman voluntarily left a life full of fascination and excitement, with constant employment of the most profitable kind, to take his place (as he puts it) 'among the small-boys at the Antwerp Academy.' After a week or so in the Antique School and about a year spent in making life-studies, he received in the autumn of 1847 a letter in an unknown tongue. This, being interpreted, proved to be an invitation to London from D. W. Mitchell (then Secretary of the Zoological Society), for the purpose of assisting in the illustration of a large work by Dr. Gray on the Genera of Birds.* The Antwerp student thus discovered that his reputation had reached our shores ; but nevertheless he determined not to break off his Academy career, and declined the invitation. Fate, however, had determined that to England he should go, and she managed it by means of the revolution of 1848. 'All over Europe,' says Mr. Wolf, 'the artists hung up their palettes and took to rifle-shooting. I made up my mind to go,' he continued with a smile,

* Three vols., folio, 1844–49.

as I jotted down my notes and he filled his pipe from a never-failing pouch, 'so here we are!' Partial to shooting as he was, and well provided with the wherewithal, the probability of being shot was inimical to professional advancement.

In the year 1848, therefore, and the month of February, on one of those miserable, deliquescent days by means of which the English winter dissolves into spring, my subject made the acquaintance of Thames scenery. He was not impressed, and actually thought, he says, that our architecture was as wretched as our weather. He introduced himself to Mr. Mitchell, who found him a lodging in Howland Street, where his first duty consisted in learning the rudiments of our language—his next in struggling manfully through *The Vicar of Wakefield* under the guidance of his master. He worked daily at the illustrations for the *Genera*, and set the English scientific draughtsmen a good example by bringing to bear his systematic knowledge of the arrangement of birds' plumage. Gould was then in the midst of his wonderful labours, and possessed the keenest of keen eyes to an artistic or literary bargain. He used to give the young German a cigar and a piece of charcoal, saying, 'Look here, Wolf, nobody can do these things as you can. Just do me a sketch of so-and-so.' An examination of the illustrations to Gould's works subsequent to 1848 will reveal the fact that his cigars were well invested. He commissioned his new friend to paint him a small picture entitled *Woodcocks seeking Shelter*. It was sent to the Academy, and the painter, knowing nothing of the ways of the R.A.s or the honours they bestow, was pleased, but not electrified, to find his Woodcocks in a good position, nor did he know till some time afterwards that he was 'on the line,' and placed there by virtue of Sir Edwin Landseer's intercession. That awful tribunal, the Council and the Carpenters was about to affix the fatal white chalk mark which has half broken so many hearts, when Sir Edwin defended the little work by the unknown hand, and in the end prevailed. Commissions for Woodcocks then poured in so merrily that, as Mr. Wolf naïvely remarks, he painted the pictures 'smaller and smaller till they came to be circular, and a foot in diameter.'

From this point my subject's life glides into the smooth waters of uniform success, and while it ceases to be of such interest to the biographer as the earlier portion, his subsequent works make it artistically noteworthy. His merit was now recognized in England as it had been on the Continent; but were it possible to compile a catalogue of his productions for the first few years he lived among us, it would be found to contain a large proportion of more or less scientific, and consequently artistically uninteresting drawings—the drawings by which learned Societies delight to illustrate those literary Saharas, their 'Transactions.'

If an artist have any imagination, any love for nature, or any ambition, the Transactions of Societies (however learned) are not a field of action in which he finds delight. I have already pointed out that the scientist is difficult to please; his approval, as a rule, being in inverse ratio to the artistic merit of the work he commissions. Wearied of this class of subject, and used to a free choice and treatment, Wolf found no relief in such familiar scientific work as his illustrations to Temminck and Schlegel's 'Birds of Japan' in Siebold's *Fauna Japonica*.* Relief, however, came at last in the shape of his first commission for some drawings to be engraved on wood. Here he was more able to 'follow his bent,' and to revive with his pencil some of his early recollections, as little dreaming of the Nemesis that awaited him in the shape of the engraver's proofs, as of his future fame.

A. H. PALMER.

* Published at Leyden in 1850.

(*To be continued.*)

ART CHRONICLE.

THE prospects of the exhibition season, as gathered in the studios last month, were encouraging, both Academicians and outsiders seeming to have done good work in spite of the dark winter. Among the pictures of the year are the group sent to Burlington House by the accomplished President of the Royal Academy. The artist is true to his creed in the half-length study of a supremely beautiful woman, clad in white, who, having laid her offering of fresh flowers before the shrine of Artemis, with rounded curve of upraised arms lifts the snowy drapery from her brow, and gazes upward with outlook of rapt worship. So sincerely and purely noble and beautiful are the type and gesture, little wonder that *Invocation* is the most popular of Sir F. Leighton's pictures. *Maidens playing at Ball* on an open marble terrace, backed by a rich landscape and distant purple mountains, furnish the subject of another canvas. The wind crumples the loose draperies into endless folds and puckers; the action of the game throws the supple bodies and limbs into attitudes that are more skilfully suggestive of momentary motion than of grace. These are the most noteworthy contributions of the eclectic artist whose aim is style rather than character. '*Le public*,' says Alfred Stevens, '*confond volontiers la romance avec la vraie poésie artistique*,' and possibly such a snare awaits the admirers of Mr. Dicksee's *Passing of Arthur*, which is nevertheless a picture on which to congratulate the painter. With sounder draughtsmanship, a broader brush, and on more ambitious scale than Poole, Mr. Dicksee brings the visions of the elder Academician to mind. In the fore part of the barge lies the saintly king, his white face turned to the skies, while the five queens make lament about him. The mystic barge, with its black-cowled rowers, swings away into the irradiated waters and moonlit mists of the mere. Sincere romanticism is at a premium just now, and this genuine instance should be

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sure of welcome. It is pleasant to find Mr. Boughton recurring, after the somewhat artificial palette and dubious technicalities of some late work, to the refined beauty of atmospheric and natural truth which has been his best *cachet*. In the chief pictures exhibited by him this year figures are subordinated to landscape. The *Salmon River* in the Academy is primarily a quiet picture of open road-side and brown stream among the Scotch hills; while at the New Gallery is a piece of pure landscape study in the Isle of Wight, a sloping edge of grassy cliff above the sea, broken and fringed with low copse-wood, all suffused with the chilly, yet tender, light of very early spring. In its way Mr. Boughton has never done better work than this. Another Associate at his strongest is Mr. Henry Moore, whose two larger pictures in the Academy, of sea and sky off the south coast, dealing with complex conditions of cloud and water, are no less nobly studied than the singularly original and powerful work at the Grosvenor Gallery, which the painter entitles by a line from 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'As when the sun doth light a storm.' A whole story of elemental conflict is in the angry creaming curves of the great waves breaking on shore, and the torn and flying clouds lit suddenly by pale shafts of sunlight. Technically Mr. Moore's brush-work, while no less sure and fresh than heretofore, is more solid and compacted, and his colour remains broadly harmonious, though often assailant in the record of some strange passing effect. Mr. Brett, A.R.A., is also at high level in his work this year, a scene on the Cornish coast, saturated with warm but veiled sunshine. Other work of mark from the Academic studios—Sir John Millais's landscapes and subject pictures; Mr. Herkomer's study of *The Charterhouse Pensioners*, a pendant to *The Chelsea Pensioners;* the large picture by Mr. Tadema, *A Vintage Procession*, which will be engraved by M. Blanchard, and is exhibited apart in King Street; also Mr. Van Haanen's *Venetian Festa*, Mr. Sarjent's portrait of Ellen Terry as 'Lady Macbeth,' with some other pictures claiming record—must find note later on. Of distinguished absentees from exhibition galleries Mr. Burne-Jones is, perhaps, the chief this year.

In the sculpture-room we shall find Mr. Thornycroft, R.A., has been occupied with the colossal figure and the bronze plaques for the Gordon Memorial at Melbourne. Mr. Richmond, A.R.A., has completed the statue of a Greek shepherd, on which he has long been at work. The nude figure, which is of heroic scale, eight feet high, has the strong muscular development of a dweller on the mountain slopes, whose breast expands with their free airs, and his form grows firm and supple with strenuous climbing of their heights. The sculptor presents him balancing his crook in both hands as he descends swiftly, with long, swinging stride, elastic with pleasant motion. The proportions of the figure, broad-shouldered for the height, and thick in the lower limbs and ankles, and the bold detachment of the lines of the figure, challenge criticism.

THE question of a permanent gallery for the National Collection of Portraits cropped up again in the Upper House a little while ago. Viscount Hardinge represented that the pictures suffered in their present temporary home at the Bethnal Green Museum, while the Trustees were puzzled to know where to hang the bequests that continually fall in. The Earl of Milltown suggested that the old Banqueting Chamber at Whitehall, now used as a chapel, might be utilised as a portrait gallery. Other complaints and suggestions were put forward by various noble members, but with no practical result, the answer of Lord Henniker that Parliament could find no surplus money for the erection of a suitable gallery being again the end of the matter. It is, however, some consolation to observe that the interests of this portion of our National collections are not wholly overlooked.

THE next winter exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is already planned, namely, the illustration of the history of field-sports, not only by pictures, but objects in metal-work, ivories, and so forth.

MRS. ALLINGHAM again has a sole exhibition at the Fine Arts Society's of studies illustrating the old farm-houses, the gardens, and the orchards of Surrey, classed under the headings of the four seasons. We have so often given our tribute to the work of this sincere and delightful chronicler of English scenery, that no more need be said than that the artist has lost none of her artistic capacities.

WE have to thank Mr. T. Trythall Rowe for the series of twelve etchings of Old Nottingham. It is always worth while to put on record the picturesque points of our provincial towns, vanishing year by year before modern improvement. Perhaps the street views selected by Mr. Rowe were worth more careful noting than he has attempted of those accidents of structural detail which give character and charm to old buildings. As it is the subjects lack significance, though some are not devoid of pleasing effect. Bridlesmith Gate and the Castle from the canal are among the best of the set.

WE have received with much pleasure a series of photographs by Mr. Hollyer from famous portraits of notabilities by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. They are printed in a flat silvery brown tone, and the highest lights have been kept within the tint. One or two of the portraits have presented difficulties that the photographer has not been able, with all his skill, to overcome. Thus, the pale countenance of Mr. Burne-Jones appears from a distance to hang in mid-air, owing to the absence of gradation in the dark background and dress. Yet the gleaming light eyes have been translated very successfully. Again, though the face of Mr. William Morris has come out with agreeable mellowing of the fierce ruddiness of the painting, the gold glints in the background are obtrusive as white scrolls. Most satisfactory, on the whole, are the heads of John Stuart Mill, so full of tremulous modelling; of Lord Lytton, the abstracted gaze of whose eyes has lost nothing in the photographic process; Monsieur Guizot, whose calm, staid face stands out with cameo-like quality; the picturesque self-portraiture of Mr. Watts himself; and the half-length of Cardinal Manning. The latter is printed on a smaller scale, to make it uniform with the series.

M. MANESSE has lately finished an important etching for the Universal Exhibition of the present year. It is from a fine portrait by Vandyke, dated 1638, in the collection of the Marquis de Monstiers-Mérinville, and represents Jean des Monstiers, *Maréchal des Camps et Armées du Roi*. The face, which looks young for a marshal, is very noble and dignified; and the original picture, with its fine armour, scarf, and flowing hair, must be one of the grandest portraits Vandyke ever painted. M. Manesse has interpreted it very skilfully, notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of a variety of greys in the upper part of the work with hardly any relief from either white or black. When the etcher does find anything to permit brilliance, as in the armour, he does not fail to take the utmost advantage of it. M. Manesse etched some time ago a fine portrait of Madame van Beerysteine, by Frans Hals, now in the Louvre. That plate was remarkable for the close precision of the execution, especially in the wonderful details of the ruff, worked out with a thoroughness of elaboration that would have been almost painful if the etcher had not taken pleasure in his *tour de force*. The clear and precise drawing of the face enabled it to keep its due importance in spite of the high finish of the costume.

GIPSY.

A STUDY BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

THIS is a reproduction of one of those studies which the President of the Royal Academy is in the habit of making for himself. He almost invariably uses black and white chalk on brown paper, and indeed is so much accustomed to these materials that he most unwillingly leaves them for any others. The beautiful head in silver-point which appeared in 'The Graphic Arts' was a most rare exception to the rule, and was executed expressly for that work in deference to the example of the old masters who used silver-point so much.

All who are accustomed to the processes of reproduction by photographic engraving are aware that a drawing on brown paper, in two chalks, is a most difficult thing to reproduce. In the present instance, M. Dujardin's héliogravure has been subsequently worked upon by Mr. C. O. Murray, and the result is as near an approximation to the quality of the drawing as technical difficulties permit.

The tones of the original, though it is not in colour, suggest the dark hair and rich complexion which belong to the gipsy blood.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

VI.—*Chapel of Henry VII.*

Chapel of Henry VII.—The Reredos—The Altar—The Chapel before the Reformation—Burial of Henry VII.—The Tomb—The Building of the Chapel—Torregiano—His Fate—Margaret, countess of Richmond and Derby—Edward VI.—Queen Mary—Queen Elizabeth—Machyn's Diary—The Royal Vaults.

FROM the tomb of Henry V. under the chapel of the Annunciation to the entrance of the chapel of our Blessed Lady is but a few steps, yet if we examine the piers on either side we may trace three distinct architectural periods. First, there is the early work of Henry III., who, it will be remembered, made a Lady Chapel here before he commenced the rebuilding of the Confessor's church. Secondly, the next pier shows us the work done when the body of Henry V. was brought hither from France in 1422. Lastly, alongside of these two is the first column of the new and gorgeous structure with which Henry VII. replaced the Lady Chapel of Henry III. We ascend gradually and in comparative darkness, the effect of the gorgeous building beyond being much enhanced by the gloom of the approach. The great barred-in tomb of Henry VII. stands just beyond the altar, but was concealed from view by the lofty reredos which Torregiano made and adorned with costly marble inlay and carving, and with a wonderful figure of the Dead Christ surrounded by angels, all exquisitely modelled in terra-cotta. The broken-up fragments remain in the triforium, for the whole reredos was destroyed by a certain Sir Robert Harlow in 1643. It used to be described as the monument of Edward VI., who was buried under it. Some fragments of the marble altar were identified by Professor Middleton among the Arundel marbles at Oxford, and other pieces in the grave below, and have been restored to the chapel, forming the supports of the new altar.

Malcolm, in his 'Londinium Redivivum,' endeavoured to recall the appearance of the place before the Reformation:—

'Divesting the subject of every vestige of superstitious veneration,' he says, 'and viewing it merely as a spectacle of extreme grandeur, I cannot avoid calling to my reader's recollection the superb scene Henry the Seventh's Chapel must have presented when just completed. Then the windows were filled with painted glass, and the light which streamed through them was tinged with a warm glow of colours that heightened the brilliancy of the gold and silver utensils of the various altars and the embroidered vestments of the priests, at the same time touching one pendant of the roof with purple, another with crimson, and a third with yellow. The burning tapers, waving with every current of air, varied the strong shadows on the exquisite statues above them and showed their features in every lineament. In the centre stood the vast cross of gold, the statue of the Virgin, and the high altar. Behind it the polished brazen screen, and within it the tomb and altar, glowing with the light of tapers. The sculptured walls and exquisite, minutely carved roof, bounded this unparalleled view, and, thanks to the skill of its architect, still enchants us, though all its accompaniments are buried in irretrievable ruin.'

Henry VII. was buried on the 10th of May, 1509, after a long funeral procession from Richmond, where he died, through the City of London. Measures were at once taken for the construction of the monument. Laurence Ymber was employed to make a design, but the execution was eventually entrusted to the famous Italian sculptor, Torregiano. Ymber seems to have worked with him. He was perhaps the artist who made the strictly Gothic part of the structure, such as 'the grate.' The whole building is always said to have been designed by Sir Reginald Bray,

but he can have had no hand in carrying out his plans, as he died within a few months of the laying of the foundation stone in 1503.

In his will Henry gave very careful and special directions concerning his burial, and intended that

the body of Henry VI. should also be laid in the new chapel. In a council held at Greenwich the rival claims of Chertsey, where he was first buried, Windsor, where he then lay, and Westminster, where he had selected a place for his tomb, were considered, and Westminster was chosen. The Abbey was charged 500*l.*, equal to at least as many thousands now, and seem actually to have paid it They probably never saw the money again, but neither did they obtain the body of Henry VI. There seems to be no doubt that it still rests at Windsor; at all events, it was never removed to Westminster, and the scanty respect shown to monuments and memorials under the Tudors and during the Civil War obliterated any marks by which his grave at Windsor could be identified.

Bishop Alcock, of Ely, is sometimes assigned a share in the credit of making the design for the chapel. It is not improbable that he was closely concerned with Bray, but though he was 'master of the King's works,' he can have had no hand in the actual erection, as he died in 1500, before even the foundation was laid; but, as one of the most accomplished architects of the time, he may well have helped in the drawings and specifications. But the credit is due to a third competitor, the Prior of St. Bartholomew's, in Smithfield, who is mentioned in Henry's will as actually at work. This was Prior Bolton, whose 'device,' a bolt and a tun, are still to be seen in what remains of the great church of his house which he repaired. He, no doubt, was responsible for carrying out the design referred to in the will as a 'plat,' or a 'picture.' Nothing is known of what became of these drawings, but it would be very interesting to see how far they resembled modern architectural drawings.

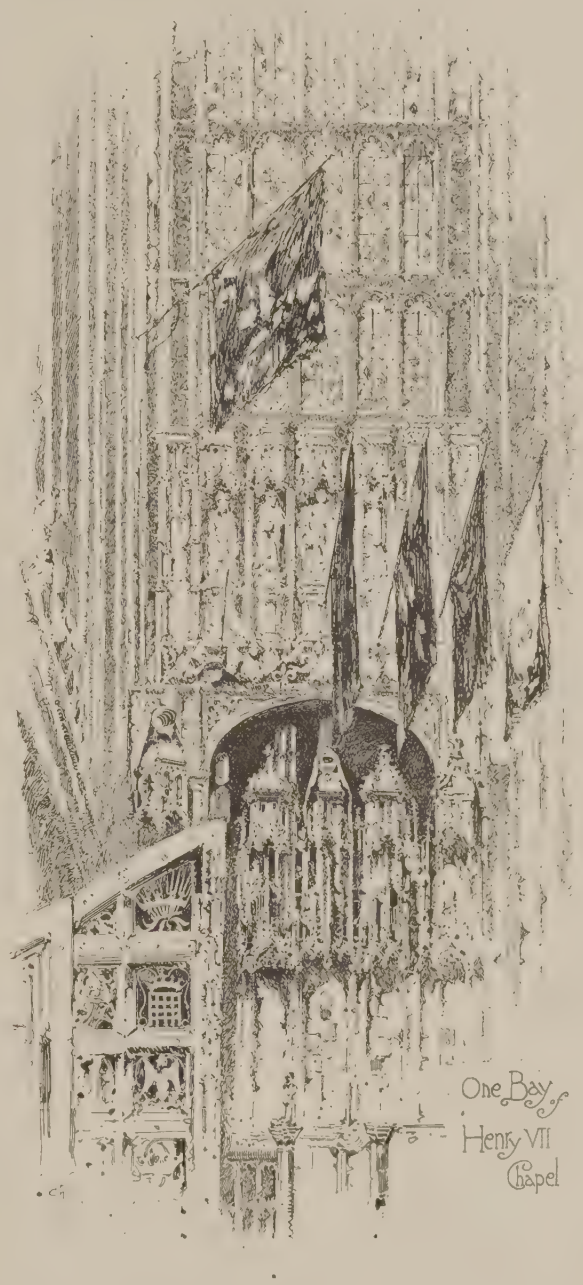
The Harleian Library in the British Museum and the Library of the Dean and Chapter at Westminster both contain copies of the 'indenture' made between Henry VII. and the monastery of Westminster as to the religious observances in the chapel, and as to their continuance 'whilst the world shall endure.' Alas! for human expectations. Henry VII. probably thought there could not possibly be, or be conceived an institution more likely to be permanent than the Abbey of Westminster, or more likely to last as long as the world shall endure. Less than fifty years after the death of Henry VII. the last flicker of the tapers at his shrine had died out.

Architecturally speaking, the chapel consists of a nave, two side-aisles, and five smaller apsidal chapels. There is no public entrance but from the interior of the Abbey, but there is a small workmen's door in the south-eastern turret, by which access may be had to the south aisle. The vaulting is supported by fourteen buttresses, or turrets, between which are thirteen windows. Turrets and walls are alike covered with a lace-like pattern, and every part is enriched with minute tracery, and hundreds, if not thousands, of roses, portcullises, fleurs-de-lis, lions, dragons, and greyhounds. But the roof is the great glory of the chapel. It is reasonable to suppose that it was built by the same men who made that of the very similar, but less elaborate, choir at St. George's at Windsor, where John Hylmer and William Vertue were the chief masons.

Before giving, in technical terms, a brief description of the roof, it may be worth while to observe

what was the object or tendency of mediaeval architecture. Every architect then endeavoured to move forward, not, as now, to move backward. There can be little doubt that it is to the imperfect knowledge they had of statics and other branches of science that we owe the introduction of the pointed arch. It was thought more stable than the round arch, and all architects tried as they could to make their openings wider and flatter, and to get as nearly rid of the point as they considered safe for the stability of the structure. In illuminated manuscripts, except the very latest, we never see pointed arches, even when a thoroughly pointed building is represented. The theory of architecture was that arches should, if possible, have round heads. To get greater stability the Saracenic architects invented the horseshoe arch, but neither they nor the Gothic architects clearly realised the truth of their own proverb, 'An arch never sleeps,' no matter what may chance to be its form, whether round or pointed, stilted or horseshoe. The builders of the roof of the chapel of Henry VII., in their last and crowning effort of Gothic art, endeavoured to make it as nearly flat as possible, and to get rid finally of the point. In this object they all but succeeded. Here is the technical description of the wonderful roof nearly as given by Brayley, who probably had it from Jeffrey Wyatt, not yet Wyatville, who was engaged for a long time in repairing it :—The main ribs or groins spring from the capitals of triplicated columns, wrought in the face of the side-piers, and they unite in the middle of the vaulting, forming a series of very slightly pointed arches. Every groin appears to go through the centre of a vast circular pendant, which, expanding from an octagonal base, extends the rich embroidery of its ramifications over the vault till the extreme circles of each meet at the apex. All the pendants are contrived so that the stones composing them may have the effect of key-stones; and, as the groins which intersect them abut against the cross springers which stretch over the aisles from the exterior buttresses, the whole vaulting is as 'steadfast' as any vaulting can be. To prevent the groins from spreading at the haunches, the space between them and the side-piers is occupied by perforated masonry, and at the angles of the piers are half pendants. This is a greatly summarised account, but it will be seen that, what with the number of circles in panelling, and what with the pendants, the idea of a pointed vault was carefully kept out of sight. My theory as to the feeling of the mediaeval architect towards pointed arches may not be sound, but it accounts for many things hitherto unaccountable, even though it assumes that points were considered a disagreeable necessity.

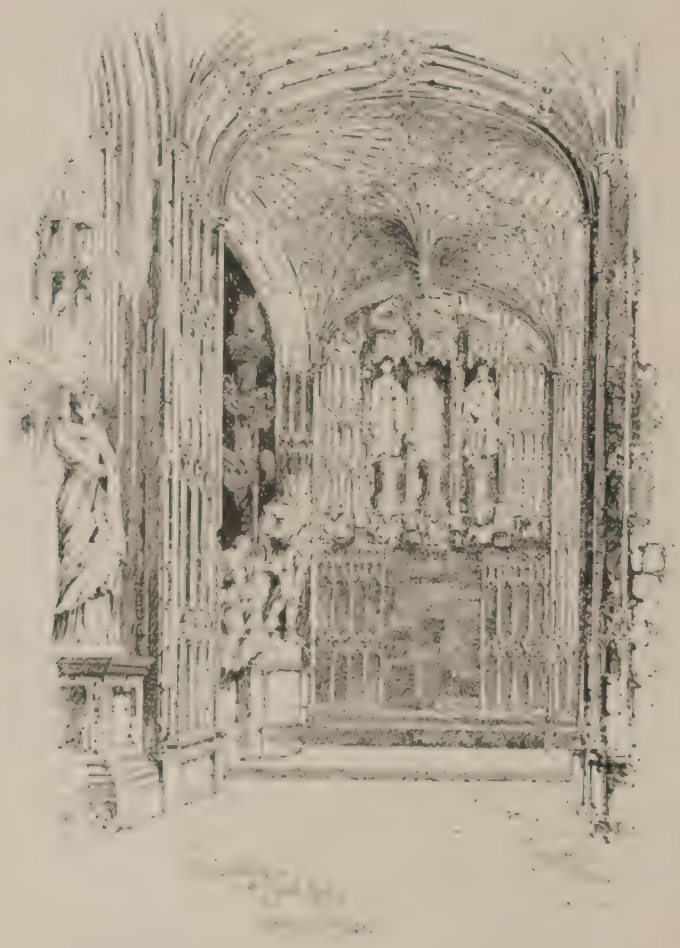
The tomb and the effigies of the King and Queen upon it, are in a style wholly different from that of the grate or of the chapel. They are, in fact, purely Italian, and, as I have remarked already, remind us that the Romanesque, whose last dying efforts are to be seen in the shrine of the Confessor and the tomb of Henry III., has now revived and come back to us from Italy in the work of Torre-



giano. The statues excited the deepest admiration. The proportions, the anatomy, the muscular modelling, were seen here for the first time. Bacon speaks of the tomb as 'one of the stateliest and daintiest monuments of Europe.' Mr. Burges, who could not be accused of any special partiality for the Renaissance, says it 'will bear comparison with any other work of the time, either in Italy or elsewhere.'

Of Torregiano's work we have two other acknowledged examples, at least; the monument of the

Countess of Derby, the mother of Henry VII., in bronze, which is in the south aisle of the Chapel, and the little known but most interesting tomb of John Young, bishop of Gallipoli, who was coadjutor to the Bishop of London and Master of the Rolls, which still exists in the Rolls Chapel. The tomb of Henry VII. is in a later style than either of these, having probably been finished after Torregiano's visit to Florence in 1518. The tomb is fairly intact, though the crowns of the King and Queen, and some other



removable ornaments, as well as the covering of the chantry itself, have disappeared. The most beautiful feature of the design is perhaps the little angels at the corners. They seem to have scarcely alighted, and to be ready to take flight again in a moment.

The whole life and adventures of Torregiano form a curious story. Like Cellini, he was vain and quarrelsome; but, unlike Cellini, when he got himself into trouble he did not know how to get out of it again. Cellini says of him that he 'was exceedingly well made, very bold, and had more the air of a soldier than of a sculptor, and with his fierce gestures, his loud voice, and his frowning eyebrows, was enough to frighten any man; and every day he talked of his feats among those beasts of Englishmen.' When Cellini heard him acknowledge that it was he who had broken the nose of Michael Angelo, he refused to go to England with him, else, as Mr. Burges remarks, his book 'would doubtless have been enriched with a most amusing series of chapters about his own feats among those beasts of Englishmen.' Torregiano came back without him, however, and completed the tomb of Henry VII. Next he went to Spain. A nobleman commissioned him — so the story runs — to make a statue of the Blessed Virgin. When it was completed, they quarrelled about the terms. Torregiano, with characteristic ill temper, broke his work in pieces, whereupon the Spaniard denounced him to the Inquisition for disrespect to the Madonna — though a Madonna of his own making. He was cast into prison, and, it was said, his temper so overcame him that he starved himself to death.

The tomb of the Lady Margaret has in it qualities even superior to those of the tomb of Henry VII. No such wonderful hands have ever been modelled as that lean, old, wrinkled, withered pair. One feels that the very veins on it are portraits. As for the face, it is hardly as good as the hands, yet one reads in it the goodness of disposition, the benevolence and liberality of the King's mother, whose name is commemorated by her splendid foundations at Oxford and Cambridge. She was the daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, and married, first, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, who died in 1456, by whom she had one son.' She married, secondly, Thomas Stanley, Earl of Derby, whose second wife she was. He died in 1504, and she survived him five years, dying at length in the same year as her son, Henry VII. Any little hereditary title Henry had to the crown he derived from her.

Though Henry VIII. bequeathed his body to be buried at Windsor, beside Queen Jane, his descendants and those of his father were laid here. The monument of Edward VI., if indeed any special memorial to him ever existed, was destroyed in 1643. The body rests in a shallow vault, which Dean Stanley opened in 1868. The leaden coffin was found to be 'rent and deformed,' as well as wasted by long corrosion, and perhaps injured by having been examined before. Close to it were some portions of Torregiano's altar, which were now taken out, and worked into the present stone Communion Table.

The body of Queen Mary lies in the same grave with that of her sister. She was the first person buried in the north aisle. No monument commemorates her, other than the brief lines on Elizabeth's tomb: 'Regno consortes et urna hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis.'

As Dean Stanley remarks on these words, the long war of the Reformation was closed in them. 'The sisters are at one: the daughter of Catherine of Arragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn rest in

peace at last.' The universal grief of the nation at the death of Queen Elizabeth is reflected in the magnificence of the noble monument raised by James I. The artists employed would seem by their names to have been foreigners—Maximilian Powtran and John de Critz.

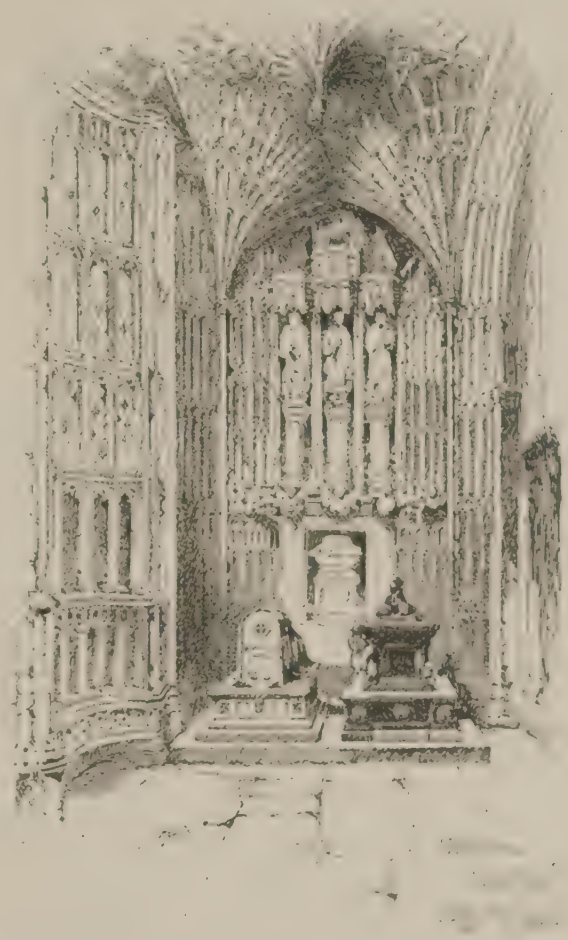
And now we come to a very singular fact. Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, and since that date no fewer than twelve sovereigns—or, counting Mary II., thirteen, and Oliver Cromwell, fourteen—have sat on the throne, yet no monument was ever erected to any single one of them, nor even so much as a line of inscription carved. Dean Stanley, to whom the royal sepulchres owe so much, placed their names as nearly as possible over the place where each one was buried. From this we learn that James I., Charles II., William and Mary, Queen Anne, and George II. were laid in these vaults, as well as their consorts and many of their children. The Stuart vault is at the east end of the south aisle; that of the house of Hanover in the centre of the chapel near the west door.

Another singular thing is to be noted, namely, that the last royal tomb erected in the Abbey was the monument of Mary Stuart, placed over her remains when James I. transferred them from Peterborough in 1606. In many respects it resembles that of the rival queen in the north aisle, and is no doubt by the same pair of artists. Both are, of course, wholly incongruous to the style of the building in which they are erected. In the tomb of the Countess of Derby, Torregiano departed from the Gothic model, and this movement was carried further in the monument of the Countess of Lennox; but the last shred of Gothic feeling has departed when we come to the sumptuous hearses, with their Corinthian columns and high panelled arches which mark the graves of the two queens.

The effigies are probably portraits, but if so have a curious family likeness.

We have notices of several royal funerals by a contemporary writer, Henry Machyn, a citizen of London and professional herald, or perhaps undertaker, under Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. In 1553 he writes particulars of the burial of Edward VI.:—

'At his burying was the greatest moan made for him of his death as ever was heard or seen, both of all sorts of people, weeping and lamenting. And first of all went a great company of children in their surplices, and clerks singing, and then his father's bedesmen, and then two heralds, and then a standard with a dragon, and then a great number of his servants in black, and another standard with a white greyhound, and then after a great number of his officers, and after them comes more heralds, and then a standard of the head officers of his house; and then heralds: Norroy (King of Arms) bore the helmet and the crest on horseback, and then his great banner of arms in embroidery, and with divers other banners, and then came riding Master Clarenceux (King of Arms) with his target, with his garter and his sword, gorgeously and rich, and after Garter (the principal King of Arms) with his coat armour in embroidery, and then more heralds of arms; and then came the chariot with great horses draped with velvet to the ground, and every horse having a man on his back in black, and every one bearing a banner-roll of divers kings' arms and with escutcheons on their horses, and the chariot



covered with cloth of gold, and on the chariot lay a picture' (an effigy coloured like life, no doubt, is meant by *picture*) 'lying righteously with a crown of gold and a great collar, and his sceptre in his hand, lying in his robes, and the garter about his leg, and a coat in embroidery of gold.'

He goes on at some length further, but the above must suffice. His spelling is very wonderful, and his meaning is not always clear in consequence. For example, he speaks of the effigy as 'lyeng recheussly.' Strype, in quoting the passage, changed *recheussly* into *piteously;* but I venture to think Machyn meant righteously, that is, with the hands in an attitude of prayer.

Machyn does not mention the ceremony performed. Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Day read

the service, in English, with what grief and apprehension in their minds we can easily guess.

The next ceremony approaching the proportions of a royal funeral was that of Anne of Cleves. It is curious to read of this Protestant princess, whose marriage with Henry VIII. had been brought about by Cranmer and Cromwell expressly to increase the King's leaning to the Reformation, that she should have turned to Romanism in her later years. She was buried with all the ceremonial of the old church by the monks whom Queen Mary had brought back to Westminster. Her tomb, never completed, is on the south side of the altar in the Abbey, close to where the portrait of Richard II. now hangs.

Machyn's last royal funeral was that of Queen Mary, when, no doubt, the feelings of Cranmer and Day by the open grave of Edward VI. were repeated in the minds of Bishop White and Abbot Feckenham.

As the royal interments after that of Queen Elizabeth are, as I have observed, unmarked by monuments, they hardly concern us here; but it may be well to mention that, in addition to the vault under the shrine of Henry VII., which contains the bodies of that King, his Queen, and James I., there are at least two other royal vaults, still unmentioned. The whole floor of the chapel is, in fact, honeycombed with graves. Anne of Denmark is buried on the north side of the shrine; her son, Henry, with his elder brother, a child, and Mary Stuart, his grandmother, no fewer than eighteen children of Queen Anne, and a great many other scions of royalty, are buried in the south aisle in a large vault, opened by Dean Stanley. At the eastern end of the same aisle is the vault of Charles II., which contains also the bodies of William III., Queen Mary, Queen Anne, and Prince George of Denmark. Finally, at the western end of the central aisle is a large vault, of which plans and views have been published, in which are buried George II., Queen Caroline, the Prince Frederick and Princess of Wales, two Dukes of Cumberland, and a round half-dozen of princes and princesses. These vaults are all immediately underneath, and a few inches only below, the pavement.

W. J. Loftie.

EARLY CHRISTIAN ART IN IRELAND.

Miss Stokes, well known and much respected on account of her large share in editing and completing the Earl of Dunraven's magnificent work on the ancient religious and military structures of the sister island, while producing this well-digested, clear, and useful history of the so-called Anglo-Saxon, Celtic, or Runic art of Ireland, set before herself the excellent principles which are embodied in the following passage, taken from the end of her book:—*

'As regards the history of the builder's art in Ireland, of which we have been enabled to offer a mere outline in this work, we can only repeat what we have stated elsewhere, that the special interest of its study lies, not in that it possessed any singular antiquity or beauty as compared with works of ancient Art in other countries, but rather that, owing to many circumstances in the history of the country, the remains of a great number of monuments, belonging to the period between the fifth and twelfth centuries of the Christian era have survived, untouched by the hand either of the restorer or of the destroyer; and that in them, when arranged in consecutive series, we can trace the development from an early and rude beginning to a very beautiful result, and catch the dovetailing, as it were, of one style into another, till an Irish form of Romanesque architecture grew into perfection. The form of the Irish church points to an original type that has almost disappeared elsewhere—that of the Shrine or Ark, not of the Basilica.'

* 'Early Christian Art in Ireland.' By Margaret Stokes. With one hundred and six woodcuts. Published for the Committee of Council on Education by Chapman & Hall.

In carrying out this intention Miss Stokes has very wisely accentuated the native peculiarities of Hibernian Art, as distinct from its analogues on this side of the sea and on the Continent. It seems that she ought more emphatically than she has done to have condemned or ridiculed that vast cobweb of error and boasting which ignorance and tribal vanity have constructed concerning the extreme antiquity, abundance, and even the beauty, of the native decorative arts of Hibernia. Of Irish architecture proper Miss Stokes speaks distinctly enough in placing it in due relationship to foreign, and more ancient developments than popular fancies have claimed for it. Even as to that fifth century, which is referred to in the above extract as the *alpha* of this mode of design, evidence exists only in the attribution of that famous bell of St. Patrick, which is preserved in the Irish Academy, to A.D. 406. This is the one swallow of that remote age of archaeological romance; the next relic is the Psalter of St. Columba, now in the same collection of antiquities, for which the most enthusiastic admirer has not ventured to claim a date within half a century of the bell. Whatever admiration is due to the metal case, see p. 107, of St. Patrick's bell (an interesting relic of undoubted twelfth-century work), the bell itself is hardly worthier to be called a specimen of art than a common Wiltshire sheep-bell, which it considerably resembles.

The so-called 'Annalists' of Ireland wrote at

large and boldly about the 'great skill' of the active bellmakers in the fifth century. If they really believed what they said, their ignorance must have been stupendous; if they erred (as the existing bell attests they did), what shall we think of their assertions anent other matters, about which we have no evidence better than their bare words, or rather the groundless visions of bards more barbarous than themselves, and bound to flatter the vanity of the tribes? The bell of Cumascach, Steward of the Monastery of Armagh, bears an inscription, on the strength of which it is alleged to be a work of the tenth century; it has not the slightest right to be called a work of art. There is much evidence of the ancientness of these rude bells, and they seem to have been in the custody of certain families during wonderful periods of time. Thus the MacBeolans of Galway were, till lately, custodians of the Black Bell of St. Patrick, which is now in the Museum of the Irish Academy; the MacGuirks of Tyrone, the MacEnhills, the Magovorans, the O'Rorkes, and others had charge of similar relics, including the Keenes, who were hereditary keepers of the Golden Bell of St. Senon. Some of these may be twelve or thirteen hundred years old, but it is not on them claims for the merit of Irish toreutic art can rely, although their authenticity is affirmed by the likeness between them severally and other bells, with similar histories not to be shaken, which exist in Wales, Switzerland, Brittany, Burgundy, Cologne, Scotland, and (two only) England.

It is ridiculous to found artistic claims on such examples of rude smith's work. Their importance as proper to the saints whose names they bear is admitted, and their venerableness cannot be contested. Yet, so far from their justifying notions of the antiquity of Irish art, the utter absence of elegance or elements of taste and beauty of any kind — features which the rudest races with artistic instincts the most primitive have never, however feebly, failed to evolve — to say nothing of their curious inefficiency as sound-producing instruments (in respect to which they are of the lowest order), convinces observers that their makers were incompetent in every respect. The magnificent cases of shrines, which the piety of later centuries (say the tenth to the thirteenth) made for some of these bells, are unquestionably beautiful in their way, and they have a history of importance. They are peculiar to Ireland; or, perhaps it would be safer to say that every other instance of the kind, wherever existing, is, truly or untruly, referred to the professors of the toreutic art in that country. It is not needed to go into the question of the veracity or otherwise of these attributions, because no one claims for the cases a very remote antiquity, or an originality in design which is national and Hibernian. They depart not from types of design which, for centuries previous to the making of the oldest among them, had been rife in Europe. So far are they from possessing special Irish characteristics, that they illustrate Byzantine, Romanesque, and other phases of decoration, each specimen, however, being referable to a mode which obtained on the Continent during a previous epoch, while some of their number belonged to modes of invention which had gone out of vogue there in one or more generations earlier

SHRINE OF ST. PATRICK'S BELL.

than that to which the finest instance itself from Ireland can possibly be referred.

Miss Stokes puts this much-vexed subject very neatly and carefully in the preface to her book, and to the following effect, when she says that her subject is what has often been misnamed Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, or Runic art. It is to be remembered that the lady is bound to write about early Christian art as it existed in Ireland. The term Celtic belongs, as she truly says, to the toreutic art, besides that of enamelling, which existed in Britain (not, so far as we know, in Ireland), before the Roman occupation, 'and in Ireland before the introduction of Christianity in the fifth century.' It also, and here lies part of the kernel

of the subject, 'embraces the great stone forts which line the western coasts of the country, such as the Dún Aengus and Dún Conor, as well as the chambered tombs of New Grange.' These constructions are, however, not artistic at all; they are but rude masses of bulky, often roughly hewn, stones, or deftly piled walls of smaller blocks —

BELL OF CUMASCACH MAC AILELLO.

primitive fortalices—whose *brutal* weight and thickness served the tenants as a sort of armour sufficient against surprise, and if the holders were bold, enabling them to defy the attacks of foes unprovided with warlike engines of any sort. It is a preposterous thing to call the Dún Eochla, on Aran Mór, a work of architectural art; the Cill Conanach, on the middle island on the same wild group, is but the rudest of constructed works in stone, and it seems to be less ancient than the grim Dún. They are specimens of a primitive sort of engineering, that is the best which can be said for them, while they exhibit a very low kind of ingenuity of that order.

Turning to another mode of design, of which the relics are more to the point of our subject, Miss Stokes tells us that the late Celtic style in Great Britain — the bronzes of which are marked by distinct characteristics in decoration — prevailed from about two hundred years before the birth of Christ to the time of the Roman occupation. When it may have begun is questionable, but it is certain that it lingered to a much later date in Ireland, and, judging from analogies furnished by the universal history of design, I may add that—at a much later period than elsewhere in Europe—this development reached that which was then an utterly barbarous country, the few reliable elements of the history of which remaining to us affirm, with an almost unbroken sequence of century after century, the murdering by knife, poison, axe, or stone, of nearly every so-called king or headman of a tribe. If the headmen were thus dealt with, what are we to think of the minor leaders, what of the people, what of their civilisation, what of their 'arts?'

Early Celtic art goes back, as Miss Stokes truly affirms, into a pre-historic region, in which we cannot trace similar peculiarities of decorative design to those of the late Celtic. The early Christian art of Ireland may well be termed Scotic as well as Irish, just as the first missionaries from Ireland were termed Scots, Ireland having borne the name of Scotia for many centuries before it was transferred to North Britain; and foreign chroniclers of the ninth century speak of 'Hibernia, island of the Scots,' when referring to events in Ireland, regarding which corresponding entries are found in the annals of that country. 'The fact that Anglo-Saxon manuscripts exist in England with Irish decoration led to the misnomer Anglo-Saxon for this style till Waagen, who had sufficient knowledge of both styles to perceive their difference, drew the dividing line between them. The mistake, however, led to much confusion in the Continental libraries, where even manuscripts written, as well as illuminated, by Irish scribes, were frequently named Anglo-Saxon.' The question is as to the age of these articles, and its answer affirms something very different from the assertions of those who claim

SHRINE OF ST. CULANUS BELL (BACK).

them as relics of an Irish Golden Age, when Hibernian scholars instructed, and Irish artists delighted, a world in darkness.

The term Runic (here again we quote Miss Stokes with complete acceptance) is likewise a misnomer, as applied to such designs in Irish art as interlaced patterns, knots, and basket work, which occur with Runic inscriptions elsewhere. 'Such designs are found

in archaic art in most parts of the world, and still appear in the native work of Japan and India.' 'They characterise Roman art of a certain period [*i.e.* they are more or less Romanesque, and are very far indeed from being of immemorial, to say nothing of aboriginal, Irish origin], and all that can be said is that certain varieties were developed in Ireland after [how long after is the question, to which there is but one answer] their introduction with Christianity, which stamp the objects thus decorated with an Irish character.' The peculiarity of Irish art—here again we are at one with the writer—may be said to be the union of such primitive rhythmical elements as are common to barbarous nations, with a style which accords with the highest laws of the arts of design, the exhibition of a fine architectural feeling in the distribution of parts [this, *pace* Miss Stokes, is by no means always in evidence], and such delicate and perfect execution, whatever the material in which the art was treated, as must command respect for the conscientious artist by whom the work was carried out. It is, however—let it not be overlooked—an execution which owes most, if not all, its supremacy of merit, to that amazing tenacity of labour and delicacy of touch which seem inherent to the technical manifestations of many races not at all emerged from barbarism. Some of the illustrations to this paper, lent for the purpose by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, affirm this much.

The bells made for St. Patrick (about which there need be no contest), 440–6, in Ireland were contemporaneous with the throne of Dagobert (of which in this connexion the antique portion must be separated from the later one), and the ivory chair of Maximian at Ravenna; there are specimens immeasurably superior to the Hibernian ones, not merely are they superior in degree—which of course was to be expected from the circumstances of each, but they are completely superior in kind, if by 'kind' we are to understand the intellectual qualities applied to their production. It is difficult to associate such bells with art at all, and yet, apart from legends, which rest on their own bottoms only, these are the sole specimens of that ancient Hibernian art of the remote Christian period of which we have heard so much. We come now to more important and purely philosophical considerations of the subject, about which, as elements of criticism pure and simple, there can hardly be a question.

It is a remarkable thing, and of great importance, as regards the original character of ancient Irish art and the native taste of the remote inhabitants of that island (of which it is said, *more Hibernico*, that neither Roman nor serpent ever set a foot on it), that—whereas the spontaneous decorative proclivities of every other nation were exercised in developing the construction, that is to say, to imparting expression and grace to the serviceable features of the objects to be enriched, and thus using ornaments which were intrinsic and not extrinsic—it was otherwise with the Irish. The artistic records of Egypt, Assyria, Greece. Rome, Byzantium, and even the 'outlandish' Mexico, although they differ in every

HIGH CROSS OF MUREDACH, MONASTERBOICE. TENTH OR ELEVENTH CENTURY.

other respect, agree in this particular; while the Byzantine parent of Hibernian design differs least of all. Not so the work which can fairly be called Hibernian and ancient. Even that great treasure—the Tara brooch—which may be taken as a type, and which is commonly considered to be a specimen of early Irish art in metal, dates no further back than the time of the Book of Kells, *c.* 700, being the most remote epoch with which it can be associated. Even this wonder of the toreutic craft (it is of fine white bronze) is, like all similar

relics, such as the Roscrea and Ardagh brooches, not merely primitive with noble feeling innate, and undeveloped, but, from a constructional point of view, simply uncouth, ill-designed, and rude, according to which an Egyptian, Greek, or Roman artificer would have looked upon it with half-contemptuous interest, as the work of a light-handed, laborious, and exquisitely clever chaser of the surface, but a mere barbarian in regard to the essentials of what the craftsmen of antiquity condescended to call art. The ornaments of these and similar articles are

TARA BROOCH.

marvellously delicate and deliciously quaint, but the radical design of none of them is constructively right.

We must accordingly find the type of old Irish metal decoration to be not an original and spontaneous development of art, the employment of which showed something far more valuable than laborious finish of applied ornament, but a very careful adaptation of motives, and even of details, which centuries before had obtained in the east of Europe and was Byzantine in every characteristic, modified more or less by the idiosyncrasies of the workman and other minor influences. The same may, as Miss Stokes points out, be said of all the decorative arts we have long been taught to call Irish and original, but which are really branches of the great Oriental stream of design, and derived from that wonderful fountain long after it had begun to flow, and when it had deteriorated more or less from its finer and nobler sources. The character in which the Irish scribes wrote resembles that employed in Latin MSS. of the Romance countries of the fifth and sixth centuries, and the 'Book of Kells' belongs to the end of the seventh century; its every feature affirms the influence, not of a new phase of design, but of an old and well-developed one. It is quite out of the question that such a work was produced in the beginning of a style. There is no proof, but various legends without the least sign of one, that other examples of Irish origin preceded this magnificent instance; while, on the other hand, there is every probability that some Gallic or Lombardic illuminator, having found a home in Ireland, exercised himself there, and produced this wonder. There is no reason for supposing that, if any, more than a very small number of similar works have been lost. Their beauty, of a sort requiring no education to appreciate, would be the strongest safeguard they could possess. However long they were in hand,—perhaps more than one generation of men was devoted to their production (as is known to have been the case in various masterpieces of Chinese skill),—it is not likely that they represent anything like a school of draughtsmen; rather they belong to very few. It must have struck every observer familiar with Byzantine and Frankish enamels, that the lacertine patterns and interlaced work of the ancient Irish and Anglo-Saxon illuminations curiously resemble each other. The ornaments of the illuminations are veritable examples of a *cloisonné* pattern, repeated with almost miraculous delicacy, for which the process of painting lent itself with a facility which is obvious to every one accustomed to use the brush and body colour. But we need not seek the analogous examples in metal, while the true origin of Hibernian design is distinct in Continental art, much more ancient than anything which can be ascribed to the sister island.

Miss Stokes has no difficulty in demolishing the superstitions which have gathered about some of the more ancient Irish MSS., besides those which we have mentioned in connexion with the 'Book of Kells.' The 'Book of Durrow,' which is absurdly said to have been written by St. Columba, is much inferior to its forerunner, although it is a marvel of its kind, and seems to have been produced in the eighth century, not earlier. Ferdomnach, who wrote the 'Book of Armagh,' died in 844 A.D. What was the state of Ireland at that period we know pretty well. Our knowledge suffices to prove the error of those who, observing the beauty of the decorative work of Irish illuminators and chasers, the dates of which

have been established, affirm that such superb instances declare the country to have been in a halcyon condition, and its people civilised, because a few monks, labouring in safety, were able to work so finely!

It is interesting to notice, what Miss Stokes has overlooked in her excellent chapter on the works of Irish scribes on the Continent, many of whom were found in and after the eighth century, that some of the illuminations they contain, although closely resembling the works of which the Hibernian origin can hardly be doubted (including those above named), exhibit influences of considerably later dates, and very like the Carlovingian models. It does not, of course, follow that they were produced in Ireland, and the ascription of many of them to Irishmen is not by any means beyond challenge, although they are said to be 'Irish in character,' which may be Carlovingian. The enrichments of the so-called shrine, or case of the Bell of St. Patrick, a work of about A.D. 1091, preserve all the character of the older illuminations in a transitional form. In writing on primitive building and architecture as practised in Ireland, Miss Stokes has had considerable advantages from her share in Lord Dunraven's work on the subject. She has made every branch of the subject much clearer than before, and put its details in something like chronological order, which had never been done so well.

In conclusion, it may be affirmed that, if the claims of Irish writers for their country's possession of a high civilisation at some remote, but never defined, age, rest on evidence no better than that which has been furnished on behalf of Hibernian architecture and sculpture of an older date than, say the ninth or tenth century, the time will shortly come when the words of W. Pinkerton—that the boasts of ancient Irish civilisation are laughed at

FRONTISPIECE OF THE EPISTLE OF JEROME. *Book of Durrow.*

by every antiquary in Europe—will be popularly accepted.

F. G. Stephens.

THE NEWSPAPER.

ETCHED BY C. O. MURRAY, AFTER T. S. GOOD.

THERE is very little known of this simple, straightforward painter, whose works are prized now and are likely to be more prized in future. A well-known dramatist is said to have observed of Hogarth's works that they were a constant encouragement to him, because he felt in looking at them that none need despair of immortality. He might find still more encouragement in the works of Good, for this artist had no gift which can be called extraordinary. He was only a good craftsman who painted what he saw around him—the smugglers on the north-country shore, the shepherd on the moor, the piper at (perhaps) the alehouse door, the dominie asleep in his chair, the baker reading the news—painted them quietly, without enthusiasm or even much spirit, but seriously and carefully. He was a good draughtsman, a sober but harmonious colourist, and his execution was, as Mr. Austin Dobson calls it, 'clean and dexterous.'

Looking at his pictures now, we admire them much and would like to possess one or more of them, but rather, perhaps, because they are so good of their kind than because the kind excites our enthusiasm; and we are not inclined to be very hard upon our grandfathers because they did not desire them greatly, nor to look upon him as a neglected genius because at a comparatively early age he found his success too slight to encourage him to continue the practice of his art.

It should also be remembered that we have other

reasons than our grandfathers had for taking an interest in Good's pictures, for they tell us of things which can no longer be seen; they have a social and human interest for us as faithful records of how men looked and dressed 'sixty years since' or more, and, besides this, they are leaves of an interesting chapter in the history of English art.

When we think of the zeal with which the branch of art called *genre* is now cultivated by our modern painters, it is at first sight surprising that it was held in so little favour by those of the eighteenth century and the beginning of this, and that from the days of Hogarth to those of Wilkie—that is to say for about a century—no *genre* painter of the first class, if we exclude Morland, is to be found in the roll of British artists; and of Morland it may be rather said that he might have been than that he was such a painter. Much of the talent requisite for the position afterwards seized by Wilkie was no doubt possessed by many previous painters—by the caricaturists, by the artists of the stage like Zoffany and Clint, and most of all by book illustrators like Robert Smirke and Stothard—but it practically remained unoccupied till Wilkie came and achieved a success which was 'jest wonderful.' And he occupied it only for a short time, seeking to gain by historical painting a higher rank among his contemporaries than could be then attained by any *genre* painter however successful. It was probably the low estimation in which *genre* was held by professional painters, rather than the absence of a demand for it from the public, that prevented the development if not of more Wilkies at least of more Goods.

The success of the *Village Politicians* and the *Blind Fiddler* can scarcely have been without its influence on contemporary art, and there is such a family likeness between the works of the famous Scotchman and other *genre* painters of his time that they have collectively the appearance of a school, of which Wilkie was the originator and the head. This little group of talent included Edward Bird, Andrew Geddes, John Burnet, William Kidd, and Thomas Sword Good, not to mention lesser names. It is somewhat remarkable that three of these men, Geddes, Good, and Wilkie, were all born in the same year, 1789. The date of Kidd's birth is not recorded, Burnet was born in 1784, and Bird in 1762, and the latter two, though the seniors of Wilkie, were more indisputably his followers and imitators than either of the others. This with regard to Bird is specially worth noting, as it might be thought that his earlier birth entitles him to be considered the forerunner of Wilkie; but as a matter of fact Wilkie came from Scotland to London in 1805, and exhibited the *Village Politicians* in 1806, whereas Bird, who was born at Wolverhampton, and practised as a drawing-master at Bristol, did not exhibit any work in London till 1809. All the rest were Scotchmen except Good, who was at least next door to it, for he was born at Berwick-on-Tweed.

Perhaps of all these artists none was less influenced by Wilkie than Good. The picture here engraved is more like Wilkie than any other I have seen of his, and this is plainly such a faithful study of a Northumbrian neighbour as needed no other artist to suggest, while it and his other works are painted in a simple, solid manner peculiar to himself, and in a scheme of colour and arrangement of light no less characteristic.

The known facts of his life are very few. He was born at Berwick-upon-Tweed, December 4, 1789, and was brought up as a house painter; but he soon began to paint portraits for small sums, and eventually adopted fine art as a profession. In 1820 he commenced to exhibit at the Royal Academy, and from this time to 1834 contributed regularly to the London exhibitions, sending nineteen works to the Royal Academy, forty-three to the British Institution, and two to Suffolk Street—sixty-four pictures in all, in fifteen years. Those at the Royal Academy were—1820, *A Scotch Shepherd;* 1821, *Music* and *A Man with a Hare;* 1822, *A Study of Two Old Men (still living) who Fought at the Battle of Minden.* This is an excellent little picture, now in the possession of Mr. Locker-Lampson. It is marked by three crosses of approval in my copy of the catalogue for the year, the only other work so honoured being Wilkie's *Chelsea Pensioners.* In this year, when he also exhibited *An Old Northumbrian Piper,* his address is for the first time given as 16 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, instead of Berwick-upon-Tweed. 1823, *Practice;* 1824, *Rummaging an Old Wardrobe;* 1825, *A Study of a Girl and a Boy* and *Smugglers Resting;* 1826, *A Study of Figures;* 1827, *Fishermen;* 1828, *Interior with Figures;* 1829, *Idlers* and *Coast Scene with Fishermen;* 1830, *The Truant* and *Merry Cottagers;* 1831, *Medicine;* 1832, *Coast Scene with a Fisherman* (now in the National Gallery); 1833, *The Industrious Mother.* This was his last appearance at the Royal Academy. From 1821 to 1833 he would appear to have resided in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; but soon after this it is said that his wife having inherited some money, and he being dissatisfied with his success as an artist, he retired to his native place and abandoned his profession. He died in his own house on the Quay Walls at Berwick on the 15th of April, 1872.

Little else is known of this homely English Meissonier, except that he was the friend of Wilkie and Thomas Bewick, and that he painted an excellent portrait of the latter which is now in the possession of the Natural History Society of Newcastle. The fullest account of him yet published is

that written by Mr. Austin Dobson for 'English Art in Public Galleries,' the magnificent volume edited by Mr. Humphry Ward, and published by Boussod, Valladon, & Co. From this we learn among other facts that the largest collection of Good's work is in the possession of Mr. J. W. Barnes, of Durham, and consists of pictures in oil and water-colour, and drawings in black and white. A few of Good's pictures have been reproduced in mezzotint. *The Newspaper* has been engraved for the 'Art Journal,' and in Mr. Humphry Ward's book there is a photogravure of it, besides reproductions of other pictures by Good in the National Gallery. These pictures are four in number, two of which have been already mentioned. The others are a charming study of a boy half dressed nursing a bare foot, and a humorous picture, the largest of them all, called *No News*, which shows us an old minister fallen fast asleep with the disappointing 'paper' in his hand. It is singular what an important part the newspaper plays in the very restricted class of subjects treated by Good and the other *genre* painters of his time. There are some pretty examples of his art in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

INIGO JONES.

II.

INIGO'S costume and figure designs are contained in two large volumes at Chatsworth. They are of every degree of finish, some mere thumbnail sketches, others completed with the utmost elaboration. Nearly all are made in ink over pencil, washed in with the brush in ink, and in a few cases in water colours. There are several replicas of rough sketches, which were probably made by Webb, as they show a limpness of method, quite unlike the slashing draughtsmanship of Inigo. The most important drawings in the first volume are a series of designs for the 'Masque of Queens,' giving a complete set of dresses for eight of the twelve queens. The designs are extremely fanciful and show little reference to the antique. The general idea was borrowed from the Court dresses of the period, but the sleeves and flounces have fantastic borders shaped liked acanthus-leaves, and some of the designs show an unconventional and very graceful treatment of existing types. The minute care which he lavished on these designs appears from some MS. directions on one of the drawings to the tailor how to arrange the drapery, and from a note attached to a sketch of a dress for Her Majesty, which also throws a side light on the relations of Inigo to his royal patrons. 'The desygne I conceive to be fit for the invention, and if it please Her Majesty to add or altar anything, I desire to receave Her Majesty's command and the desygne again by this bearer. The collors also are in Her Majesty's choice, but my opinion is that general grass-greene mixt with gold and silver will be most propper.' The rest of the designs to this masque are in the second volume and include sketches of the witches' heads wreathed with vipers, and a series of studies for Perseus or 'Heroicke Virtue.' One of these studies shows a person wearing a fanciful cap with a plume of ostrich-feathers, a deep lace collar, a corset either of metal or richly quilted and embossed with raised embroidery, lion-heads on the shoulders, with looped sleeves over slashed armlets and laced cuffs, and a great quilted and embroidered skirt. There are several sketches of figures for anti-masques, such as Jack Cade, John of

A LADY DANCING.

Leyden, Jack Straw, Turks, imps, pig-headed men, and men with wolves' and asses' heads, pedlars, cobblers, porters, &c., and among the most vigorous of these are some sketches 'for the King's Masque' (1637) of men playing on the gridiron, saucepans, tongs, keys and bones, and a series of the various lovers for Ben Jonson's masque of 'Love's Triumph through Callipolis.' Among the drawings in the

second volume are designs for 'Dissimulation,' 'Fear,' and 'Jealousy,' for the anti-masque in Chloridia.' Jealousy has a wreath of roses and a girdle of thorns; but the most important in the collection are some figure designs tinted in water colours, and probably intended for George Chapman's memorable masque which was performed at Whitehall in 1613 by the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, in honour of the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth and the Palsgrave. The masquers and their torchbearers were all attired in Indian habits, and the costumes, as the old poet describes them, were 'altogether estrangeful and Indian-like.' The dress of the torch-bearer consisted of a belt of great red feathers, a tight-fitting tunic figured in yellow, with blue ribbon round his hair. Another is shown with a flaming head, surrounded by smoke and fire, shoulder-knots of green and red heightened with gold, a thorax of white and gold with fringe of green acanthus-leaves, trunk hose of pink satin slashed, white hose with blue ribbons at the knee, and buskins of white, touched up with pink and gold. In the same volume there is a study of an Indian queen, and a curious mythological figure walking on water, drawn in ink and tinted blue and green, with sea-blue hair, face and arms heightened with gold, evidently a valiant attempt to realise the epithet 'cœrulean.' There are several other tinted designs in the collection, and all kinds of miscellaneous notes and drawings, amongst which is a diagram to show the arrangement of the masquers, and some careful details of costumes and headdresses. The figures, as a rule, are well drawn, though nearly all the heroic persons have a curious droop in the legs, which denotes no doubt the approved stage walk of the period.

PEN AND INK SKETCH OF LANDSCAPE.

For scenery, Inigo made vigorous sketches in pen and ink, sometimes washed in with the brush. Many of the drawings in the Duke of Devonshire's collection are splashed all over with the paints used in preparing the scenes, so that it is evident that the sketches were used by the carpenters and painters as working drawings. Most of the designs are at Chiswick House, and among the most important are a 'Scene for the Anti-masque of a Romanzia,' 1637, sketches for 'Ye Colledge of Augurs,' for 'The Pallace of Perfection,' 'A Pastoral Scene, Somerset House, 1625,' 'A Cloud,' 'A Storm,' and 'A Relief of Deities belonging to ye ground of Architecture in ye King and Queen's Masque, 1640.' There are several sketches of clouds, sometimes with seated figures, but their value as working drawings must have been exceedingly small, for the clouds are all alike, and all like sacks of wool. One drawing shows a view into what one must suppose to be a Gothic church, with crocketed gables, a central dome, and some spirelets. It is more suggestive of Italian Gothic than of anything else, but is of little interest, except as showing how completely Jones was out of touch with the Gothic of his own country. Besides the designs already referred to, there is a large folio at Chatsworth, containing a number of miscellaneous drawings, some of which are certainly by Inigo Jones. This folio contains some admirable pen-and-ink sketches of landscapes, but it is doubtful if these are by Inigo. There are, besides, some nine or ten designs for 'Proscenia,' all in the same style as that for 'Florimen,' and a sketch of two knights tilting at 'the barriers.' The 'barrier' was a slight fence, about three feet high; the combatants stood on each side in full armour, with lances, and a row of backers, similarly equipped, stood behind them parallel to the barriers. The practice of tilting at the barriers was a kind of futile revival of the tournament; and such men as Ben Jonson did not disdain to compose the speeches to be delivered at the barriers, while their arrangement, no doubt, fell within Inigo Jones's duties. The pastoral of 'Florimen' was performed by the French ladies

in attendance on the Queen, in 1635. Inigo designed the scenery, as appears from Sir Henry Herbert's roll.

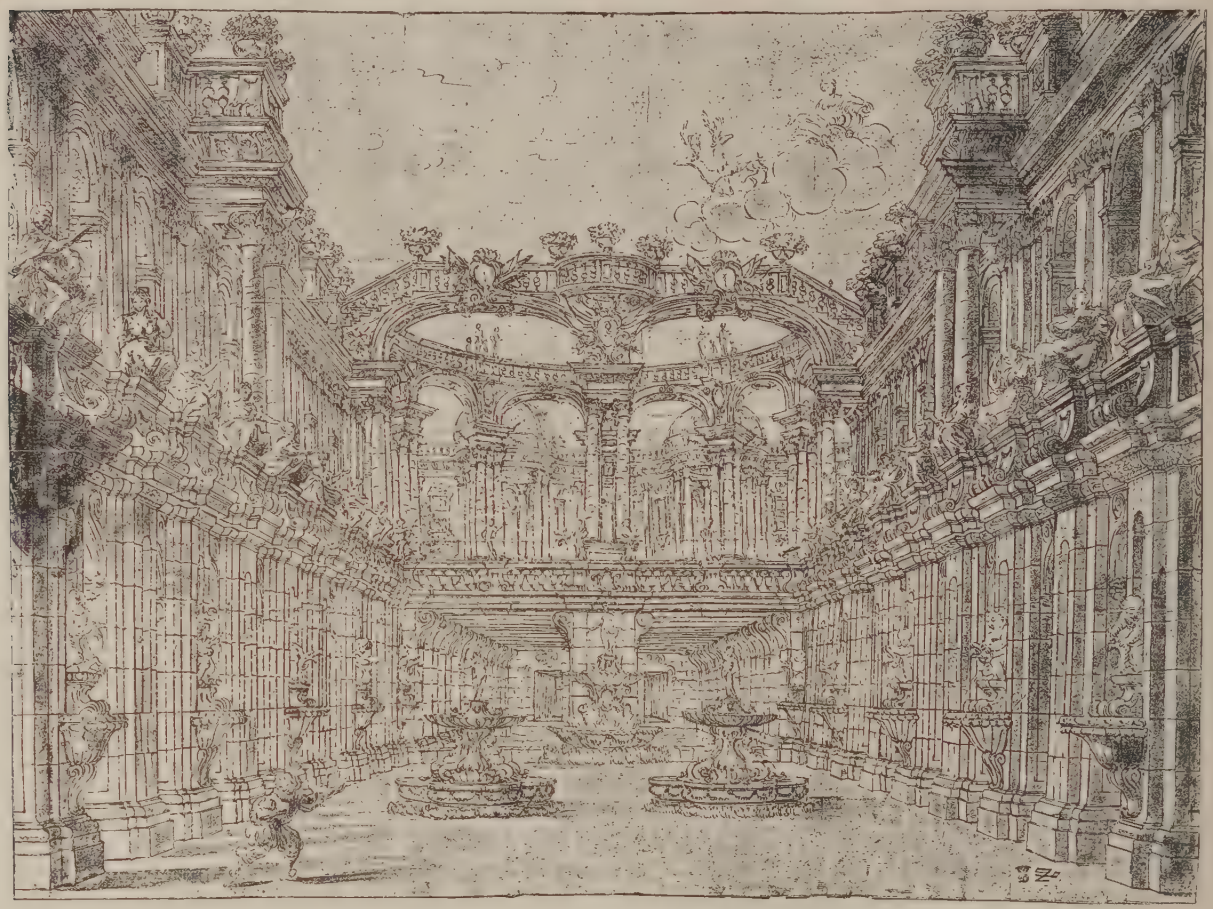
As is natural enough, the same features reappear, more or less, in most of the masques of this period, and the designer did not escape the reproach of repetition, which attaches to nearly every artist of large employment. Ben Jonson sneers at his 'twice-conceived, thrice-paid-for imagery;' and one cannot help admitting a strong family likeness between the various designs for rocks, and clouds, and landscapes. Yet there is much that appeals to the imagination in the accounts of the scenery which the poets have left us. George Chapman's description of the scenery to his 'memorable masque' is very characteristic. 'The whole show,' he says, 'was invented and fashioned with the ground and speciall structure of the whole worke, by our kingdome's most skilful and ingenious architect, Innigo Jones.' The scenery consisted of a rock nearly as high as the hall, 'in whose concaves were contrived two winding paire of staires, by whose greeces (steps) the persons above might make their descent, and all the way be seene; all this rock grew by degrees into a gold colour, and was run quite through with veins of gold.' On one side of it was 'a silver temple of an octangle figure, whose pillars were of a composed order, and bore up an architrave, frieze and cornish, over which stood a continued plinth, whereon were advanced statues of silver. Above this was placed a bastard-order of architecture, wherein were kerved compartments, in one of which was written in great golde capitalls, "Honoris Fanum." Above this was a coupolo, or type, which seem'd to be scaled with silver plates. In finishing of all, upon a pedestall, was fixt a round stone of silver, from which grew a paire of golden wings.' 'About this temple hung festoones wreathed with silver from one pillar's head to another.' The rock afterwards moved forward five paces, and split open, 'discovering a rich and refulgent mine of gold, on which the twelve masquers were triumphantly seated.'

A Temple of Fame was also the most important feature in Inigo's scenery for the Masque of Queens. In this, 'for the lower columns, he chose the statues of the most excellent poets; for the upper, those great heroes which these poets had celebrated, all as in massy gold,' with panels between in brass heightened with silver. I shall refer later on to the reappearance of this idea in his design for the great Circular Court at Whitehall; and it is worth noting how entirely his mind was saturated with architectural motives—a fact which, if it made his designs for scenery frigid and academical, at least saved him from the gross architectural blunders which have been perpetrated on the modern stage. Webb might well say of his masques, 'For the variety of scenes, machines, habits, and well ordering of them, in the judgment of all foreign ambassadors and strangers, they excelled whatever of that kind was presented in any other Court of Christendom besides.' All this pageantry disappeared with the Civil War, and none of the designs for masques in the Chatsworth and Chiswick collections are later than 1640, in which year Inigo Jones designed the scenery of the King and Queen's masque of 'Salmacida Spolia.' On September 2nd, 1642, appeared the ordinance of both Houses of Parliament for 'the suppressing of public stage-plays through the kingdome during these calamitous times.'

One quality is apparent in these designs of architectural scenery, and it is what, in default of a more exact expression, has been called the poetry of architecture. The designs sometimes contain features which a refined taste and a more exact historical knowledge would question, as for instance the design for a pastoral scene at Somerset House, where a group of thatched English cottages is overshadowed by a Corinthian portico. Designs such as these were probably mere sketches hastily knocked off to satisfy imperious patrons; and though such failures of a high ideal are disappointing, an artist may fairly claim to be judged by his best work. And again, a prejudiced criticism will always be able to pick out isolated details of which it is the merest child's play to point out the unreasonableness. Such criticism is beside the point. It loses the idea in dissecting the form. In the collection at Chiswick there is a large drawing, outlined with the pen, and washed in with the brush in sepia, which shows what this great artist could do at his highest level. The drawing was probably intended for the scenery of a masque, it is not dated or signed, but its style and execution leave little doubt that it was by Inigo Jones. It shows an immense open court, with fountains, leading up to a bath enclosed on three sides with piers and covered by a massive flat roof or terrace. Above this roof is a succession of courts surrounded by flying galleries on great arcades. A figure is crossing the foreground of the court, and in the right-hand corner of the sky is seen a female figure seated in a chariot drawn by two stags. Now it would be easy to find fault with one or two of the details of this design, such as the brackets to the piers on the ground-floor and the bundles of flags in the flying galleries. But these were the faults of the time. They do not affect the permanent and larger qualities of the design, which possesses in a high degree the rare endowment of poetic imagination, the poetry of endless vistas of magnificent architecture, of great arcades and mighty cornices cutting a strong, clean line against a golden sky. The practice of the greatest masters of the Italian Renaissance is suffi-

cient to show that the want of appreciation, which such a design would meet with nowadays, is due, not to a wider culture but to a failure in aesthetic sensibility. For a certain order of minds, however, there will always be a peculiar fascination in the associations, and, if you like, in the Paganism of this Renaissance art, a fascination not sensual and depraved, as it has been the fashion to call it, but based on high artistic grounds, and no more capable of definition than the emotions aroused by a fugue of Sebastian Bach's.

same suspicion. In the 'Designs by Inigo Jones and Mr. W. Kent,' published by John Vardy in 1744, there is included an abominable design for an alcove for the King's bedroom at Greenwich, consisting of Corinthian columns, breaking out into palm-trees. In point of fact, the original drawing at Chiswick is dated 1663, eleven years after the death of Inigo Jones, and is, no doubt, by John Webb. Several of the Whitehall drawings are signed 'John Webb, architect,' without any reference to Inigo Jones, and without anything to fix the date. These draw-



OPEN COURT WITH FOUNTAINS.

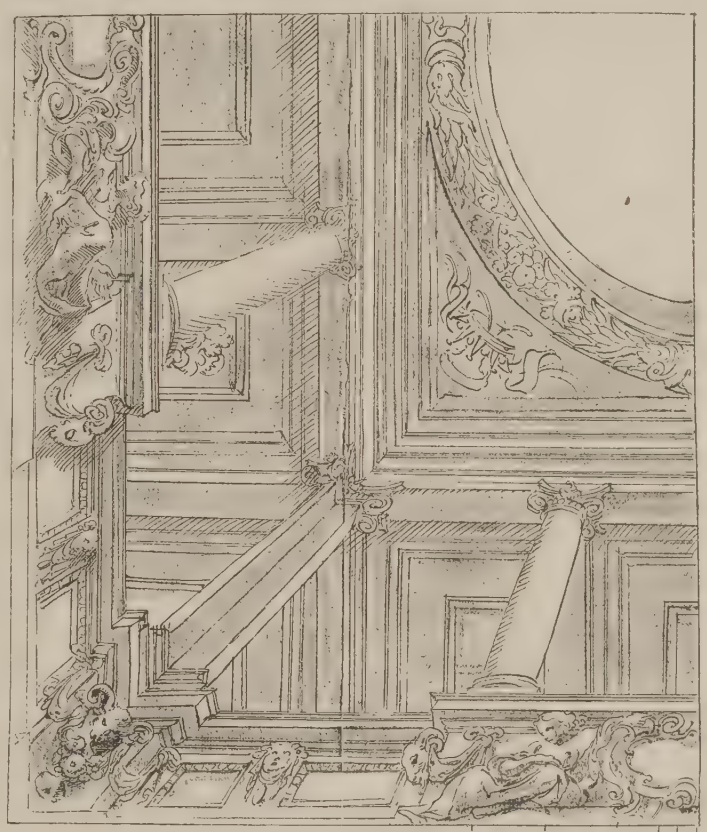
Considering the number of buildings on which Inigo Jones is known to have been employed, there are few architectural designs in existence which can be assigned to him with any certainty. The signed drawings are few in number, and both in the Worcester College Library and the Duke of Devonshire's collections, there are many drawings by Webb, and even by Italian masters, such as Pietro da Cortona, Antonio da Novellara, Pierino del Vago, and Bernini, which have not yet been separated from the designs actually made by Inigo himself. In Campbell's 'Vitruvius Britannicus,' and Ware's publications, designs are assigned to him which are more probably by Webb; and the two volumes of Inigo's designs, published by Kent in 1728, are open to the

ings must have been made after the Restoration. Charles II. revived the Whitehall and Greenwich schemes, and entrusted to Webb the task of carrying out his master's designs.

Little is known of Inigo's early training. He does not refer in his notes to any particular master; and, indeed, as his first visit to Italy was probably made at his own charges, it is unlikely that he could have afforded the cost of entering a studio. His first visit to Italy was made at the end of the sixteenth century, the second in the year 1613. He was in London at the end of January 1614, but again at Vicenza and Rome in the summer of that year. On one of these journeys, probably the first, he visited various parts of France. He himself states that he

saw the great staircase at Chambord; he also refers to Arles, and there is an early pen-and-ink sketch by him of the Pont du Gard among the Chiswick drawings. His second visit to Italy, or the latter part of it, seems to have been partly undertaken in the service of the Earl of Arundel, for whom he collected works of art at Rome. The Earl, in a letter to his Countess dated July 30, 1615, refers to 'Mr. Jones' disbursements and obligations in Rome.' But this was by the way; and Inigo's purpose in going to Italy was to make a thorough study, not only of architecture, but of figure drawing and painting as well. The little vellum sketch-book (which belongs to the second journey), and the folio volume of his drawings at Chatsworth, are full from end to end of anatomical studies — drawings of heads, sketches from the Italian masters, and notes on drapery and the antique; and with all this study on hand, he resolutely grappled with the more austere problems of architecture. In a sympathetic essay on Inigo Jones,* Mr. Horne has laid stress on the words which appear in his annotated copy of Palladio, Book iv., chap. v.: 'In the name of God, amen. The 2nd of Jan. 1614. I being in Rome compared the designs following with the Ruines the earliest. Inigo Jones.' The words may, as Mr. Horne believes, show Inigo's sense of the high calling of his art. But the expression was a common one in documents of the time; and as it occurs at the head of an inventory of his properties, drawn up by so light-minded a person as Philip Henslowe, the actor, I do not think that much importance can be attached to it. But of the spirit in which Inigo set to work, there is abundant evidence in his sketch-books, and the copy of his Palladio, now in Worcester College library. He would spend long days amid the ruins of Rome, with his Palladio in hand, verifying the illustrations, correcting errors, making notes on the buildings, and bitter comments on the Vandalism of the time. His Palladio is covered with annotations in his fine and rather illegible writing. He notes of the Pantheon that 'the cornice was of metal, and taken of by Clement 8 to maak ordonance, and covered with lead;' and to this he adds a memorandum that 'in y^e^ year 1625 the brass beam of the portico was taken of to cast into ordonance by Barberino, and beams of timber put in the stead. This Will. Smith, painter of burnisht worke, told me, for he was there present.'

He made a careful critical study of 'Palladio,' comparing his remarks with Serlio, Vignola, Fontana Labacco, and Philibert Delorme, and sometimes defending him from the malicious attacks of Scamozzi, of whom he had a very poor opinion, apparently from personal knowledge, for he mentions a conversation that he had with him in 1614. There is some evidence that he contemplated writing a treatise on classical architecture himself, for in the Worcester Collection there are some miscellaneous leaves of a MS. treating of windows numbered 162. et seq., and some studies of the orders and



CEILING AT WILTON.

various temples and basilicas, executed with a degree of care which makes it probable that they were intended for publication. There is, however, no record that Inigo ever carried out this intention.

In all his studies, the one point on which he concentrated his energies was proportion. He was not content with mere memoranda of sizes, but employed an elaborate analysis in resolving designs into their constituent proportions. For instance, he makes a complete analytical study of the plan of the Temple of Jupiter, 'vulgarly called Frontispicio Neronis,'—'the noblest thing which was in Rome in my time;' showing how it was based on a series of circles, and its proportions arrived at by dividing the largest diameter into six parts, and variously recombining the parts. No man saw more clearly

* 'Century Guild Hobby-Horse,' Oct. 1886.

that proportion is the keystone of architecture. It is to us what values are to the painter; but where we fill our note-books with quaint bits of carving, and goodness knows what, Inigo Jones would patiently study the proportions of a building, and not rest content till he had mastered their innermost mysteries. A few modern architects have followed the same method; but the Renaissance of the nineteenth century does not readily take to drudgery; it prefers its own conceits to such self-abnegation, and finds it an easier and more remunerative business to play to that insatiable craving for the picturesque, which can only end by degrading the profoundest and most permanent of the arts into a mere affair of fashions. It is significant that in his working drawings it was Inigo Jones' custom to make a sketch, and then specify all the proportions of the design in writing at the side. Our habit is to arrive at our proportions in the process of making the drawing. Inigo's custom is open to criticism, but it is better to have a system of some sort, than to leave one's proportions to the caprice of the T-square and the exigencies of the drawing-board.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

ART CHRONICLE.

LONDON in May and June may be said to brim over with picture exhibitions. It is in vain that critics groan and sight-seers complain, there is no stemming the flow of picture production, or the enterprise of enthusiastic speculators in the principles or the purse-strings of the art-loving public. It cannot be said that the multiplication of galleries seems a clear advantage, for it is evident to the observer not only that the gain to one exhibition is loss of quality to another, but that the multiplication of picture-shows means, as much as anything else, added opportunity for the exhibition and sale of work by the same artists. The walls of the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the Grosvenor Gallery, evidence both these remarks. The last-named exhibition is reduced to a second-rate collection, in which the chief interest lies in work by contributors whose names figure in both the other chief galleries, and in some subsidiary exhibitions as well. The New Gallery has added a well-lit room to its limited area, and while distinctly the most discriminated, best hung, and most interesting collection of the season, nevertheless shows signs of that pressure on the standard of selection which tends to an anti-Darwinian climax, in the survival of the least fit. The applications for admission have been everywhere distressingly beyond the possible accommodation of all the galleries combined, and it would seem that the profession of art, in spite of the astonishingly increased demand, is terribly overstocked; a state of things, by the way, not, from the practical view of the native bread-winner, lightened by the competition of foreign talent to which catalogues bear witness. The two directions in which English art seems rising steadily are portraiture and landscape, and it is here that the imaginative and purely artistic faculties show most energy. One of the few Academicians who still put chief strength into 'subject pictures' is Mr. Orchardson, whose large banqueting scene, where the guests rise to toast *The Young Duke*, is, in some senses, the picture of the year at Burlington House. It is easy to cavil that the types of the men all run into one groove, of the eighteenth-century cynical fop. Costume has much to do with this sameness, which has, after all, its satirical truth. But the charm of the picture is the supremely artistic management of the material: the considered lines and cunning splendour of the ranks of bowing courtiers, in their gold-embroidered coats; the perspective of white table, decked with plate and fruit; the mellow candle-light, that brings all into one glowing scheme of gold and brown. Technically, also, Mr. Orchardson has never done better work. Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A., has much strong and good portraiture here and at the New Gallery, and some that is quite unsatisfactory; notably, the portrait of Dr. Hubert Parry, the composer, at the New, which not only fails to realise, but vulgarises, a striking and genial personality, offering excellent subject for artistic treatment.

Into Mr. Herkomer's subject picture, *The Chapel of the Charterhouse*, he has put very careful work. Many of the heads of the 'decayed gentlemen' portrayed are admirably studied, but the painter seems deliberately to have eschewed the alternative treatment which the almost bald simplicity of the subject craves, namely, the austere or the picturesque. As it is, the picture is certainly a little dull. Within the gentle range of his art Mr. G. D. Leslie is very happy this year. The same cannot be said of Mr. Long, who, with all his ability, is not one of those whom popularity has nerved to better things. Mr. Woods sends some delightful scenes from Venice, but nothing of special mark; indeed, the so-called Venetian School is not so strong as was expected. Mr. Fildes, however, shows one of those gay groups of girls, performing *An Al-fresco Toilette*, which he paints with much *aplomb*. Of some distinguished subject painters one must allow that they are not at their best this year, and one looks to future seasons for sounder evidence of their maturity. Among outsiders who cannot be overlooked is Mr. J. Solomon, whose *Niobe* of last year was a source of contention. *Sacred and Profane Love*, equally ambitious and assailant, is a very obvious allegory worked out with showy audacity of design and colour that reminds one somewhat of Paul Baudry, and at further distance of the late Venetian decorators, and immediately suggests the plafond of an opera-house or palace. It is difficult to say how art of this clever but meretricious stamp is likely to consolidate. A like doubt clings to the work of Mr. Arthur Hacker, whose style has a curious uncertainty of purpose and choice combined with undoubted capacity. In portraiture, the names of W. W. Ouless, W. B. Richmond, H. Herkomer, and H. T. Wells within the Academy, and J. S. Sargent, J. J. Shannon, A. Emslie, Mrs. Starr Canziani, among outsiders, are notably conspicuous. Sir John Millais sends only one portrait of a lady, Mrs. Paul Hardy, while his chief contributions are in landscape — *The Old Garden* and *Murthly Water*—studies which, while full of the observation of a true artist and lover of nature, untroubled by imaginative impulse, lack the freshness of earlier work on the same lines. The amount of good landscape and sea-painting within the Academy galleries is quite beyond the limits of our space to particularise. Some chief contributors are to be met with elsewhere.

MR. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., exhibits at Mr. Lefèvre's Gallery his chief work of the year, *A Dedication to Bacchus*. This important picture, which forms a companion to the *Vintage Festival*, and will be engraved by M. Blanchard to form a pendant to his plate after that canvas, is worthy of the accomplished painter at all points. The complicated illumination of the figures in their setting of marble temple base, altar, and pavement, by direct and reflected sunlight, partially coloured by the purple velarium, or shadowed by the temple, is in itself a triumph of observant skill. Into the processional figures

crowding suddenly into view, brightly relieved against the dark-blue Mediterranean and azure sky quivering with heat, and into the girl Bacchantes, who welcome them before the altar steps, Mr. Tadema has thrown more than usual movement and charm; the whole composition is not only learnedly accurate, but delightful in artistic completeness and suggestion. The exhibition is furnished with a descriptive brochure on the pictures, and an essay on Mr. Tadema's pictures generally, from the hand of Mr. F. G. Stephens. It is an ever-increasing, and not wholly commendable fashion, to assist a sole exhibition by descriptive and biographical literary accompaniments of the nature, more or less, of panegyrics, which with somewhat one-sided style exhaust the subject. Mr. Tadema has sent one picture to Burlington House—a highly finished interior of a temple, where women linger at the entry to *The Shrine of Venus*, and to the New a group of small canvasses, two of which are examples of his singularly vivid portraiture, *Mr. Frank Millet*, and *Mons. De Soria*. In these studies, as elsewhere, the increased freshness and subtlety of the artist's flesh-painting is very notable.

At the New Gallery a feature of interest is the gathering of small, but noteworthy, pictures by Mr. Watts, R.A., dating from his first exhibited work, the study, close, compact, and strong, of a *Wounded Heron*, dated 1837, down to a Titianesque and glowing Amoretto, hovering over the waves with his tiny line, entitled *Good Luck to your Fishing*, presumably a recent performance, and some landscape studies of distinct character, including the beautiful mountain range at *Sant' Agnese, Mentone*. In the Academy Mr. Watts has another tricksy Amoretto disguised in cowl and gown. Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., bestows upon the portrait of the *Countess Grosvenor*, seated against the circular opening of a marble balcony and surrounded by flowers, that exotic charm and sumptuous elegance which he increasingly affects in the portrayal of beautiful women. The portrait has style, but is not wholly satisfactory in the drawing and modelling of the arms. Mr. Shannon's manly work in portraiture is fresh and graceful in the full-length slight figure of *Miss Jean Graham*, draped in a white gown with hanging sleeves, leaning against a dark pannelled wall. It is pleasant to observe that Mr. Shannon's somewhat over-strenuous emphasis of character, such as marks, for instance, the life-size study of *Mrs. Sidgwick*, for Newnham College, is susceptible of a gentler phase. To call Mr. John J. Sargent's picture of *Ellen Terry as Lady Macbeth* a portrait, would be to misname this remarkable *tour de force*. It is an artistic impression, using the word correctly, of the actress's dramatic personality, as on the stage she flashes before one out of the darkness, in her heavy coils and folds of glittering green and blue drapery, lustrous as serpent's skin, her ruddy plaits of hair falling from either side the white face, with its red mouth and shining mesmeric eyes, as she holds the regal coronet above her head. It is a wonderful study this, concentrating in one attitude and impression the whole dramatic conception of the character; especially striking for the mastery of the painting and the astonishing and splendid harmony of the draperies.

> 'Silk of foreign looms,
> Where, like a shoaling sea, the lovely blue
> Played into green, and thicker down the front
> With jewels than the sward with drops of dew.'

It would seem that the painter has here found a subject absolutely congenial to him. Other portrait pictures of unusual stamp are *Mrs. Roller* and *Joyce Collier*, by the Hon. J. Collier, and *Mrs. Tom Mitchell*, a drawing-room interior by artificial light. Mr. Burne-Jones, absentee from the Royal Academy Exhibition, is at the New Gallery only present in many of his beautiful pencil studies of heads and detail. Mr. Legros contributes very variously; his silver-point studies are a feature among the black-and-white work. Among the pictures are large landscapes of sombre and flat quality, not without impressive sentiment. To the sculpture collection he adds a gigantic head of *Pan*, and a model of an architectural capital. It is interesting to observe the drift of talent which in Mr. Phillip Burne-Jones reappears in careful finessing work which appears to ape the solidity and chiaroscuro of the Dutch School. Little easel pictures of *G. F. Watts, Esq., R.A., at Work* in his sculpture studio, and *Lord Rayleigh in his Laboratory*, might point to a pupilship with Mr. Tadema rather than to the young artist's poetic inheritance. Finished and thorough as a piece of pleasant Dutch work is the little quaint figure subject, *Soon Ready*, by Mrs. Alma-Tadema. Among the eccentricities of the Gallery may be cited the pictures of Mr. Spenser Stanhope, the quaint conceits of Mrs. De Morgan (Evelyn Pickering), and the mystic elaborations of Mr. Stradwick. Also the impressionist landscapes of Mr. Edward Stott, formless and evanescent, but curiously truthful in quality of light and colour. Landscape is very good in this Gallery: Mr. Parson's *On Mendip* is a true and delightful study of the uplands; Mr. East's several studies, *Gay Morning* and others, justify the high expectation we have from time to time expressed. His work has delicate individuality and freshness. Mr. North is almost impressionist in visions of the tender surprises of spring landscape. Mr. Costa, Mrs. Arthur Murch, and Mr. Corbett, send views of the significant beauty of Italian scenery. The Hon. George Howard sends striking studies from Egypt. Mr. David Murray, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Barclay Mr. Hope McLachlan, and others whom we named last month, help to keep up the standard of work. In the entrance court are some interesting pieces of sculpture; busts by Boehm, Onslow Ford, Henrietta Montalba, &c.; reliefs by Havard Thomas, and good competition work by the Society of Medalists.

Sculpture at the Royal Academy shows certainly a rising standard, although work of a really high stamp is still exceptional. *Hounds in Leash*, presumably for bronze, by Mr. Harry Bates, does honour to the young sculptor. The low composition gives the life-scale crouching figure of the nude hunter, hardly able, with firm clutch on the coupling leash, to hold back the hounds tearing and straining at restraint. Broad, strenuous work is this, noble and large in style, instinct with life and motion, studied all round with fine understanding of line and mass, yet kept compact. Mr. Thomas Brock, A., has thrown expression and style into a figure personifying *The Genius of Poetry*, but has either combined two models or kept too closely to one of curious proportions betwixt limbs and torso. Mr. Armstead, R.A., exhibits the model of his statue of *Lieutenant Waghorn*, for Chatham, a manly piece of work, a little ponderous and close in design; also a memorial to the *Rev. Benjamin Webb* in round relief, marked by well-considered simplicity of a somewhat homely subject. Among notable busts are *G. F. Watts, Esq., R.A.*, by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, a searching and artistic study; *Major-General Earle*, of Soudan memory, by Mr. Birch, A.; *Robert Browning, Esq.*, by Henrietta Montalba, in terra-cotta. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft sends a statuette reduction of his well-known *Teucer*, a tiny model of the Gordon statue, and several of the bronze subject plaques for the Melbourne Gordon Memorial.

The artists who have contributed to the Grosvenor Gallery have for the most part sent their best work elsewhere. Exceptions to this remark are, Mr. George Clausen's capital rustic picture, *Ploughing*, full of energy and atmospheric truth; Miss Clara Montalba's *Fishing Fleet, Venice;* Mr. Hacker's clever portrait of *Mrs. Hoare;* Mr. East's *Gentle Night;* and *The End of the Hop Harvest*, a broad and atmospheric landscape study on considerable scale by a young artist, Emmie Stuart Wood.

The summer exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society rewards a closer inspection than the unfortunate hanging of the contents invites at first sight. There is an observable tendency among some of the members towards a strength in the colour values that approximates to oil work. In the New Gallery the experiment has been tried this year of hanging some aquarelles among the oil pictures with perfect success. Such work as Sir John Gilbert's broad and emphatic landscape, *The Charcoal*

Burners; some of Mr. Poynter's solid and searching work both in landscape and figure; such a curious leaflet of colour as Mr. Holman Hunt's tiny *Recollection of the Arabian Nights;* Mr.

SAWMILL, ZAANDAM. BY CLARA MONTALBA. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

Colin Phillip's strong mountain studies—each in their several ways would keep their own among works in the oil medium. A notable drawing is Mr. Alfred Hunt's large *Windsor Castle*, not wholly satisfactory as seen in most ill-chosen juxtaposition on the walls, but full of that delicate and patient truth which errs, if at all, in a compromise with breadth of effect. Most of the leaders in the Society send good work, though many are certainly not at their best. The two Fripps, Messrs. Thorne Waite, Eyre Walker, and Robert Allen, keep at excellent level. Mr. Cuthbert Rigby's study of *A North Country Fell Side*, is the best thing he has done—close, delicate work. In figure subjects a somewhat half-hearted tribute must be paid to Mr. Charles Robertson's clever, showy oriental interior, *La Douleur du Pacha*, whose Nubian tiger is dead. The story is told with true cynical touch, the colour is gay yet not ill-considered, the painting thin but apt. It is difficult to say why the *ensemble* has a flavour of insincerity. Mr. Arthur Melville, with curious blotting of faint colour, gives a large sketch, *The Fête of the Dossch*, which at a certain distance is solid, redolent with white light, and suggestive of multitudinous detail and long perspectives. The newly elected member, Mr. Bulleid, with prompt, fresh touch, and good sense of line, paints semi-classic interiors with incident of graceful figures. It is very nice work, but has, we fancy, a finite stamp about it.

LORD SALISBURY announced at the Royal Academy banquet that private generosity has come to the rescue of the National Portrait Gallery, and that on condition of a site being provided by the Government a patriotic minded individual will build fit housing for the collection.

TO the Black-and-white Room at Burlington House, which in original work suffers from the competition of the Painter-Etchers' Society, Mr. Robert Macbeth sends his plates after Velasquez—*The Tapestry Workers*, *The Surrender of Breda*, and *Portrait of a Sculptor*, also *The Garden of Love* after Titian. In research for the breadth and depth of the Spanish painter, he has fallen into somewhat unyielding chiaroscuro, while drawing largely on the varied resources and expedients of the etcher's art. Of the two first plates the second is the most brilliant. The Titian reminds one of a kindred plate etched by Unger, Rubens' *Festival of Venus* in the Belvedere, a splendid instance of the Viennese etcher's power of interpretation. Mr. Mortimer Menpes' completed dry point after Hals' *Archers of St. Adrian*, justifies our fears that the attempt, though praiseworthy, is beyond his power; the plate does not 'come together.' Mr. Waltner is happy as usual in interpretation of Rembrandt's *Night Watch*.

EVENING IN THE CITY. BY HERBERT MARSHALL. IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

A PIETÀ.

The Virgin and Two Angels Weeping over the Dead Body of Christ.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY FRANCIA IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

FRANCESCO DI MARCO DI GIACOMO RAIBOLINI, known to the vulgar as Francia, never painted a better picture than the great altar-piece for the Chapel of the Buonvisi in San Frediano at Lucca, which is now one of the chief ornaments of the National Gallery. The main picture is what the Italians call a 'holy conversation.' In the centre, upon a somewhat narrow pedestal, the Virgin is enthroned with the Infant Christ and St. Anne; the little St. John passes in front with the standard of the Lamb, while SS. Sebastian, Paul, Lawrence, and Romualdus, complete the group. The lunette, here reproduced, has long been divorced from the chief panel. It excels the latter in the character of the heads, and also, in some degree, in that sense of balance on which a picture has to depend so much for its unity. The Virgin's head is lovely, with the resigned sorrow of old age, while those of the two angels suggest a sympathetic grief with extraordinary felicity. An old copy of this lunette, perhaps by Francia's son Giacomo, is in the Berlin Museum. A fourth living figure, probably meant for the Magdalen, has there been introduced.

The whole altar-piece was removed from the church by the Duke of Lucca, in whose palace it hung down to the year 1840. It was then brought to England by Mr. E. G. Flight, from whom it was purchased for the national collection twelve months later. The price given was 3500*l.* Unhappily both panels are in a somewhat precarious condition, and the day may not be far distant when the delicate operation of transferring will have to be faced.

W. A.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

VII.—*Triforium.*

The Seamy Side—Upstairs in Westminster Abbey—The Angels of the Transept—The Pancake Monument—Remains in the Triforium—The Muniment-room—Bradshaw's Ghost—The Chapel of the Annunciation—The Tomb of Katharine of Valois—Pepys's Birthday Treat—The Great Reliquary—The Wax-works—Charles II.—Monk—William and Mary—Duchess of Richmond—Queen Anne—The Duke of Buckingham—The Duchess and her Son—The Organ.

IT used to be asserted by the prophets and advocates of the Gothic revival that one great characteristic of the style is the equal finish of every part of a building. Their stock apophthegm related to an ancient Greek sculptor, who, being asked why he took as much pains with the back of a statue as with the front, although it was to be hidden from view, replied, 'The gods see that.' The hidden parts of a building were carved and moulded as well as those easily visible. Unfortunately, this opinion is not borne out by facts. There is 'a seamy side' to Westminster Abbey, as well as to Canterbury Cathedral, and many another. In this chapter it may be amusing to read some notes made 'upstairs,' in that strange region which is invisible from below, but which to an architect is perhaps the most interesting part of the church, the part in which he can best study the method of the design and the construction. Many things which are puzzling from below may be understood when we see them at closer quarters, and little changes and developments of style can be traced. We can, for example, see the difference between those arches of the nave which were made by Henry III. and Edward I. and those which were made at a much later period, when the characteristic English Perpendicular had begun to prevail. The anxiety of the later architect, perhaps Abbot Littlington (1362–1386), to imitate exactly the work done under Ware (1258–1284) a century earlier, is clearly shown. Thus, at the north-eastern angle of the nave there is a window of which the eastern jamb is of the work of Henry III. and the western of that of Edward I. So, too, when we have traced Edward's work for five bays westward, we come upon a window in which one jamb is of the time of Richard II. In the triforium all these junctions are very clearly marked, sometimes even by a change of level; but the greatest change of all is in the greater purity, delicacy, and freedom, of the oldest work.

The triforium is the place from which we can best see those famous sculptures known as 'the censing angels.' The artist who placed these figures in the north and south transepts must have had a genius which brought him nearer to the great Greek sculptors of the Periclean period than any who has lived since their time. What must the central statues have been like to be worthy of such accessories? Sir G. Scott hardly appreciates their beauty; they represent, he says, 'angels censing, and are exceed-

ingly fine, after making due allowance for the height at which they were intended to have been seen.' But they look even better when seen as close as we can get in the triforium; and perhaps if one had to select the best public statue in England, it would be impossible to overlook the claims of the angel in the north transept on the western side. He appears to be literally hovering in the air, or, rather—for this the sculptor has most marvellously expressed—he is

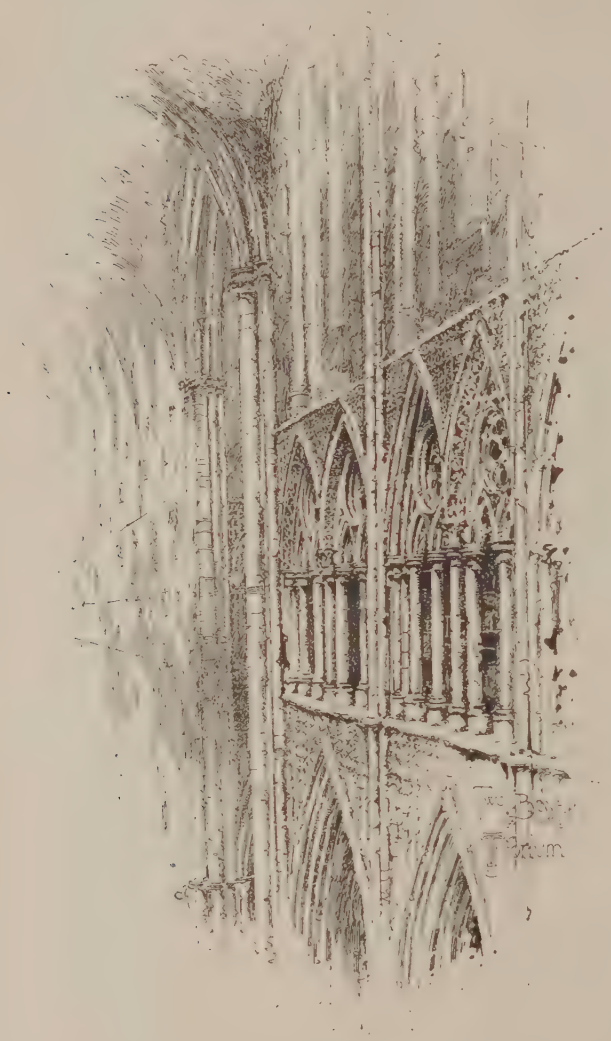
supposed to be swinging his censer in the presence of his Lord, and to be floating in a sea of light, which forces him to bow his head and avert his face from its dazzling effulgence. This I take to be the meaning of the design; and without exaggeration it must be allowed that the most difficult conception of this great artist, whoever he was, has been completely carried out. Many other beautiful carvings may be inspected at close quarters from the triforium, and, I am sorry to say, some that have been removed from the church. Among these is a monument which might be selected as at the opposite end of the scale in sculpture from the angels of the transepts. This is the famous 'pancake monument'—a memorial of Admiral Tyrrell, put up in 1766, or thereabouts. Perhaps the figure of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in Roman armour and a full wig, is quite as bad; but it is neither so large nor so obtrusive as the 'pancake monument' was. Now it no longer blocks up a window, and some people may be pleased at its removal. I do not share this view. There are plenty of other windows quite as fine as this one; there was only one such example of the taste of the middle of the last century. It certainly was very ugly, but it was also very curious; and other windows, as, for instance, those to Locke and Stephenson, are practically blocked up, but with glass, not marble, and are ugly without being in the least curious. The pancakes, and the sea, and the cherubs' heads, are all in the triforium, and among them the figure of the Admiral, all nude, and white, and ghastly—a sad example of the mutability of fame. It was sculptured, and we may presume designed, by Nicholas Read, an unworthy pupil of Roubiliac. I mention the probability that he designed it, because there is another work of his in the Abbey, which was only executed by him from the design of Robert Adam. This is the fine monument of the Duchess of Northumberland in the chapel of St. Nicholas, and is open to no objection on the score of taste. It was at her funeral, by the way, that the men and boys who had climbed on the canopy of the tomb of John of Eltham in the next chapel, were thrown down by the breaking of the screen. Some of its fragments are among the remains in the triforium, as well as the railings of a royal tomb, perhaps that of Edward I. Admiral Tyrrell was an Irishman and a famous 'fire-eater.' In the *Buckingham*, a frigate of sixty-six guns, he attacked three French men-of-war and made them strike to him; but his own ship was so weakened in the fight that he could not take possession of his prizes. In this action he lost three fingers, and, whether by accident or design, his statue is similarly mutilated.

Before we leave the triforium we must glance at the rows of undertakers' helmets, some with, some without, the crests; at the fragments already mentioned of the reredos of the chapel of Henry VII.; at a small portion of Inigo Jones's reredos in the choir; at a vast cope chest, the only one remaining; and we must not neglect to look down into the Muniment-room. This curious apartment is over that portion of the cloister which occupies the place of the western aisle of the south transept. We have already seen that when Henry III. rebuilt the church, the old cloister of Edward the Confessor was left standing, and here, where it interfered with the new design, the church was built over it. The space between the roof of the cloister and the floor of the triforium in this part, then, is utilised as a Muniment-room, and is filled with coffers, some of them dating back, probably, to the thirteenth century.

Sir Gilbert Scott, in his 'Gleanings' (page 25), seems to think the great size of the triforium was intended to make provision for the presence of sight-seers on grand occasions, such as coronations and royal funerals. Against this view must be put the fact that only people in the front row would be able to see much of what went on below, and that the triforium does not appear ever to have been floored till the time of Wren. At the western end, over the baptistry or Abbot's Chapel, the flooring has been removed, and some interesting bits of sculpture and terra-cotta were found, which had been used to fill up what are called the 'pockets' of the vaulting. In this chamber, which has a fireplace of its own, Bradshaw the regicide, who occupied the Deanery adjoining, is said to have died, and hence along the triforium his restless spirit walks on the nights of the 30th of January and the 22nd of November. The place is ghostly enough to afford a good foundation for any such tales, and you feel when you see it that the wonder would be if he did not 'walk.' Merely glancing at the curious little obelisks in wood carved and gilt, which once stood at the entrance of the choir, we may descend the dark and narrow staircase which takes us down into the eastern walk of the cloister, very glad to find ourselves on the ground again. Except to a well-practised head, the giddy height is extremely disagreeable. There are no railings to protect the visitor who wishes to peer down into the church, where men and women walking about look like crawling ants. There are narrow passes, too, where a stout person can scarcely squeeze through, and everywhere it is necessary to walk very circumspectly, for in some places the floor is very irregular, in others there is very little light, and there are treacherous pipes, blocks of stone covered with old carving, and other obstructions ready to trip you up. Unquestionably, however, the one view from the extreme east end towards the west door, and the diagonal view across the choir and into the south transept, or Poets' Corner, are worth a good deal of trouble and personal risk. We have not, however, nearly done with stair-climbing. The visitor who is permitted by the authorities to penetrate into the hidden mysteries of the upstairs regions of Westminster Abbey finds the objects of curiosity and interest almost inexhaustible. I have heard of some daring spirits, members, no doubt, of the Alpine Club, or people haunted by suicidal mania, who have walked on the roof, and who have climbed into the space above the groining of the chapel of Henry VII. I will not tax the reader's nerves by asking him to visit such fearsome places, but we must see the chantry of the Annunciation, and, above all, the famous wax-works.

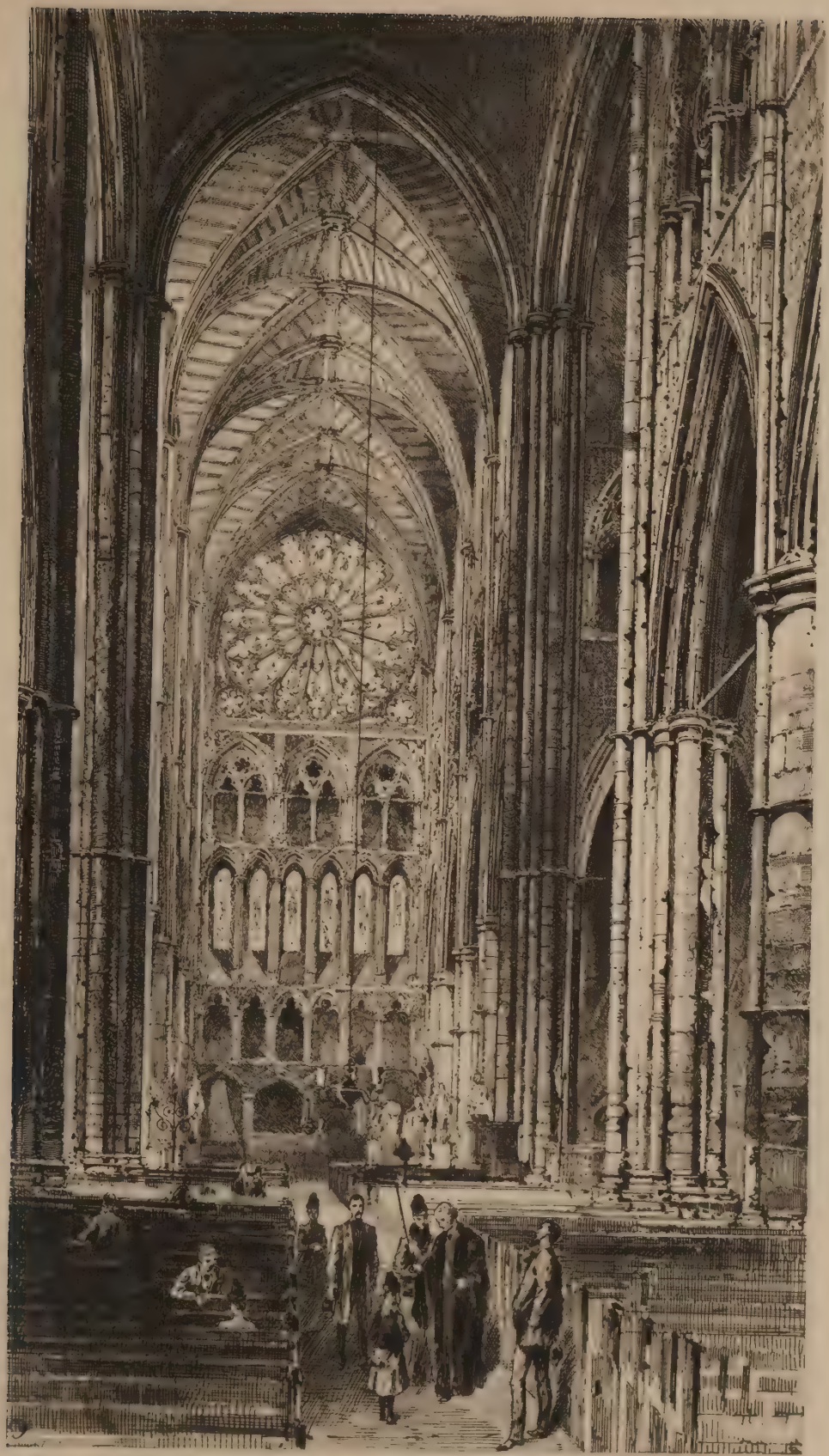
The chantry is one of the strangest places in the Abbey. It cannot, of course, be made available for the general sight-seer, being approached only by narrow newel staircases, which open just at the feet of Queen Philippa and Queen Eleanor on either side, and being moreover of very delicate, not to say rickety, construction. The view of 'long-drawn aisle and fretted vault' looking westward is very fine. Under the stone altar-slab lie the remains of Katharine, the widow of the King; secretly the wife, at the time of her death, of Owen Tudor, the keeper of her wardrobe, by whom she became the ancestress of the Tudor dynasty. Dean Stanley, in a curious account of a visit of Henry VI. to the Abbey to choose a place for his own burial, makes the mistake of thinking that in 1460 the coffin of the Queen, who had died in January 1438, was still unburied. The document from which he quotes, however, makes it plain that not only was she buried, but that a tomb of some kind had been placed over her remains. It was proposed to remove it, to 'apparel' it better, and to leave room for the King's grave before the altar of the Lady Chapel. This was never done; and the Queen's remains rested in the centre of the chapel, near the feet of her first husband. The exact spot must have been where the

steps begin to ascend into the great Lady Chapel of Henry VII. When his wonderful building was projected the coffin was taken up, but Henry declared his intention of burying it suitably in his new chapel. This, for some reason, was never done; and the remains of the Queen, dried up like a mummy, were seen and touched by many visitors to the Abbey. Pepys records that, in 1669, 'here we did see, by particular favour, the body of Queen Katharine of



Valois; and I had the upper part of her body in my hands, and I did kiss her mouth; reflecting upon it that I did kiss a queen, and that this was my birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a queen.' After mentioning this ghastly birthday treat, Pepys goes on to correct the prevalent impression that she had never been buried. Hearne, the antiquary, in the next century, called some attention to the indecent exhibition; bringing down on himself the wrath of the Abbey vergers, who made money by it. In 1776 the coffin was placed in concealment under the Villiers monument in the chapel of St. Nicholas, and Dean Stanley had it brought up to its present resting-place one hundred and two years later. The altar dedicated to the Annunciation is plain and massive. On the front is an inscription in Latin, stating that it contains the bones of Queen Katharine, but I am credibly informed that a very small proportion of the skeleton was rescued from the spoliation of relic-worshippers and thieves. Behind the altar and at either side we can see the marks of the cupboards in which before the Reformation the relics of saints and other treasures of the church were preserved. The great reliquary had stood below, very near where the tomb of Henry V. was afterwards placed, and, no doubt, this chantry, from its comparative inaccessibility, was found very convenient for the purpose The wooden shutters of the presses have been removed, but the marks of the hinges may still be seen, and there are places which seem to have been designed for candlesticks. Standing at the low wall on the westward side, we can look down into the Confessor's Chapel, and keen sight can detect within the upper structure of the tomb, that part which is sometimes attributed to Abbot Feckenham, sometimes to James II., a coffin apparently clamped with iron, which is supposed to contain the body of the royal saint. Among the other relics preserved here were the belt of the Blessed Virgin wrought by her own hands, the shin of St. George, the stone on which our Saviour alighted when He rose from the dead, marked by His feet, and one of the six jars in which at Cana the water was made wine. The views from this chantry, especially in varied light, are so fascinating that we find it difficult to tear ourselves away; and, in truth, there is much of the pleasure to be derived from a visit to the triforium without the giddiness.

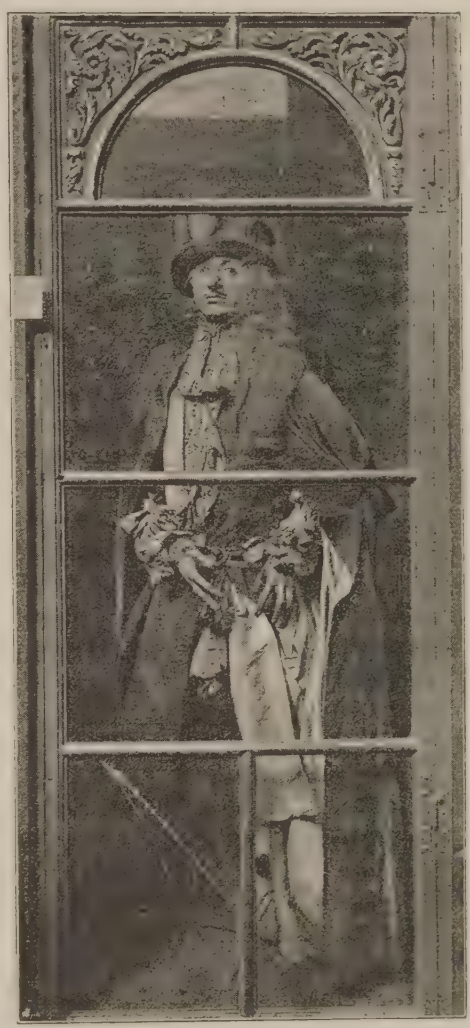
The waxworks of Westminster Abbey have not been seen by many people, but are deservedly famous. At first, as mentioned in a former chapter, it was customary when a king or any other great personage was to be buried to place on the coffin his effigy formed of boiled leather. When the art of modelling in '*cuir bouilli*' was lost, wax was employed for making the image, and wax, notwithstanding its proverbial pliancy, is a very enduring substance. From the north aisle of the apse we ascend a narrow staircase, passing by the way some of the most beautiful sculpture in the Abbey, fronting the chapel of Abbot Islip. At a turn in the stair which leads to a kind of upper gallery we are suddenly confronted with the lifelike figure of King Charles II., whose face, as rendered familiar by numerous and contemporary engravings, with its black eyes and swarthy complexion, looks out from behind the glass of a cupboard only a few inches from the spot we have reached. The royal figure is dressed in crimson velvet, now sadly browned, and adorned with the finest lace of the period.



When we have recovered composure and breath, and can look round, we find ourselves in the presence of a series of most interesting and curious portraits. The wooden presses, with glass fronts, are, to judge from the pattern of the hinges, of about the time of the monarch whose effigy was the first to confront us. The rest, taken chronologically, consist of ten figures, beginning with Queen Elizabeth and ending with Lord Nelson, but neither of these, the first and last, were really funeral effigies. Queen Elizabeth's was made in 1760, as part of the commemoration of the bicentenary of the Collegiate Church. The original figure was worn out by exhibition before 1708, when it is described as in the last stage of dilapidation, so that the oldest figure we see is that of General Monk, who is more correctly described as the Duke of Albemarle. A headless 'torso' of James I. is on the top of one cupboard, and a number of fragments are in a closed case, probably those of the series mentioned by Stow, which began with Edward III. The Duke of Albemarle's figure is in poor condition, having sunk in stature to a height of about four feet. It is in the armour of the time—a steel breastplate and jackboots—but the famous cap, celebrated by Goldsmith and Barham, in which, after taking visitors round, the vergers used to collect their fees, has long disappeared. Monk died in January, 1670, and the preparations for his public funeral were not complete before the end of April. His body was laid in a vault near the head of the monument of Queen Elizabeth, and his wife, who died between the time of his death and his funeral, beside him. In the same vault, and not, as is often supposed, in the marble urn in which the bones were removed from the Tower, are buried the remains supposed to be those of Edward V. and his brother, which were discovered in 1674. Monk's monument is in the other aisle of this same chapel of Henry VII., and there stood the effigy for a century or more after the funeral, and was in fact his only monument for fifty years, till after the death of his son, a monument without any inscription was put up by Scheemakers from a design by Kent.

The figure of Charles II. comes next in order, and is followed by that of his niece, Queen Mary, whose effigy is accompanied in the same case with that of her husband, William III. She died of small-pox in 1695, and this may give her face the drawn, pinched look it wears, for it is modelled from a plaster cast taken after death. William, who survived her till 1702, is also evidently modelled from the original, even to the figure which shows his short stature. He stands upon a pillow to raise his head to a level with that of the Queen.

Next in chronological order comes the figure of Frances Theresa, widow of the last Duke of Richmond and Lennox. She is known in history as 'la belle Stewart,' and is said to have sat for the figure of Britannia on our coinage. She was the daughter of Walter Stewart, a scion of the Blantyre family. The Duchess died on the 15th October, 1702, the very year of Queen Anne's coronation, and is represented in the robes she wore at that ceremonial, having left orders that she was to be 'as well done in wax as can be.' Beside her, on a perch, is a favourite grey parrot, which, having lived with her forty years, died a few days after her.



WAX EFFIGY OF KING CHARLES II.

Next we come to Queen Anne. Her effigy does not by any means confirm the usual ideas about either her mind or her appearance. Her expression as we see it in this image is extremely pleasing, but, more than that, it is the expression of an extremely capable, and, indeed, clever woman, of great force of character. If it is a portrait, as we have every reason to believe, it greatly enhances our ideas of her personal charms, representing her probably more as she had been about the age of thirty than as a gouty woman of fifty. She wears a robe of silk brocade, and her hair flows over her shoulders. Queen Anne died on the 1st August, 1714.

A family group follows. We shall have occasion further on to make some mention of John Sheffield, Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire (usually styled—as, indeed, he signed himself—the Duke of Buckingham), who was so great a peer that he aspired to the hand of the Princess Anne. Though she did not, or could not accept him, she never forgot the compliment he had paid her, and bestowed the two dukedoms upon him very shortly after her accession. Buckingham consoled himself for the loss of the Princess by marrying her half-sister, Catharine Darnley, daughter of James II. by Catharine Sidley, whom the King made Countess of Dorchester, and who afterwards married Lord Portmore. Catharine Darnley had been married to Lord Anglesey, who so ill-used her that she obtained a divorce from him, but she did not marry Buckingham till after her first husband's death. She had three sons, of whom one lived but three weeks, and the second, who was born in 1711, and also died young, is represented as standing by her. Colonel Chester, in his 'Registers of Westminster Abbey,' points out that the boy's name is not in the Register because he was buried in St. Margaret's, hard by; but at the time of his father's funeral his body was removed to the Chapel of Henry VII. He died in 1715, at the age of three years and seven weeks, but appears older in his effigy. Dean Stanley has confounded him with his brother. Opposite the glass case which contains this child and his mother is the ghastly figure of her third son, Edmund, who succeeded to his father's titles, and died at Rome at the early age of eighteen, in 1735. Contemporary memoirs say that the Duchess had this effigy made under her own superintendence, and wanted to borrow the funeral car which had carried Marlborough to the grave. Miss Bradley tells us that on his haughty Duchess's refusal to lend it, she proudly boasted that the undertaker had promised to furnish a finer for 20*l.* The effigy shows the young Duke as a corpse, arrayed in the robes of a peer, with a coronet. It is curious to remark that this is the only effigy in which the deceased is represented as a recumbent figure. The funeral took place on the 31st of January, 1736, and was the last in which an effigy was laid on the coffin. The figure of the Duchess represents her as living and standing by her boy mentioned above. She died in 1743, at the age of sixty-one, but is represented here as comparatively youthful. Before her death she had her funeral rehearsed, and settled every detail with Garter King of Arms. Her last anxiety was lest her attendants should sit down in her presence before life was quite extinct. The figures of Chatham and Nelson were merely made for exhibition, though it is said that a real uniform of Nelson's is on his effigy.

We have one more climb to make, but comparatively a short one. It is not known for certain whether there was an organ in the church before the Reformation, but it is exceedingly probable. After the Restoration 'Father Smith' placed a small instrument over two arches on the north side over the stalls. Immediately underneath are the graves of the old organists—Blow, Purcell, and Croft. The organ as it is now, though not the largest built in this country, is probably the most complete in modern appliances and scientific action. It was finished in 1884 and replaced the instrument built by Schrieder and Jordan in 1730. Many additions were made to the old organ during the following century, but there were certain radical defects according to modern ideas which could not be remedied. In the 'Engineer' of August 12th, 1885, will be found a full scientific account of this new organ, from which we take the following details, as our space would not allow of a longer quotation:—'The action of the instrument, with the sole exception of the choir manual touch, is entirely on the tubular pneumatic system. The same general principle is applied in the case of the great, swell, solo, and pedal touches, which are all perfectly light and easy to play on, whether couplers are used or not.' The total length of the metal tubing is considerably over two miles. Above the pedals are ten combination pedals, which act upon the great, swell, and pedal stops. The bellows are in the cloister vault, at a distance of sixty feet. The solo stops are forty-five feet from the pavement, so that they have great acoustical advantages. The first musical performance given on the new organ consisted almost entirely of the composition of the Abbey organists from Henry Purcell's anthem, 'Oh, sing unto the Lord,' to the 'Magnificat' in G. of Dr. J. F. Bridge.

W. J. Loftie.

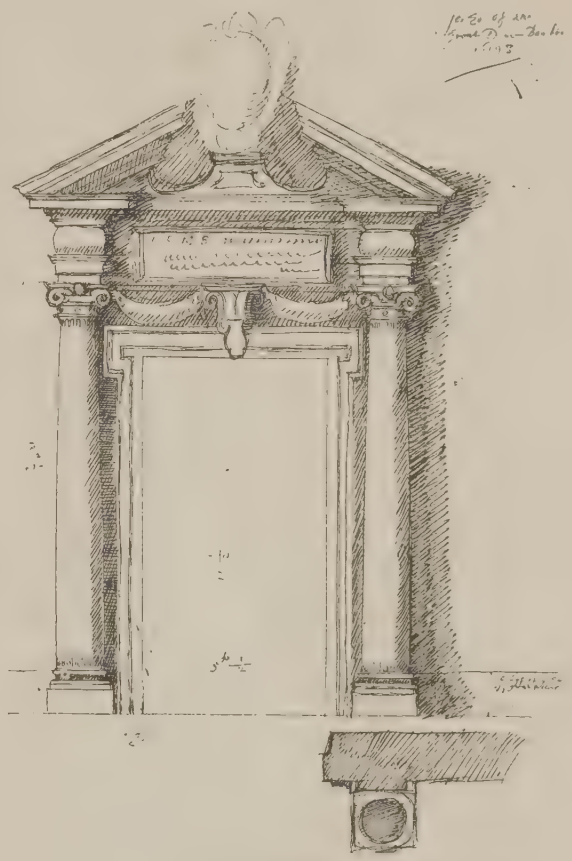
INIGO JONES.

III.

In 1615, Inigo Jones returned from his second journey to Italy to take up his duties as Surveyor of the King's works. Webb relates, with honest pride in his master, how, the department being seriously embarrassed, Inigo offered to forego his pay till the debt was cleared. He did some work in the Star-chamber in 1615–1618, and there is a rough plan for this in the Worcester College Library dated 1617; Houghton Hall, and Dorfold in Cheshire, have been assigned to him in

this year, but I do not know of any important and authenticated building of his before 1618. There is, however, in the Duke of Devonshire's Collection a signed drawing, dated 1616, which is of considerable interest, for it seems to show that the architect must have developed *per saltum* in the two succeeding years. This drawing, which is poorly executed, shows the centre bay of a façade in three stories, divided up with stringcourses in the usual Jacobean manner, but without any orders; over the top of the pediment is a baluster, carrying a vane, and the only signs of his mature manner are the deep alternate voussoirs of the central arch. Except that it is signed 'Inigo Jones,' one might have supposed it to be by John Thorpe. In 1618 he began the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn, and in the same year he was called on to design the new buildings at Whitehall; and in less than six months he made those memorable designs which at once assured his place among the greatest masters of architecture.

There are several variations in the different designs for Whitehall. There are some miscellaneous drawings at Chatsworth showing details of some of the orders and various plans, some of which are signed 'John Webb, architect.' The designs published in 'Vitruvius Britannicus' were obtained by Campbell from a Mr. William Emmet of Bromley, and he dated them 1639; but Campbell was quite reckless about dates, for he also says that the Banqueting Hall was built in 1615. The most complete and probably trustworthy collection of Inigo's designs for Whitehall is that in Worcester College Library, though there are also a few authentic drawings at Chiswick. Jones himself prepared several alternate designs, and Webb subsequently modified his master's ideas; but the main features of the original design were never lost sight of. Roughly speaking, the site occupied the whole of the space from Whitehall Gardens to the ground at the back of the Treasury, the north side passing through the Horse Guards, the south following a line through the middle of the Home Office; and the plan was to consist of a huge rectangular block, of which the extreme dimensions, as figured on one of the Chatsworth drawings, were to be 1280 feet long and 950 feet wide. This was divided into three parts; the central division, occupied by an immense court 800 feet long and 400 feet wide, running north and south; the division to the west was subdivided into three parts, of which the centre was the famous circular court 300 feet in diameter, flanked by two oblong courts; the division to the east, with front to the river, was divided into three rectangular courts, of which the centre was the largest. The façades were symmetrical throughout, and the composition, generally speaking, consisted of a raised block of buildings in the centre, with two smaller blocks at the ends, all three blocks advanced beyond the main line of buildings. The height to the top of the centre block was to be about 110 feet. The Banqueting Hall, forming the northern block of the east side of the great central court, was all that was ever carried out; and this block, which was only a subordinate part of a vast façade, is a fair sample of the details contemplated throughout the Palace, with the exception of the Circular Court. In the design for this court, Inigo Jones broke with tradition. The court was



DOORWAY AT WHITEHALL.

to be in two stories, open to the sky; an arcade was to run all round it, carrying a Doric entablature, supported between the arches by gigantic Caryatides and Persians, set against the piers, and apparently over twenty feet high. Above this came a gallery, closed in, but otherwise similar in treatment to the arcade below. Above this was a cornice, surmounted by an open balustrade. No doubt, the conception was a bold one, and had it been executed by sculptors of first-rate genius, the beauty of its detail might have justified the design. But if the work had ever been executed, it would probably have proved a grotesque failure. The sculptor who would have done the work would have been old Nicholas Stone, a good man in his way, but quite unequal to such a colossal task as this; and I think that anyone who examines the designs will feel that

in this one instance Inigo Jones allowed the severe reserve of his art to be overpowered by the luxuriant fancy of the literature of his time. The design for the Temple of Fame in the Masque of Queens has been already described; I cannot help thinking that the ideas, which it was his legitimate business to embody in the scenery for the masque, reacted upon him in his purely architectural design with disastrous effect. As Lessing pointed out once for all, there is no more dangerous fallacy in the whole of art than this direct transcript from one art into another. It is all very well for the poet to dream of palaces with golden cornices upheld by curious sculpture, but the architect deals with the stubborn facts of bricks and stones, and not with the subtle imagery of words, and it is not for him to give the rein to his fancy. That difference, *ὕλη καὶ τρόποις μιμήσεως*, is no mere skin-deep pedantry. It means that not only must the terms of one art be modified before they can be used by any other, but that there are ideas which may be legitimate in one art, and particularly in poetry, which are quite out of court in regard to another, and such an idea I believe to be that of the Caryatides, at any rate for us. In spite of the fact that the Greeks used it, and even allowing the possibility of getting a sculptor of sufficient skill, there seems to be a sort of intemperate license about this feature, which, except in work on a small scale, ought once and for all to exclude it from the language of the noblest of the arts. It is curious to find it in a design by Inigo Jones, an artist who, of all men, deliberately rejected mere exuberant ornament; and my impression is that he was 'got at,' either by some officious playwright, or by the no less insidious influence of a purely literary idea. Only an inconsiderable part of this great design was ever carried out, and never was architect more unfortunate than Inigo Jones in having his grandest ideas unrealised. Again and again the pathetic words, 'not taken,' appear on his drawings—words sadly suggestive of the irony of fate which seems to have doomed this man of genius to a continuous series of futile enterprise.

The twenty years from 1618 onwards formed the busiest part of his career. In 1620 he was made a member of a Commission to inquire into the nature of all new buildings erected in London since the accession of James I., and it appears to have been part of his duty to enforce compliance with certain regulations—an early attempt at a Metropolitan Buildings Act. Amongst the members of this Commission were Lord Chancellor Bacon and the Earls of Worcester, Pembroke, and Arundel. It seems to have been under this Commission that he was appointed to 'plant and reduce to uniformity Lincoln's Inn Fields,' which he accordingly did, it is said, on the proportions of the base of the Great Pyramid. He also designed several houses on the west side of the square, of which Lindsay House (No. 59), and the houses with the *fleur-de-lis* and a rose on a band round the pilaster are still standing. These houses are characteristic of his street architecture. Shaftesbury House (No. 35 Aldersgate Street, now destroyed) appears to have been of much the same design. In 1630-31 he was employed by the Earl of Bedford in laying out Covent Garden. The north and east sides were built in red brick and stone. The church on the west side, the famous 'barn,' was begun in 1631, and consecrated by Juxon in 1638. It was burnt to the ground in 1795, but rebuilt on the old design in stone. Inigo, as usual, designed this church on purely classical lines; in the same way, when called on to rebuild the west end of St. Paul's, he ignored the older Gothic building entirely; and, to give one more instance, there is a drawing at Chiswick signed, 'Of Inigo, for ye screen of Winchester Church,' which shows a screen of the composite order, with the entablature and other details complete. Excepting the chapel of Lincoln's Inn (1618) and the church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, there is no authenticated instance of his ever having attempted Gothic, there are no drawings of any Gothic detail in the various collections, and, indeed, Inigo was so steeped in classical architecture that he would probably have found it difficult to design in any other style. His constant practice in this respect makes his connexion with the church of St. Katharine Cree very doubtful. He is usually said to have designed this church, which, with the exception of the tower, was rebuilt in 1628, and consecrated by Laud in 1630, but there is no record of his having been employed, and it is not like his work. It seems likely that Laud had some other architect, perhaps one of the De Caus, for there is no mention of Inigo in the books of St. John's, Oxford, in reference to Laud's new buildings at that college (1631–1635), and the mixed and somewhat extravagant details of these buildings have nothing in common with the pure Palladianism at which he habitually aimed. Moreover, Inigo was a Roman Catholic, and, upon the principle of an internecine hatred between nearest neighbours, Laud would not have looked upon him with any favour. In point of fact, all the buildings at Oxford attributed to Inigo Jones are open to doubt. He is usually said to have designed the entrance porch of St. Mary's Church and the gateway to the Botanical Gardens, but both of these are distinctly claimed for Nicholas Stone by his nephew, Charles Stokes. Inigo does not seem to have ingratiated himself with either University; he is only credited with one work at Cambridge, the Fellows' Building, at Christ's College, but this tradition is rejected by Willis and Clarke. The church of St. Alban's, Wood Street, was rebuilt or restored about

1633, but burnt in the Great Fire, and the present church was designed by Wren in 1688. Wren states that it was Gothic, as it was before the fire, which looks as if Inigo had been at work on Gothic for once. It is probable, however, that his work here was confined to the restoration of an older building.

The watergate to York House, which belongs to this period, is dated by Campbell 1626. The archway is still standing, but its fine proportions are no longer visible, owing to the alterations in the ground levels. This, with many others of Inigo's designs, such as Whitehall, and Kirby in Northamptonshire, was carried out by Nicholas Stone. In the year 1620, he was commissioned by the King to write an account of Stonehenge, and in pursuance of this he made an elaborate survey of the stones, and left voluminous MS. notes, which were published after his death by Webb. 'After much reasoning, and a long series of authorities, he concludes at last that this ancient and stupendous pile must have been originally a Roman temple inscribed to Cœlus, the senior of the heathen gods, and built of the Tuscan order.' This remarkable conclusion was unmercifully handled by a Dr. Walter Charlton, who was of opinion that 'Mr. Jones' imagination had too powerful an influence over his reason.' Perhaps, as Cuninghame suggests, Inigo's theory was simply an embodiment of some pedanticism of James I.

Somewhere about 1620 Inigo was ordered to survey Old St. Paul's. The Cathedral was in a state of disgraceful dilapidation. It was treated as a place of common public resort, and refuse was thrown into parts of the building. Nothing was done in the reign of James I., but after Charles' accession, Laud succeeded in raising a sum of over 100,000*l.* for rebuilding the Cathedral. The works were begun in 1633, and continued till the outbreak of the Civil War, when the balance of some 65,000*l.* was annexed by the Parliament. The scheme, it appears, was to gradually rebuild the Cathedral, and Inigo got as far as the spire over the crossing, starting from the west end, before the works were stopped. There is a view of the West front by Hollar, and a drawing of it at Chiswick, the design of which is very inferior to Wren's, but it was much admired at the time, and Webb is particularly enthusiastic over his 'magnificent portico.' One incident of this work is characteristic. Inigo's designs involved the destruction of St. Gregory's next St. Paul's, and with the King to back him, he rode roughshod over the parishioners. In spite of their protest, in 1637 he pulled down part of the church, and threatened that 'if they did not take down the said church, they should be laid by the heels.' The parishioners complained to the House of Commons, who sent on the complaint to the House of Lords with advice that proceedings should be taken against the architect. The result of his arbitrary conduct was that he was summoned before the House of Lords, and had to hand over his materials to the parishioners to rebuild their church withal. Simultaneously with his work at St. Paul's, he was employed on the Queen's house at Greenwich. This was begun about 1620, but not finished till 1637, the date of several drawings for Greenwich at Chiswick. Most, however, of the Greenwich drawings in existence were made by Webb for Charles II.

TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

In the years 1636–38 he designed a chapel and various alterations at Old Somerset House, in the Strand, which are well shown in Kip's view; and there are two drawings at Chiswick of Temple Bar, one entitled '*The Upright of the Gate at Tempoll Bar*,' 1636; the other, '*Purfil of the Arch, Tempoll Bar; how the brickwork is to be wrought in* 1638,' signed Inigo Jones. This design does not appear to have been carried out, for the old Temple Bar, which was pulled down a few years ago, was designed by Wren in 1670. In 1636 he designed the remarkable Barber Surgeons' Hall in Monkwell Street (behind the General Post-office), the greater part of which is now destroyed. There is a *Design of the Chirurgeons' Theatre*, 1636, in the

Worcester collection, which shows a theatre oval in plan, with the demonstration table in the centre, and on each side of the entrance façade two square staircases in two stories. In its general idea the design is not unlike that adopted by Burgess for the Harrow speech room. The theatre was destroyed at the end of the last century, and the old hall, kitchen, and larder, were taken down in 1864, and the site used for warehouses. There seems to have been a curious fatality about Inigo Jones' work. His addition to St. Paul's was burnt within twenty-five years of its completion; old Somerset House, and the great house on the north side of Bloomsbury Square, called Southampton, and afterwards Bedford House, have been swept away; only a small part of Whitehall was ever executed; his works at Castle Ashby and Stoke Park in Northamptonshire, and many other places, were stopped by the Civil War. Amesbury in Wiltshire, and Gunnersbury, near Brentford, are said to have been designed by him, but he never saw them carried out. None of his buildings in Covent Garden remain; part of Ashburnham House was burnt in 1731; and his work at Kirby is in ruins.

After the outbreak of the Civil War the architect shared the misfortunes of his master. In 1643 he was 'thrust out of office for his loyalty,' and in 1645 he was taken prisoner at the siege of Basing with Robinson the actor, Hollar, Peake, and Fairthorne, and fined 345*l.* Yet, through all these troubles he stuck to his post; the work at Wilton was proceeding from 1640 to 1648, and one of his finest drawings at Chiswick, a perspective of a ceiling at Wilton, is dated 1649. His additions to Kirby were not completed till 1647; but it is not easy to conceive of any conditions more utterly hostile to the practice of art than those which prevailed in England during the last ten years of his life. It is a proof of his sincere enthusiasm for his art that up to the very last moment, his restless brain was busy with fresh ideas, and those great principles of architecture which had formed his life-long study. He died in 1652, and was buried by the side of his father in the Church of St. Bennet's, Paul's Wharf. In the epitaph put up to him by John Webb, he is described as 'armiger,' and in a portrait in red chalk at Chatsworth he is shown wearing the collar of some order. The best of his portraits is the print by Hollar, but there is a fine portrait by Vandyke in the Barber Surgeons' Court Room, and Vandyke also made a drawing (preserved at Chatsworth), for the print by Van Voorst. Nearly all his portraits show the same type of face; a powerful head, with high forehead, aquiline nose, and eyes deep set under imperious eyebrows. A moustache and pointed beard cover a rather heavy chin. It is a face which suggests power rather than subtlety; a strong trenchant intellect rather than the sensitive organization of the poet. The only variation is the limewood medallion at South Kensington, which shows the fine, clear-cut profile common in a certain type of artist.

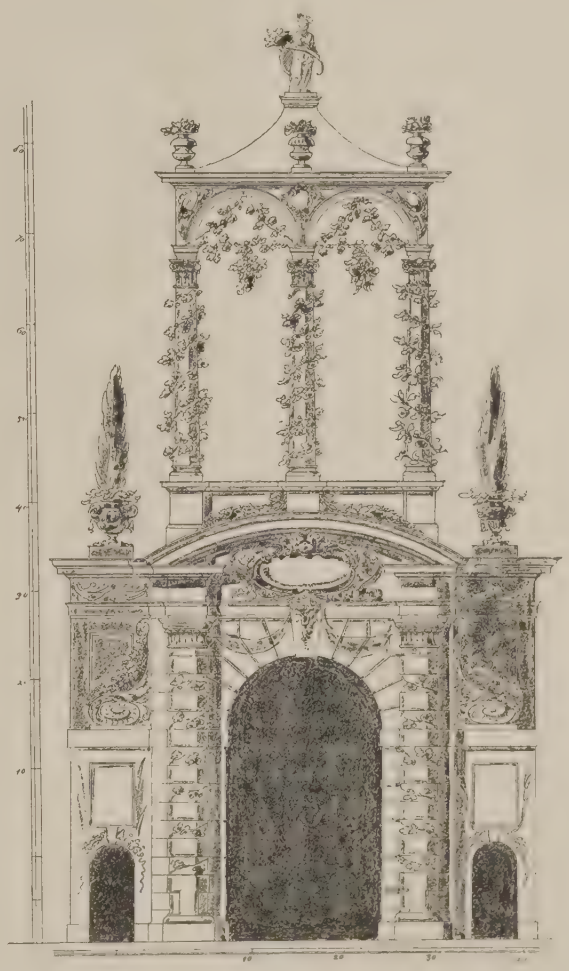
It is impossible within the limits of a mere study such as this to give a complete *catalogue raisonnée* of Inigo Jones' work, and I have had to omit any mention of important buildings in the country, such as his additions to Wilton and Ford Abbey, which have been assigned to him on more or less excellent evidence. None of his designs for State pageants have reached us. There are four designs of triumphal arches among his drawings at Chiswick, two of which are reproduced in the text to show the sort of thing that was usual; but these designs are not by Inigo Jones. They were made for the Mayor and

Corporation, in 'entertainment of King Charles II., on the occasion of his passing through the city of London to his coronation,' a full account of which, with engravings of the arches, by Loggan, is to be found in the rare folio published in 1661, by John Ogilby, Gent., the composer of the speeches. 'The architectural part,' he says, 'was by Mr. Peter Mills, surveyor of the city, and another who desires to have his name concealed'—perhaps young Wren. The arches were constructed entirely of woodwork, decorated with paintings, carvings, and living figures. With all their faults, one has only to compare these designs with the futile attempts which accompany our modern State ceremonials to measure the decadence of official taste. Inigo Jones was never married, and appears, from a MS. prescription at the end of his Palladio, to have been of a dyspeptic habit of body; but of personal anecdote very little has reached us except what can be picked out of Ben Jonson's violent abuse in his 'Expostulation with Inigo Jones.' The famous quarrel between the two is said to have begun over the masque of 'Chloridia.' Ben

Jonson put his own name first on the title-page, which so much offended Inigo that he got the privilege of composing masques for the Court transferred to such men as Townshend, Carew, and Davenant. This is probably not the complete account of the quarrel, but Inigo's treatment of Ben Jonson is one of the least amiable episodes in his life. It can only be said in his defence that the jealousy between artist and poet is a very old story, and that Ben Jonson had little notion of any art except his own, as is shown by a passage in his 'Discoveries': 'Picture took her feigning from Poetry, yet, of the two, the pen is more noble than the pencil, for that can speak to the understanding, the other but to the sense.' He rather objected than not to Inigo's skill in design as obscuring the brilliancy of his own poetry, and as he seems to have regarded him in much the same light as the British public regards his successors of to-day, there was some excuse for Inigo's resentment. It is very likely that Inigo was a hard, imperious man, full of the masterful instinct of the architect, but had it not been for the peevish habit of poets which insists on posterity sharing their grievances, this quarrel might have been buried in decent oblivion.

In the history of English art Inigo Jones occupies a position of singular isolation. One hesitates whether to consider him as the sum and crowning point of the English Renaissance before the cataclysm of the Civil War, or as the first really competent exponent of the Italian Renaissance in England. Mere convenience of dates would place him in relation to those predecessors who had been groping their way to a new development. John Thorpe died about the beginning of his career, the Smithsons were his contemporaries, and Abel long outlived him, but with these men Inigo had little or nothing in common, for he definitely and deliberately rejected the remains of the Gothic tradition in favour of Palladianism. He went, as it were, clean away from his forerunners. The only architecture which he thoroughly knew was Roman architecture as described by Vitruvius and Palladio, and as illustrated by existing fragments in Italy. This architecture he introduced into England, with only such modifications as were required by our climate and practical necessities, and his extraordinary capacity is proved by the success of this somewhat precarious process. Since the days of unconscious schools of art such as Gothic, the English have shown some inherent inability to form a continuous school of artists; our best work has been individual, and the only exception to this has been in architecture. Inigo Jones, by his originality and creative genius, was the founder of a line in which only Sir Christopher Wren could claim equal rank, but which, on a lower level, was continued well into the eighteenth century by men of such undeniable ability as Hawksmore, Campbell, and Gibbs. Though Sir Christopher Wren did not acknowledge his obligation he could hardly have advanced to the perfection which he attained except over the body of the great Court architect.

Inigo's title to fame is too well assured to run any risk from criticism. There is no doubt that by his contemporaries he was considered one of the first



TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

masters of his age. 'It was vox Europæ,' says Webb, himself an architect of much ability, 'that named Inigo Jones Vitruvius Britannicus, being much more than at home famous in remote parts, where he lived many years, designed many works, discovered many antiquities, before unknown, with great applause. 'Mr. Jones,' he continues, 'was generally learned, eminent for architecture, a great geometrician, and in designing with his pen (as Sir Anthony Vandyke used to say), not to be equalled by whatever great masters in his time, for boldness, softness, sureness, and sweetness of his touching.' Vandyke could hardly have meant to include himself in this statement, for a reference to his own incomparable sketches will at once show the shortcomings of

Inigo's drawings. He picked up in Italy a bad habit of drawing with a broken line, and a line of varying thickness; also an unsatisfactory system of shading, and a pernicious tendency to treat the muscles as so many lumps on the surface. The drawings in the various collections are very unequal, and it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that some of the very finest of the figures were supplied by other hands—perhaps by Vandyke himself. With this reservation, however, there is a sufficient quantity of good work left to show that Inigo was a free and powerful draughtsman with his pen, and possessed a knowledge of the figure uncommon among architects. But the qualities which constitute his special strength were, his thorough mastery of proportion, his contempt for mere prettiness, and the rare distinction of his style. Whatever exception may be taken to his art on the score of its severity or want of playfulness, no one who understands his business could ever assert of it that it was trivial, or ignorant, or ignoble. I will quote his own impressive words on architecture:—'Always the liberty of comparing with reason is allowed, and who follows the best of the ancients cannot miss;' and again, 'in architecture, the outward ornament ought to be solid, proportional, according to the rules, masculine, and unaffected.'

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

PERTH BRIDGE.

ETCHED BY D. Y. CAMERON.

MR. CAMERON has for some time past been an assiduous student of pen-drawing, very much in the style of his skilful countryman, Mr. George Reid, although, we believe, without any conscious imitation of that distinguished artist. Such work was the best possible preparation for etching, which Mr. Cameron is now successfully pursuing. He works chiefly from nature, and generally chooses simple subjects—in fact, the plate we now publish is rather elaborate for him. Mr. Cameron avoids complicated and overwrought light-and-shade, seems to have a keen enjoyment of certain delicacies of drawing, and is fully aware of the preciousness of white paper in giving calm and tranquillity to an etching. The subjects we have seen of his, often very gracefully treated, are almost exclusively Scottish.

THE LAKE OF ISEO.

A GLIMPSE of the Lago d'Iseo may be had in half a day from either Brescia or Bergamo, with both of which it is now in railway connexion; but my own visits to it have been made in more leisurely fashion, starting in the early morning from a country house, at a distance of about six miles from Iseo and eight from Sarnico, and returning home after sunset.

Larks people the sky and waterlilies bloom serenely in the marshes of the partly reclaimed bogland as we approach the little town of Iseo, where, after breakfast in the garden of the inn by the port, we embark on the diminutive steamer which takes us in three hours to Lovere. The voyage might be a more rapid one, since the length of the lake is only seventeen miles; but, apart from the moral and other advantages of not doing things in a hurry, who would grudge the time as he steams in and out of the lace-like shore, and pauses deliberately at each sunny village, gay at this midsummer season with garlands of silvery fresh-water herrings hanging out to dry? 'Doux et frais comme une éclogue de Virgile,' as was said by that great artist in words, George Sand. Hither she brought her Lucrezia Floriana, who has been identified with herself, and Prince Karol, in whom the world recognised Chopin; and by the side of these clear waters, 'flecked with the blossom of peach and almond,' the actress and the musician tried to live—but from the nature of the situation wholly failed in living—an idyllic life, while Lucrezia's somewhat sordid old father, the lake fisherman, was more sensibly employed in mending his nets. Never was there a little lake of such irregular form with scenery so various: towering peaks and naked escarpments; lovely little bays, where the abundant olive-groves tell of the mildness of the climate; islands of all shapes and sizes; castellated isles, monastic isles, tiny desert isles, on which a child would give the world to be shipwrecked for the space of one summer noon; thickly-populated village isles, with pink and white oleanders filling up every inch of room left vacant between the painted houses which hang over the water, so that the babies would certainly fall in were it not for their fears of a fay of the Lorelei family who dwells at the bottom. 'Take care, or the Maddalena will thrust a hand out and draw you down,' say the mothers; and the little ones, thus admonished, are wisely shy of leaning out of window. The biggest island (which is also the largest by far of any on the Italian lakes)

is called Monte Isola. A sort of Teneriffe, rising to a considerable height out of the water, it presents on its southern side a sheer wall of rock, crowned by the towers and battlements of a castle of the Martinenghi, roofless now, but still imposing with its great doorway, over which are engraved the words, EX ALTO. The other sides of Monte Isola afford

THE LAKE OF ISEO. DRAWN BY E. L. SEELEY.

a sufficient cornice to hold a dozen small hamlets dotted about the shore at short intervals.

The strife of Guelph and Ghibelline raged up and down the lake, and is still, as it were, symbolised in a tall tower standing near Predore, which is cut clean in two from top to bottom. Two brothers representing the rival factions inherited the tower, and as they would not hold it in common it was agreed to execute upon it the judgment of Solomon. In spite of the best architectural skill being called into requisition one half toppled down just as the operation was completed, and there it lies still upon the ground, a heap of rubbish. This, at least, is the local legend, and he would be a rash man who, in the neighbourhood of Predore, should gainsay it. History more prosaic relates that the tower was reduced to its present state in 1404 by the Ghibellines of Lovere, and the Val Camonica, who came down five hundred strong to avenge the destruction of their olive-woods, which had been carried out by order of the Guelph Count Foresti of Predore.

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who may be called the discoverer of the lake of Iseo, lived at Lovere off and on for eight or nine of the last years of her life. 'I am now in a place the most beautifully romantic I ever saw in my life,' she wrote to her daughter in July, 1747; and the enthusiasm of her first impressions continued to the end. A Brescian doctor had advised her to go to Lovere to take the waters, which were, I suppose, brought from Boario at the opening of the Valle d'Angolo, where there is a source which has been celebrated for its medicinal properties since the beginning of the fifteenth century. Lovere reminded Lady Mary of Tunbridge Wells, only the mountains were six times as high, and were covered with green moss or short grass, diversified by tufts of trees, little woods, and here and there vineyards. In 1752 she described more at length the position of 'this extraordinary spot of land, which is almost unknown to the rest of the world, and indeed does not seem to be destined by nature to be inhabited by human creatures. . . . The lake

ROAD BY THE LAKE OF ISEO. DRAWN BY E. L. SEELEY.

itself is different from any other I ever saw or read of, being the colour of the sea, rather deeper tinged with green, which convinces me that the surrounding mountains are full of minerals, and, it may be, rich in mines yet undiscovered, as well as quarries of

marble, from whence the houses are ornamented and even the streets paved, which, if polished and laid with art, would look like the finest mosaic work, being a variety of beautiful colours.' She adds that the streets are mere alleys, unpassable for any wheel-carriage except a wheel-barrow. The town, 'near two miles long and the figure of a semicircle,' is a mixture of shops and palaces, gardens and houses. Some of the palaces were already in those days tumble-down, and to be sold to the first bidder; and one of these Lady Mary bought, which she confesses to the Countess of Bute with the amusing diffidence of an impulsive mother who stands a little in

LOVERE. DRAWN BY E. L. SEELEY.

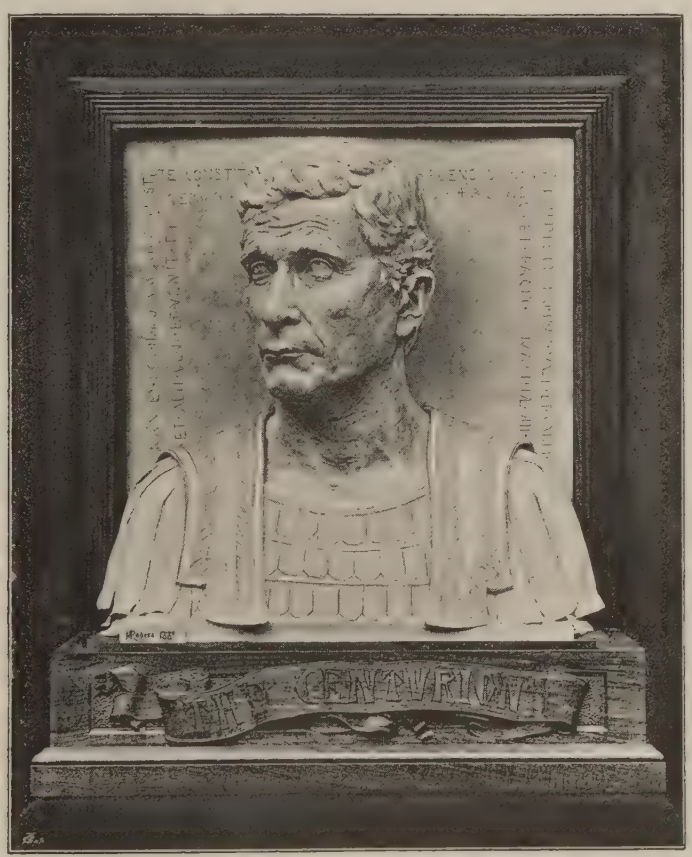
awe of her daughter's calmer judgment. But she never regretted her purchase, and her natural good spirits and power of taking enjoyment where she could find it prevented her from suffering from *ennui*. When there was nothing else going on she could be happy with her garden and her dairy. In the water-drinking season there seems to have been no lack of amusements — an opera which began at 10 p.m., and a 'constant routine of assemblies which they call conversations,' where the gentlemen appeared in light night-caps and light night-gowns, and the ladies in their stays and smock sleeves. 'This dress,' she observes, 'is called "*vestimenti* (*vestito?*) *di confidenza*," and they do not appear in it in town.' It must have been an odd, *sans façon* sort of life, but withal gay and friendly; and Lady Mary, who of all English women was the least burdened with prejudices, found it pleasant. It is a life which has departed now out of Lovere and all analogous Italian townlets. I saw a tattered written play-bill announcing a performance of marionettes; but the opera is gone, and along with it the friendly society, which, if it had all the faults, had also all the merits of a family party. It was a society in which people had no doubts about their neighbours' antecedents, no qualms as to their relative positions, no fear of receiving less respect than was their due, or pretention of exacting more; finally, no porcupine susceptibilities, black or red, left or right, of this *partito* or that, for or against the government of the day. Gone, too, is the abundant game, and if the 'trouts as large and red as salmon' are not also to be counted with things past, their number is, I fear, diminishing year by year; from which it may be inferred that, from a social or gastronomic point of view, 1747 was a better chosen date for a visit to Lovere than 1889. But the beauties of nature remain, as well as the singularly interesting natural formation which has attracted the attention of many eminent geologists. There remain, too, for the botanist the pleasant fields, '*littéralement émaillés des plus belles fleurs champêtres que produise la Lombardie*,' which were noticed by George Sand. With its present accessibility the lake is likely to become gradually known to English tourists, for whose benefit Signor G. Corona wrote (in English) a useful *brochure* entitled, 'Iseo and its Lake,' which was published at Rome in 1880. Gabriele Rosa's 'Guida al Lago d'Iseo' (Brescia, 1886) may also be recom-

mended to intending visitors. In another of his works, 'Dialetti, Costumi e Tradizioni nelle Provincie di Bergamo e di Brescia,' the author discusses the question of the origin of the name of Iseo, which was long a crux to philologists. Hebrew and Celtic scholars have claimed it for their own, but Cav. Rosa shows the greater likelihood of its being derived from Isis. The cult of Isis was probably established on these shores at the beginning of the Roman Empire, and it may have lingered on far into Christian times. It is certain that in the neighbouring mountains a part of the population was still Pagan in the ninth century.

EVELYN MARTINENGO CESARESCO.

TWO TERRA-COTTAS FROM THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION OF 1888.

THE exhibition with which the New Gallery signalised its first autumn season, and the Arts and Crafts Society its start in life, will long be remembered for the proof it gave of an unsuspected achievement of English industrial art. The progress made good in this country since 1851 in all branches of decoration, has, indeed, long been universally recognised. It has even been the theme of ungrudging praise on the part of foreign critics, and the list of awards at the Paris Exhibition of 1878, in which Great Britain came in a good second to France in nearly every class in the art section, bore witness, at least, to the great change which thirty years had brought about. But until the Arts and Crafts Exhibition came to open our eyes, it was not, perhaps, generally understood how homogeneous the best part of our progress had been.



THE CENTURION. TERRA-COTTA. BY MARK ROGERS.

Few people would have been found to confess that in England a new style of home decoration had been devised and carried far on to perfection, and that it had brought the whole range of domestic ornament, from objects of humble use to the luxuries of an interior, within its grasp. For the background to the picture, the credit belongs to Mr. William Morris. He provided the canvas which his followers and himself are now occupied in filling in. The vast majority of the objects exposed at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, would have been thoroughly

at peace in rooms papered with his papers, carpeted with his carpets, painted in his favourite tones. This may even be said of the two works in terra-cotta here reproduced. *The Centurion,* by Mr. Mark Rogers, is picturesque sculpture—sculpture governed by the ideas of those Italian *quattrocentisti* who used classic forms to express a modern subtlety of passion. It is the same with the more playful work of Mr. John Wilson. Here grace and coherence of form are united with a sense not only of childish action, but of the peculiarities of the baby mind, which is also modern. It would, perhaps, be going too far to say the bond of union between such things as these and the designs of Mr. William Morris is very close. But, at least, they all proceed on the broad general principle which keeps reality of interest and sincerity of expression steadily in view, and puts aside what is purely conventional. And so these terra-cottas are in the movement to which allusion has been made.

MODEL FOR TERRA-COTTA VASE. BY JOHN WILSON.

W. A.

LESSING'S LAOKOON.

THE times have changed since Lessing, addressing the hooped and periwigged public of a little German court, informed his public that this essay on the limits of poetry and painting was written chiefly to counteract the false taste which had arisen, and which produced the love of description in poetry, by which word he included all imaginative literature, and of allegory in painting and the plastic arts generally. We English of the last years of the nineteenth century are to a great extent under the same influence as that which dominated Germany in Lessing's day—the influence of French literature and art. Yet his warning against the allegoric has ceased to be much needed even in France, and our danger lies rather from a tendency to excessive realism.

Taste changes in art as in other matters. The coldly classic beauty, the academic style, which Lessing dreamed of, would be as little to our present taste as the art which he inveighed against. But this is not the only reason that our Lessing so often lies unread; it is the critic's fate to be short-lived. Such words of his as are true only for the time become by a change of fashion out of date. Such thoughts of his as are new and always true are taken up by later writers and pass into the currency and general stock of knowledge. But though a critic, Lessing does not deserve the critic's fate. He is a critic truly, but as truly he is something more. 'He thinks,' writes Carlyle in his essay on German literature, 'he thinks with the clearness and piercing sharpness of the most expert logician, but a genial fire pervades him—a wit, a heartiness, a general richness and freshness of nature to which most logicians are strangers. . . . . As a poet, as a critic, philosopher, or controversialist, his style will be found precisely such as we of England are accustomed to admire most: brief, nervous, vivid, yet quite without glitter or antithesis; idiomatic, pure without purism, transparent, yet full of character and reflex hues of meaning.' Here, in a phrase, clear and well-defined as one of Lessing's own, we have Lessing's charm placed before us—the charm of a deep and original thinker, whose

ideas, perfected and crystallised into a few well-chosen words, are placed before us neat, well defined, precise, eloquent from their sincerity and logical conclusiveness; ideas which, whether we agree or disagree with them, are pleasant to think of, and which help us to define our own sometimes hazy or unconscious views.

Rightly or wrongly, we of 1885 differ from Lessing more often than we agree with him. Influenced as we are for the most part by either the 'pre-Raphaelite' or the 'naturalistic-impressionist' movements, we cannot share his desire for a classic revival nor subscribe to his narrow ideals of beauty. The finest antiques that Lessing knew were the *Laokoon* and the *Apollo Belvedere;* we, born in happier times and with a wider experience, place these on a lower rank, but Lessing admired the finest antiques he had seen, and there we are with him. We can conceive of nothing more simply grand and divinely beautiful than the Milo *Venus*, the Elgin Marbles, the Berlin *Victory*, so it is not for lack of appreciation of antique art that we join issue with Lessing. Still, on the very outset, we find ourselves in a rival camp, for Lessing judges modern painting by antique sculpture; modern art is weighed in the balance and found wanting, and the remedy proposed is a classic revival.

'My dear sir,' we cry out, feeling quite a heat against our author, 'that phase of art is closed. A classic revival in our days is an anachronism—any attempt at it will result either in the production of a new and utterly different art, such as the art of the Renaissance, or in a horrible dead style—a faint and untrue echo, flat, stale, and unprofitable. No, we can no more reproduce the art of the Greeks than of the early Egyptians.' And after all we ask ourselves why was it that this Grecian sculpture was so sublime, so infinitely grander and more beautiful than the art of Rome, of the sixteenth-century revival, or of our own day! The surpassing genius of some half-a-dozen sculptors is not the only cause of its incomparable excellence, and among other factors of its pre-eminence we must take count of its simplicity, originality, sincerity, and suitability. It was an imitation of no other art, but the expression of the national and current feeling for beauty, and of a religion which had not ceased to be sincere. It is this heartiness, this truth, this freedom from affectation either of thought or expression, that gives to Greek art an everlasting youth and freshness such as genius and pure taste alone do not produce. It is the want of this spontaneity and thoroughness of feeling that makes works like the Belvedere *Apollo* and the Medici *Venus* so supremely uninteresting; that turns us from the classic revival sculptures of Jacopo della Quercia to the works, as cultured but more national and sincere, of Donatello, Benedetto da Maiano, and above all Luca della Robbia; and so we hold that if we are to have an art that will live and make a mark in the world's history, it must be an echo of no other time, but an art as modern and sincere as was the art of Greece and of Italy.

Beauty alone, says Lessing, is a fit subject for art. 'The aim of art is pleasure, not truth.'

But we cry, What is beauty? Is there no loveliness in truth? Is there no charm in a faithful likeness of a beloved place or person? The word portrait brings our critic down on us at once. 'Who would paint you when no one will look at you?' he asks, quoting that speech of Antiochus, which, with due deference to the ancients, we think might well serve as an example of what to avoid, nor was it the especial ugliness of Antiochus' old friend which rendered him unfitted for immortalisation. The Greeks in general discouraged portrait art, and rightly too, says our author, for 'the plastic arts especially, besides the infallible influence which they exercise on the national character, are capable of an effect which demands the closest inspection of the law. As beautiful men produced beautiful statues, so the latter reacted on the former, and the State became indebted to beautiful statues for beautiful men.' Here we must confess we think Lessing overrates the influence of the plastic arts. Our thoughts do not dwell with such persistency on the *Byron* in Hyde Park, or *Pitt* and *Fox* in Westminster Hall, that these works are likely to exercise an undue influence on the generations that are yet unborn, but even did they do so we would run the risk of our sons being like Cobden, Gordon, Nelson, Byron, or the Lawrences, rather than that the features of the men who did so much for us should be forgotten. And if this is true of public men how much more so is it of the faces that have been dear to us from infancy! No Grecian statue strikes quite the same note as that *Madonna* of Beltraffio who smiles at the Holy Child just the same mother's wistful, tender smile, that first revealed to our baby mind our mother's love. And mother's portrait as she was years after that baby time, would you exchange it for the most perfect straight-nosed Venus? and if our children's features recall that loved—if imperfect—face, would we not rather have them so than like Laokoon's boys or the noseless Demeter? It is strange that Lessing, who feels so clearly that we must speak from mind to mind, forgets that the heart plays a great part in our artistic feelings. In his devotion to perfect beauty of form he makes no count of the thousand other lovelinesses that make a thing fair to look upon. The common things of life are to his mind as far outside the range of art as commonplace faces.

'Pyricus,' he tells us, 'who painted barbers' rooms, dirty workshops, apes, and kitchen herbs, with all the industry of a Dutch artist (as though things of that kind possessed such charm in nature, or could so rarely be seen) obtained the name of dirt painter.'

There are, perhaps, among us, and there certainly were among the Dutch painters, those who deserved the name of 'dirt painter.' We concede at once that we have seen pictures, new and old, wanting in all but technical beauty, but he who says that barbers' rooms and workshops are necessarily devoid of charm shows his need of a Pyricus to point out to him the loveliness that is round us every day. Taking no note of that chequered sunlight that struggled through the lilac bushes outside the window of that white-washed room immortalised by Daignon in his *Vaccination*, ignoring for the moment the laughing girls in that dirty *Bead-stringer's* workshop by Van Haanen, we take up the cudgels for our revered Dutch masters whom Lessing has insulted.

Let us transport ourselves in spirit to the galleries in Trafalgar Square. The chances are we Londoners have not seen the sun for days, for murky clouds are plentiful in new London as in old Holland. In one at least of the smaller rooms we may see the sunshine imprisoned by Peter de Hooghe on two square feet of panel two centuries ago. The sun, it is true, is shining on nothing better than a commonplace little yard, whose flagged pavement is worn by many feet, whose red, glowing walls are chipped with frost and time. An open door reveals no rarer thing than a clean white-floored room, and near the door-post are mops, buckets, and brooms. A woman, not very young, nor very graceful, crosses the yard; we only see her back and her trim, unromantic dress. Could any scene be less worthy to paint than this? But here is sunshine—not paint—nature, not canvas, and a whiff of air from a pure, simple life far from the turmoil and din of London. This picture, one among many, with its homely charm borrowing loveliness only from the sunshine and the sentiment of peace, may well serve as an illustration of beauty and truth. The aim of such art is beauty *and* truth.

But outside the beauties of feeling, association, truth, tone, colour, and light, of which Lessing takes no count, there is another perfection ignored by him: technical skill. Want of practical training blinded him to that beauty possessed by the Grecian sculptors in such an eminent degree. The rendering of the flesh, of the long tendrils of hair, of thicker or thinner draperies, paint well put on; a long sweep here, blending half-tone and light, a crisp touch there, giving with masterly simplicity an effect which a less skilful hand could not have rendered with a thousand laboured touches; a foreshortened limb, a detail elaborated, but quietly keeping its due subordination. These beauties are as real and as delicious to artists as classical severity of form. To attain them without losing sight of the ideal must we not paint young faces and old fair skins and dark, hard muscle of man, soft flesh of woman, valuing each for its own qualities, and striving to give to each the semblance of nature?

So far, then, we quarrel with Lessing at every turn; we do not wish to forget the ideal, but we want to see it flourish side by side with the real, each helping to a fuller enjoyment of the other. But when we read his words on what may be called the literary side of art, we recognise and humbly bow to our master. Moderation, he tells us, must be our watchword—moderation of gesture and expression; for any extreme of pleasure or pain, immortalised and fixed, becomes, after we have looked at it awhile, merely a grimace, and 'the longer we gaze the more must our imagination add, and the more our imagination adds the more must we believe we see. In the whole course of an emotion there is no moment which possesses this advantage so little as the highest stage. There is nothing beyond this, and the presentation of extremes to the eye clips the wings of fancy. Furthermore, this single moment receives through art an unchangeable duration, therefore it must not express anything we can only think of as transitory.' This is admirable, and no less valuable is he when discoursing on the essential difference of poetic and artistic treatment of a subject. Taking as his text that *Laokoon* group which gives its name to the essay, he says: 'Virgil tells us that the monsters bound themselves round both body and neck of their victim, while their heads towered high above him. Now this satisfies the imagination excellently; the noblest parts of the body are compressed to suffocation, and the poison flows directly up to the face, yet, in spite of this, it was no picture for the artist whose object was to exhibit in the body the pain and workings of the poison. To enable us to perceive these the upper parts of the body had to be left as free as possible, and all external pressure avoided, by which the play of the suffering nerves and working muscles might be weakened and diverted. Again, by the neck being twice encircled, that pyramidal culmination of the group which is so pleasing to the eye would have been entirely destroyed, and the pointed heads of the serpents, projecting from the mass and shooting into the air, would have produced such a sudden falling off in the proportions as would have been offensive in the extreme.'

The general rules which Lessing lays down give us no less to think of. 'Beware of Allegory: it is the province of poetry, and Art is not a dumb poetry—each has her own proper sphere. Paint chiefly subjects which are well known, that all men may under-

stand your story; show your originality in the manner rather than the matter of your painting. Avoid subjects a part of which is supposed to be invisible either to the other actors or the spectator. The clouds—the painter's usual device—is no better than the labels which are placed in the mouths of the old Gothic paintings.' Finally, he reminds us that the situation which serves the poet best is often least suited to the painter, who has only one moment to choose, while the poet is happiest in describing progressive action. Anent this, he gives an admirable comparison of Homer's glowing account of the making of Achilles' shield with Virgil's cold description of Aeneas' finished shield. But we are trespassing out of our province; with writers and poets we have nothing to do, our interest is only in the good that students of art may gain from Lessing's *Laokoon*.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE most notable among the many exhibitions opened last month is the collection of pictures, drawings, and prints by English Humourists in Art at the Royal Institute Galleries, under the direction of Mr. Joseph Grego and a strong committee. Nearly two thousand examples crowd the walls, and form a representative and almost exhaustive collection from Hogarth downwards to the clever designers of the actual present, the staff of the leading comic papers, and such painters as Stacey Marks, R.A., Fred Barnard, Charles Green, Frank Dudd, J. C. Dollman, &c. From the adequately represented caricature of James Gillray, the bitter sincerity of whose satire barely redeems its ferocity, while the power of his design only enhances its brutality, one turns with relief to his contemporary, Thomas Rowlandson, who reveals himself as the precursor of modern humouristic wit. In his skits upon the folly and fashions, the manners and customs of his day, we trace the vigorous source of the daintier fun of Leech, Hablot Browne, and Doyle, while the delightful illustrations of the hunting-field, the racecourse, the country fair, and kindred topics, have a freshness of design and a charm of line to which Caldecott was largely indebted. An unpublished series of fifty-one spirited coloured drawings illustrating a *Tour in a Postchaise* to the *Wreck of the Royal George*, 1782, is exhibited by Mr. Grego. The set is to be partially reproduced in the 'Graphic,' and subsequently published complete in *facsimile*. Rowlandson was an excellent draughtsman, with a special architectural turn; he worked in various monochrome, and in tint, and outlined mostly with a reed pen. The next most fully exemplified humourist is George Cruikshank, the range of whose fantastic invention, as here set forth, reveals more variety and also more reticence than might be accredited to the designer of *The Bottle* and the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Not only does history in the large repeat itself, but the phases of social life reappear in but slightly altered guise again and again. The caricaturists of the past century and fifty years since had the same material to work upon as the artists of to-day; there is but a surface change of detail and the more or less of open vice and vulgarity. Yet the passage from the past to the present work of the graphic caricaturist shows that we are at least more decent and fastidious than our immediate ancestors. Neither is the modern satirist often very low or malicious. Tenniel is more genial, though no less incisive, than Gillray; the clever designers of 'Punch,' 'Judy,' 'Ally Sloper,' 'Fun,' and the rest of the comic periodicals, seldom degenerate into coarseness; neither is it often that such an egregious offence against good taste and good feeling is committed as the cheap satire on Mr. Holman Hunt, knocking at the door of the Royal Academy, in a parody on his own sincerely religious picture, *The Light of the World*. An interesting feature in the exhibition is a group of illustrations for the stories of Charles Dickens, the original drawings for published plates by George Cruikshank ('Boz'), Hablot Browne ('Phiz'), and drawings and pictures by the elder Leslie, E. M. Ward, Robert Seymour, Charles Green, Frank Barnard, Luke Fildes, and others. Two of Leech's designs for the 'Christmas Carol' are here also. In connexion with Leech's name, it may be deplored that his cartoons for 'Punch' here show to much disadvantage on the larger scale and crude colour. There is more than a surface fitness in scale: Dumourier's designs look better when reduced, and Mr. Harry Furness' *Academy Joke* undoubtedly told with diminished emphasis for the unsuitable scale he adopted. A joke gains in finesse and incision by concentration, whether it be graphic or literary. Among the *memorabilia* of the collection are some sketches by Thackeray, a sketch of Thackeray himself by Count D'Orsay, some caricatures drawn and etched by Mr. George Augustus Sala.

THE vacant ground behind the National Gallery, opposite St. Martin's Church, has been assigned for the new National Portrait Gallery. To compensate for the loss of this space, hitherto reserved for the future enlargement of the national collection, the Government promises to give over the ground now occupied by barracks.

THE Guild of Arts and Crafts announces a second exhibition at the New Gallery, to open October 7th, and close after two months. Works intended for exhibition are to be sent in on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of September, and be submitted to the Selecting Committee.

AT the Goupil Galleries of MM. Boussod and Valadon, has been on view a little gathering of landscapes by the young artist, Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, which deserve record as being undoubtedly work of a sensitive and sincere order. To say that Corot is the master whose manner is assimilated by Mr. Peppercorn is a truism to any one knowing the English painter's pictures, although he might not himself own his full indebtedness, and would have us think that his work is the outcome of his theories. These seem to be, judging from the exponent who prefaces his catalogue, that labour should never be apparent in a picture, that landscape art should give you a resting impression of nature in the general, without distracting details. Consequently Mr. Peppercorn's brushwork is not assailant as touch, but is merged in tonality; consequently, also, his outline is blottesque, and without character, save in mass. Herein he has none of the dainty truthfulness of Corot's silhouette. Consequently, also, he affects the atmospheric conditions which give indistinctness to form: the solemn end of a cloudy day, with faint silvery light from the upper sky, the veiled sunshine of warm afternoon, soft after-glow, doubtful twilight, or the pale rifts of a chill sunset. And the mental impressions from such effects on soft meadows, slumbrous wood, and gleaming river, he gives with true and poetic charm of tone. In fact his pictures are studies of out-door nature, taken from the standpoint of a definite mental impression, and expressed by colour and tone. The complete merging of detail and blurring of form realise curiously the way in which an observant short-sighted person sees nature; for vision of that character is keenly susceptible to colour relations and gradations of tone. But this mode of looking at, and expressing out-door effects, may lead to mere slipshod mannerism; and while appreciating both the aim and results of Mr. Peppercorn's best work, we must take exception to the paintiness and inco-

herence of his less worthy attempts, and to deliberately bad drawing of positive objects, such as houses, foreground trees, stems, and so forth.

FOR a short period in June was shown at Messrs. Dowdeswells a collection of portraits of *Our Leading Men* by Mr. Conrad Dressler. This clever sculptor's style is at the very antipodes to the mechanical amenities of the modern Roman studios, such as were exemplified during the same period at the Burlington Gallery, from the hand of Mr. Ives, the American, Mr. Dressler is even in manner a little brutal; the characteristics of his model are aggressively pronounced, the modelling of brow and cheek is bold, the hair is blocked out in mass. The result is energetic, vital, but entirely removed from the ideal. In two instances Mr. Dressler has possibly added to the dignity of his sitters. To the head of *Mr. Algernon Swinburne* he has given solidity, while the face of *Mr. William Morris* seems refined. Among the most satisfactory busts are those of *Mr. Ruskin* and *Mr. Henry Stanley*, *Mr. Madox Browne*, *General Sir Frederick Roberts*, *Mr. J. A. Froude*, the late *Lord Iddesleigh*, *Mr. George Grossmith*, *Mr. Ernest Hart.* Our leading men, as selected here for representation, form a very heterogeneous group, and in many instances present types not readily treated in sculpture without a tendency to caricature. A salient instance is the bust of the Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose 'speaking countenance' is just a little startling under Mr. Dressler's chisel. This collection of portraits was commissioned for exhibition purposes, and with a view, it is inferred, to the production of *repliche* and reductions.

THE Indian sketches and pictures exhibited by Mr. Alexander Scott at the Fine Art Society's last month have the interest of unusualness in subject as well as intrinsic art merit. We have the authority of Europeans accustomed to the scenery which Mr. Scott has painted, for the accuracy of the colouring which to home-dwelling eyes seems somewhat violent. The magnificent outline and perspective range of the Himalayan peaks and passes are well suggested by the artist, whose enthusiasm has taken him into regions difficult, often almost impossible of access, and kept him brush in hand under climatic conditions that would have daunted one less ardent. Marvellous effects of dawn and sunset amidst such stupendous scenery have rewarded his perseverance, and some of these he has elaborated into pictures. The winter afterglow among the heights at Darjiling — *Purpurei Orientis Honoris* — impresses one strangely with the weird, wine-purple stain that dyes mountain, cloud, and rolling mists with ominous splendour. The sketches have the merit of being actual outdoor work, untouched in the studio, and even to people unfamiliar with the heaven-rearing mountains, the luxuriant vegetation and radiant coloration of Simla, Sikkim, Darjiling, and Cashmere, there is an irresistible stamp of truth about them.

LORD RONALD GOWER'S collection of portraits of Queen Marie Antoinette is to be sold at Christie's this month.

THE repair of the beautiful Church of St. Mary-in-the-Strand has now been commenced. The Rector writes to the daily papers that though there are funds in hand for a part of the work, a considerable sum is still needed to complete it. It is to be hoped that all who are opposed to the tasteless project of pulling down this church and St. Clement's will help to thwart it by sending contributions to the Rector.

A NOTE must be made of the continued success of the classes for artistic crafts at the Mile End People's Palace. The exhibition opened last month showed that a nucleus or nursery of good workmen in carving, metal-work, repoussé, hammered and wrought, and other fine trades, is being fostered here. In this connexion the spread and growth of the 'Home Arts Society,' which held a show at the Albert Hall in June, are to be recorded with satisfaction. If art is to progress in England by the love and craving of the people, as was so strenuously urged at the Art Congress last year, it is to such efforts as those noted above that we shall be largely indebted.

WE have received, with much pleasure, a series of photographs by Mr. Hollyer from famous portraits of notabilities by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A. They are printed in a flat silvery brown tone, and the highest lights have been kept within the tint. One or two of the portraits have presented difficulties that the photographer has not been able, with all his skill, to overcome. Thus the pale countenance of Mr. Burne Jones appears from a distance to hang mid air owing to the absence of gradation in the dark background and dress; yet the gleaming light eyes have been translated very successfully. Again, though the face of Mr. William Morris has come out with agreeable mellowing of the fierce ruddiness of the painting, the gold glints in the background are obtrusive as white scrolls. Most satisfactory, on the whole, are the heads of John Stuart Mill, so full of tremulous modelling; of Lord Lytton, the abstracted gaze of whose eyes has lost nothing in the photographic process; Monsieur Guizot, whose calm, staid face stands out with cameo-like quality; the picturesque self-portraiture of Mr. Watts himself; and the half-length of Cardinal Manning. The latter is printed on a smaller scale to make it uniform with the series.

BY a somewhat strange coincidence the two noted scene-painters, Mr. Beverly and Mr. Telbin, have both been taken from us within the last month, in close succession. In their especial *rôle* they were both of them skilled in no ordinary degree, and contributed to bring about that perfection of dramatic unity which it has been the aim to produce on the modern stage.

THE 'History of French Painting,' by Mr. C. H. Stranahan (Sampson Low & Co.), is the most complete work on the subject that has been brought out in a popular form. That a volume of this character should be in demand indicates the hold that modern French art has taken on English taste, and the increased knowledge and interest in Continental schools aroused within the last twenty years. The opening chapters of the book, after a brief sketch of the earliest French painters, miniaturists, and painters of portrait and ceremonial, deal with the period treated ably and searchingly by Lady Dilke in her 'Art of the Modern State,' recently noticed in these columns, namely, the century which saw the decay of the privileged guilds, the rise of the Academy of Fine Arts, and the formation of the French Academy at Rome. Mr. Stranahan concerns himself with the life of the Academy as sustained in detail by its individual members and their scholars, and thus leads on to the history of the modern school, which occupies more than half the book, and is exceedingly well done within the restrictions of the biographical mode. Although a little inclined to be omnivorous in laudation, Mr. Stranahan holds evenly the balance of the schools, and his criticisms often show real discrimination and close epithet. There is, indeed, a freshness and character in the writing which taken together with the writer's acquaintance with American collections suggests a Transatlantic origin. There are many carelessnesses, and even inaccuracies, which call for correction. As an instance, M. Legros is said to have been made '*State*' Professor of Fine Arts at the London University. Lists of chief pictures, with occasional data of their present whereabouts, and the prices given for them, add to the completeness of the history of the modern school, and an attempt is made to furnish a pretty exhaustive list of artists under the heading of their master.

James Hibbert invenit et direxit. *E. Roscoe Mullins sculps't.*

PEDIMENT OF THE HARRIS MUSEUM, PRESTON.

E. ROSCOE MULLINS.

IN the north of England, in the hitherto commonplace town of Preston, there has been gradually rising during the last five years what will, when complete, be one of the finest provincial athenaeums in Europe. Eleven years ago a certain Mr. Edmund Harris, the son of a gentleman who had been incumbent of a Preston church for sixty-four years and himself a successful man of business, left a fortune to trustees for the benefit of his native town. With part of this money a building has been erected to contain a library, a museum, and a picture-gallery. It is now practically complete, and no one who has seen it can deny its claims to consideration as one of the most successful attempts to apply Greek forms to modern needs which has yet been made. The architect is Mr. James Hibbert, of Preston. The building is very large, perhaps four times the size of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool; and its principal façade looks down upon Preston market-place in a way that is very imposing indeed. This front depends for its effect upon a great hexastylar Ionic portico, while that again has its beauty crowned by a pediment to which there is but one rival, as it seems to me, in England. The rival to which I allude is the pediment of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. That, as it stands, is the production of the combined intellects of Professor Cockerell and the great Alfred Stevens; and curiously enough, the Preston pediment is also fathered by two men. The intellectual idea by which it was to be governed, the choice of figures, and even their grouping, were decided by Mr. Hibbert, whose share in the work is, in fact, fairly represented by the words '*invenit et direxit*,' which have been placed after his name on the reproduction given on this page. Mr. Hibbert made, however, no design in the usual sense of the word, so that such credit as belongs to the posing of the separate figures, their modelling, and the treatment of the draperies, must be given to Mr. E. Roscoe Mullins, the subject of this notice, by whom all the practical work was carried out.

Now in speaking of a joint work, the critic has a rather delicate task to perform. Look at our block from the pediment. Mark how largely its effect depends upon the way the heads repeat and echo each other, and stoop beneath the cornice, which comes close down upon them. Note, too, how intellect is suggested by all these bending heads, and how they provide a natural bond between one figure and another, and also between Pericles and all the rest. Another happy touch is the use made of the great man's helmet. Set at the apex of the group, and brought forward out of the shadow cast by the cornice, it catches the light and provides a fitting crown to the pyramid. From the purely artistic standpoint, things like these are of more importance than the historical scheme. It is by such details that the work is endowed with unity and rhythm. On the other hand, credit must be given for the suggestion which allowed this happy result to be brought about. If Mr. Hibbert had required Mr. Mullins to model figures emblematic of the staple trades of Lancashire, for instance, it is possible that the pediment of the Harris Museum might not have been the thing of beauty that it is.

The rarity of a work in which two men have united to succeed must be my excuse for beginning this notice of Mr. Roscoe Mullins with a production that is only partly his. The Harris pediment belongs to three years ago. Before it came in his way, Mr. Mullins had been working with varying success for fourteen years. His first serious production seems to have been a figure of *Prometheus*, which was modelled in Munich in 1871. Before that he had been a student at Lambeth, and while there had won a gold medal for a study from the antique at the Kensington competition. He afterwards entered the schools of the Royal Academy, working also in the studio of the late John Birnie Philip. Later still, he became the pupil of Prof. Wagmüller, at Munich, to whose teaching we may, perhaps, ascribe, without much injustice, a certain want of character in draperies which is Mr. Mullins's chief fault as a technical artist. In 1872 he modelled a group of one girl consoling another, which he called *Sympathy*.

It was exhibited in Munich, where it won a silver medal, and at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, where it won a bronze medal. The idea is a little obvious and juvenile, while the drapery has study without much result. A more satisfactory, though infinitely less ambitious, rendering of much the same passion was produced, in 1873, in a small group of a child and dog. Here the pose is capital, there is no doubt about the sympathy, and the fat little baby's body is capitally modelled. A year later saw the making of a figure which would have been excellent but for the triviality of the motive. It is one thing for a naked boy to be shown pulling a thorn from his foot, the action giving an opportunity for the display of youthful grace and the boyish anatomy; it is quite another to set a young woman elaborately draped, and with a '*tête*,' to do the same thing. Her draperies, too, though cleverly modelled, are restless, and her pose too much the reverse.

Two years later Mr. Mullins modelled *A Bather*, a young woman rejecting her last garment as she steps down in gingerly fashion to the water. It was carried out in marble, and now belongs to Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs. Before it was finished he was busily at work on a sketch model for a *Byron*, to be submitted in the competition which had then been set afoot. The model was finished and sent in, and won the second prize and the votes of the professional referees. The commission, however, as every one knows, was given to one Mr. Richard Belt. A photograph of Mr. Mullins's figure is before me as I write. I should say that in every matter on which it allows a judgment to be formed, it is infinitely finer than the statue now in Hyde Park. It is on a higher artistic plane altogether. In the first place, it is frankly a statue, which is good to begin with. Secondly, it is content to be a statue; it makes no pretence of posing as a private gentleman after his own business. Thirdly, the flow of every line about it is at once agreeable in itself and coherent with every other line. Lastly, there are certain touches in the composition, such as the repetition of the long, straight folds of the cloak in those of the trousers, which are sculpturesque in the highest sense. The head is not thoroughly satisfactory, but that, of course, would be carried farther in the full-sized model. My advice to the sculptor would be to publish his Byron as a bronze statuette.

Two or three years later Mr. Mullins engaged in a second competition, that for a statue to Sir Rowland Hill; and, again, in spite of an excellent model, Fortune withheld her smiles. He was not daunted, however, and in 1882 sent in a *projet* to the committee for the decoration of Blackfriars Bridge. The disgraceful fiasco in which that attempt to beautify London resulted will be remembered by many of those who read these pages. As for Mr. Mullins' share in it, his suggestion was for a trophy of many figures, an Amphitrite with her sea-gods, on one pedestal, and similar things on the other four. So far as my own opinion is concerned, such a mode of decorating a structure so robust as Blackfriars Bridge would have been mistaken; but the sketch sent in by Mr. Roscoe Mullins had no slight merit in its way. A lovely piece of decoration was carried out a year or two before this for Mr. J. E. Taylor. *L'Allegro* is a marble relief for a mantelpiece. It has the abounding life which fits the title, and yet is informed in every inch with method and refinement. The design has a touch of puritanism, which is a little incongruous. This seems, however, to answer to something in the artist's mind, for it reappears continually, and does some slight damage to what is, on the whole, his most perfect production.

To one of the early exhibitions at the Grosvenor, that of 1881 I think, Mr. Mullins sent a group of a mother and child, which he called *Rest*. It belonged to the class of conceptions brought into fashion by Jules Dalou. In the details of arrangement, however, it was vastly more German than French, and suffered in a perceptible degree from that coldness in the arrangement of draperies which is so easily caught in the studios of Munich. An identical fault did something to lessen the singular charm of a group which was at the same gallery twelve months later, and is now in Wanstead Orphan Asylum. *Home Treasures*, the work in question, came near to repeat the idea of *Rest*. Round the neck of a mother, seated in a wicker chair, clung a child of about five, a girl. The group would have been better had community of interest been more clearly marked upon the heads. Coldness, again, is the fault of the *Marguerite*, which passed in 1883 from the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy into the possession of Mr. Heywood Lonsdale; and of the *Mignon*, belonging to the same gentleman, which was at the Grosvenor in the same year. Both figures are graceful, almost to a fault, and neither has a touch upon it which is not carefully thought out.

The stone figure reproduced in our plate belongs to the same year as the *Marguerite* and the *Mignon*. It stands in the court of King's College, Cambridge. For some reason or another, the father of 'Bluff King Hal' is one of those English monarchs who have but slight hold on the national memory. As 'Richmond,' he has a posthumous popularity; but as Henry VII. he seems to be remembered chiefly as a king who saved money. All this is in the artist's favour. A popular king, even one whose popularity does not rest upon approval, like Henry VIII., offers great difficulties to the sculptor. The general idea of what he was and of how he should be

made to look, has become so precise that it has to be accepted as the decisive factor in any attempt to restore his personality. A sculptor called upon to represent a popular favourite is, in fact, in the same position as a draughtsman turned on to a new edition of 'Pickwick;' he has to build strictly on the accepted type. With a subject like Henry VII. he gets a freer hand. The first of the Tudors had no exuberance of figure and no aggressive features; he lived in days when dress was both sensible and sculpturesque, and, above all, he has been practically forgotten. For these reasons, and for some of a more personal nature, Mr. Mullins made a complete success of his statue.

To the Grosvenor of 1885 Mr. Mullins sent a statuette which excited warm admiration as soon as seen. *Memories* represents a young girl, standing in thought which is almost profound, and veiled in nothing but a sort of linen swathe which hangs before her from her clasped hands. The head is beautiful, the modelling delicate and searching, the treatment of surface delightful. The pose, too, is sculpturesque and expressive in a high degree. The one adverse comment one feels inclined to make has to do with the apparent effect of that mistaken though perhaps unconscious puritanism to which I have already alluded. This seems to have induced Mr. Mullins to banish from his figure some of the more characteristic contours of a woman, with the result that, at certain angles, the forms of this statuette become almost ignoble.

Among the productions of the last two years, the only things on which I need dwell are a group—in *cire perdue*—of two boys playing with walnut-shells, which is now in the Paris Exhibition; the bronze statue of William Barnes, the Dorset poet, to be erected in Dorchester; and the group at present in the New Gallery, to which its author has given the title of *Euphorion*. Each of these displays the caressing tenderness in modelling that is, perhaps, the most persistent quality with Mr. Mullins. The group of boys—*Conquerors*, the title of it—would have been improved by throwing their weight more on to their pushing hands, while the *Euphorion* is exactly one of those things on which the sculptor should not cease work until he has carried modelling as far as it will go. The *William Barnes*, on the other hand, is all the better for a certain breadth and picturesque simplicity of execution. It is strange upon what little things the success or failure of a statue may turn. In this figure of the Dorset poet, the left leg is slightly bent and the eyes cast downwards, half in thought, half in observation. The reciprocity, slight as it is, establishes just that sympathy between thought and action which sculptors too often fail to win.

Mr. Mullins is the author of many busts. Professor Beesley, Mr. W. W. Ouless, Dr. Martineau, Dr. Murchison, Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. Ince, Q.C., Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. W. G. Grace (the last two for statuettes), have been among his sitters, while posthumous portraits of Francis Horner, of Lord Nelson, of Professor Fawcett, and a few others, have exercised his inventive powers as well as his skill. He has also done a good deal of purely decorative

MEMORIES. BY E. ROSCOE MULLINS.

work. The carvings on the hotel at the Royal Albert Docks; on the house of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street; on the house in Essex Street at which the PORTFOLIO is published; and on the Commercial Bank of Sydney in Birchin Lane, are all examples of good work content to be modest.

To conclude, sweetness and refinement are the strong points of Mr. Roscoe Mullins. The best advice we can give him is to search for ideas in which those qualities can ensure success; and, when he has found such ideas, to carry their treatment out to the end, for it is in the last touches put upon his work that it receives most of its value.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

WILLIAM WOOLLETT.

THIS engraver, though one of the most eminent that the last century produced, has scarcely met with that degree of notice from the lovers of art in England to which his merit entitles him. A century has passed away since Woollett died, and yet comparatively little has been written respecting him. Until the year 1852 no trustworthy list of his works had been compiled; the curious had to search for facts respecting them in magazines and in sale catalogues. Before the publication of the twelfth volume of Nagler's 'Künstler-Lexicon' few details had been recorded concerning Woollett's life. An exception

WILLIAM WOOLLETT.
FROM A DRAWING BY H. EDRIDGE, A.R.A.

must, however, be made in favour of Bartsch, who, in 1821, drew attention to our engraver's mastery of technique and to the high repute his productions had formerly enjoyed. An interval appears to have followed, in which Woollett's plates were somewhat at a discount; but a reaction has come about, and the translator of the *Death of General Wolfe* and the *Battle at La Hogue* into line-engraving is now again appreciated at his proper value.

William Woollett was born at Maidstone on the 15th of August, 1735. He was the son of Philip Woollett, a flax-dresser, residing in King Street, Maidstone. Philip belonged to a party of tradesmen, twelve in number, who met in the evening at a small tavern known as the 'Ship.' Upon one occasion they all subscribed to purchase a lottery ticket, and drew a 5000*l.* prize, which was divided equally among them. This enabled Philip Woollett to put his son as an apprentice to an engraver, the boy having evinced an aptitude for art by scratching a Turk's head, with some skill, on a pewter pot. William's master was John Tinney, engraver and printseller, residing in Fleet Street about 1750. To education Woollett owed little; he is one of the very few English artists of fame who never were indebted to foreign travel, for his whole life was spent in London. The man who raises from obscurity any branch of art, and who renders it worthy of notice and esteem,* may justly be reckoned among the most fortunate of mankind, especially when that success is complete. Many have laboured only to lay a foundation whereon others have afterwards erected the superstructure, and the shortness of human life renders this frequent if not general; but the abilities of our engraver were happily rewarded with their just applause while yet he could receive it.

On Woollett's arrival in London he became a member of the St. Martin's Lane Academy, and there met for the first time John Hall, the engraver, who was his junior by four years, and who describes him as being below the middle stature, extremely simple and unpretending in manner and demeanour. In the year 1766 Woollett joined the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great Britain, and was for several years its secretary. This appointment he resigned about 1773.

To enumerate Woollett's plates is not within the scope of this brief article, suffice it to say that previous to his *Niobe*, published in 1761, his first great plate, and indeed the first English work of the kind, he had already published upwards of thirty engravings, among the earliest of which may be mentioned several school reward-tickets, shop-bills, and watch-papers, besides a series of four views of the gardens of Sir Francis Dashwood at West Wycombe, two views at Whitton, two views of the seat of Edmund Waller, the *Temple of Apollo* after Claude Lorrain, and the *Boar Hunt* after Jean Pillement. These were followed by the said print of *Niobe*, after the picture by Richard Wilson, now in the National Gallery. It was engraved for Boydell, and produced the sum of 2000*l.* It sold well abroad, and the late John Pye tells us that it 'left no doubt in the mind of foreign connoisseurs, dissipating at this early period in the history of British art the delusive theory so often promulgated by French and German philosophers as to the impossibility of rearing talent in the fine arts amidst the fogs of Great Britain.'

The history of this plate may be best told in the words of Boydell, who related it to John Thomas

* It is to the engraving of landscape in line that allusion is here made. Sir Robert Strange, of course, was already eminent in England as a figure engraver.

Smith, formerly keeper of the Department of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum :—

'At this time (1760) the principal conversation among artists was upon Mr. Wilson's grand picture of *Niobe*, which had just arrived from Rome. I, therefore, immediately applied to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, its owner, and procured permission for Woollett to engrave it. But before he ventured upon the task, I requested to know what idea he had as to the expense, and after some consideration he said he thought he could engrave it for one hundred guineas. This sum, small as it may now appear, was to me an unheard-of price, being considerably more than I had given for any copper-plate; however, serious as the sum was, I bade him get to work, and as he went on I advanced him money, and though he lost no time, I found that he had received nearly the whole amount before he had finished the task. However, I allowed him to draw upon me to the extent of 25*l.* more, and so on until he received a further sum of 25*l.* The print was published at five shillings, and it succeeded so much beyond my expectation that I immediately employed Mr. Woollett upon another engraving (*Phaeton*) from another picture by Wilson; and I am now thoroughly convinced that had I continued in publishing subjects of their description, my fortune would have been increased tenfold.'

A number of capital plates—landscapes with figures—succeeded, but no performance simply historical had yet shown Woollett's abilities as a line engraver. When Benjamin West's picture of the *Death of General Wolfe* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1771, Woollett obtained permission from Earl Grosvenor to engrave it, and it was while engaged on this *chef d'œuvre* that he received the appointment of engraver in ordinary to his Majesty King George III., the appointment bearing date November 27th, 1775. The demand for this print surpassed the most sanguine expectations of its proprietors, Boydell, Ryland, and Woollett himself. The engraver safeguarded the reputation his work was earning for him, by superintending the printing and by giving the plate such occasional labour as was necessary to enable it to bear the strain put upon it. So great was the fame it acquired, that the Earl of Suffolk, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords (March 13th, 1803–4), remarked, on the motion of the first reading of Boydell's Lottery Bill,* that

'he could not pass by the opportunity which it afforded him of warning the artists of this country of the great injury which they were doing, both to their own character and interests and to the interests of the country, by the slovenly manner in which most of the works of art in England were now executed. He knew it to be a fact that in consequence of the very superior execution of the *Death of Wolfe* by Woollett, and of the *Battle at La Hogue*, English engraving had arisen to a high reputation on the Continent. So much so was this the case, that for the former of these engravings Woollett received 5000*l.*, and for the latter 7000*l.*, and the revenue coming to this country from this branch of art at one time reached 200,000*l.* per annum.'

In placing the works of Woollett in the front ranks of engraving, British or foreign, it will be proper to observe that no man's productions have been more exclusively his own. Longhi says of him: 'He exhibits so much vivacity and boldness of touch, so much force and harmony of chiaro-oscuro, so much truth, and, in fact, so much historical illusion, that he was for all contemporary engravers and for those of the present day the marvel and example.' Historical engraving implies a mastery of every form with which an artist has to deal; it implies the rare power of happy translation and the still rarer faculty of transfiguring, without loss, objects rendered by the painter. An engraver must not only be acquainted with form and texture; he must know how to suggest them with but little help from direct imitation. He has, in fact, to pursue a process far more difficult than that of the painter. To accomplish his purpose, every variety of structure, every kind of substance, solid or transparent, must be expressed by lines or points, and it is in the skilful arrangement of these that taste and power are shown. His education must be in the same school as that of the painter; he must have a perfect acquaintance with anatomy and perspective, and he must have a true instinct besides for the *expressive* power of line. The painter devotes himself to realising the images formed in his own mind, he conveys to the spectator an impression of colour based on imitation, and by imitation he reproduces the varied changes which light and air produce in a landscape. All this the engraver has to interpret, to render in a medium of which the original painter took no thought. But if the mind of the colourist is absorbed in the first conception of his picture, that of the engraver is equally occupied by reflection on the various resources at his command—on the arrangement of his lines ere he ventures to place them on the copper, and on the variations implied by their purpose, whether they are to stand forward in bold relief or to be mellowed by reflected or borrowed light—in short, on the best language in which to convey to the eye the various colour gradations which have been directly imitated by the painter. It was at a meeting of artists at the 'Turk's Head Tavern' in Gerrard Street, Soho (the celebrated rendezvous of Reynolds, West, Ramsay, Strange, and others), when the bottle had circulated freely, and the mirth of the company was becoming a little uproarious,

* In 1804, Boydell obtained the sanction of Parliament to dispose of his art property by lottery. The Gallery fell to the share of Mr. Tassie, modeller, of Leicester Square, who died in 1861. Boydell had spent 500,000*l.* in plates for prize prints, besides 46,266*l.* in pictures and drawings, and 30,000*l.* in the Shakespeare Gallery. The lottery was drawn in 1805.

that a more than usually pointed jest raised the laughter to its highest pitch, and Woollett inquired of Mortimer what it was all about. 'Here,' said Mortimer, 'is Woollett asking what we have all been laughing at!' 'I was thinking,' replied Woollett, 'which way I should lay the lines of the coat of General Wolfe.' And well may the engraver be anxiously careful of each step he takes, because, unlike the painter, he can find no remedy for his errors by wiping them out in a moment. In his case even a slight alteration may demand the labour of weeks, if not of months.

In 1779 Woollett produced his important plate of the *Battle at La Hogue*, also after West. It is recorded that when Woollett submitted a finished proof to the painter he expressed himself highly satisfied with it, but remarked, 'If a little more colour could be given to one part and a few alterations be made in others, it would improve the appearance of the plate,' and taking out his port-crayons, he marked in black and white what he meant. The engraver at once consented to make the desired additions, but West asked, 'How long will it take you, Mr. Woollett?' The answer was, 'Oh, about three or four months!' And, without a murmur, the suggested alterations were carried out.

Woollett resided for many years at No. 11 Green Street, Leicester Square, where it is traditionally said that he was in the habit of firing a cannon from the roof whenever he completed an important engraving. He then removed, in 1782, to Upper Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place, where he died on the 23rd of May, 1785, from the effects of a neglected injury received while playing at Dutch pins several years before, and which at length induced severe and long-continued pain, which he bore with great fortitude and spirit. He was buried, May 30th, in the churchyard of Old St. Pancras, where a plain tombstone marked the spot. Some few years later the following lines were found written in pencil on the stone :—

> 'Here Woollett rests, expecting to be sav'd;
> He graved well, but is not well engrav'd.'

This sarcastic epigram led to a subscription being started for the erection of a more important memorial. To this Benjamin West and John Boydell were very liberal contributors. A tablet, sculptured by Thomas Banks, R.A., was placed on the wall of the West Cloister of Westminster Abbey, where it may now be seen.

The leading principles of Woollett's style, in landscapes especially, are accuracy and force. He was an earnest student of Nature, very attentive to her effects, and exact in investigating her productions. Whenever he allowed himself the recreation of a stroll in the fields, the object of his study was how to transfer the forms of tree, plant, or flower, to the copper; and of the skill which he thus attained ample proof is afforded by our plate, which reproduces on a smaller scale the *first state*, the etching, of a composition entitled 'Solitude,' engraved in 1777, after Wilson's picture painted five years earlier. Great part of the beauty of landscape consists in the richness of its foregrounds and the gradations of its distances. Here Woollett truly excelled; his foregrounds were distinguished by a bold and masterly touch, to attain which he united several strokes into one, but without harshness. In conclusion I may be allowed to call attention to a superb, indeed, unique series of Woollett's works (one hundred and twenty-three plates) in all their states, preserved in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. The bulk of the collection was formed about fifty years ago, but many of the rarest and most brilliant impressions were acquired in June, 1864, at the Julian Marshall sale, notably the famous 'Niobe,' which is considered the finest proof in existence and realised the sum of 48*l.*

LOUIS FAGAN.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

VIII.—*The Poets' Corner and the Chapter House.*

Literature in Westminster Abbey—Ingulph of Croyland—Matthew of Westminster—The Scriptorium—Geoffrey Chaucer—William Caxton—The Duchess of Burgundy—The Red Pale—Easteney and Islip—Maud Caxton—Poetry and Poverty—Spenser, Jonson, Butler, Dryden—Cenotaphs—The Busts—Dickens—Lytton—Dean Stanley's Funeral—The Library—The Chapter House—A Roman Sarcophagus.

LITERARY associations are connected in our minds with Westminster Abbey almost as closely as the purely historical memorials which crowd its walls. We may begin by thinking of the great importance of the Scriptorium before the invention of printing. Next we may ask as to Caxton's importation of the art and as to his position with regard to the Abbot. Then we may proceed to examine the public records long stored in the Chapter House or detail the thrilling adventures of the Cottonian manuscripts. But it might be objected that these are not so much literary matters as those which concern the burial of Geoffrey Chaucer, or the narrow grave of Ben Jonson, or the monument of the starved Spenser, or the many later interments, cenotaphs, and tablets which commem-

orate poets, historians, essayists, dramatists, and others who have made their mark on the gradual progress of the English language. But we should be wrong to confine ourselves to either branch of the subject; and as my object is not to write either a history or a guide-book we may be best entertained by picking up here and there a few notes by the way, and especially those which show that Westminster came very early to the front in our literary history. Many of the abbots and their monks were good scholars, and, I had almost added, all the deans. Besides, the school was at first an integral part of the collegiate church as established by Queen Elizabeth, and the dining-hall of the scholars still adjoins the Deanery, and formerly was the Abbot's refectory.

The first literary man in the strict sense of the word whom we find at Westminster was Ingulph, afterwards a monk at Croyland, whose 'Chronicle' has of late years been received as genuine, though it certainly used to be looked upon with suspicion. Ingulph relates some reminiscences of his school days at Westminster. It was in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and the Normans had not yet come over the sea. Frequently, he says, he saw the Lady Edith. His father was employed about the Court, and he was at school in the Abbey, and the lady used to meet him as he came home and question him as to his studies. He specially remarked upon her acuteness in reasoning; 'she would catch me,' he adds, 'with the subtle threads of her arguments.' But she did not forget to 'tip' the schoolboy, nor yet to gratify another instinct which his modern representative also shares. When three or four pieces of money had been counted out to him by her handmaiden he was sent to the larder to refresh himself. No wonder Ingulph had in after years a lively and grateful recollection of his school days at Westminster.

Another literary monk is a very dim and indistinct figure. Who was Matthew of Westminster? Some would go so far as to ask if he ever existed. Yet there is a chronicle which has always been called by his name, and though critical examination shows that a considerable part of it is a compilation, this does not of course prove that no such person as Matthew of Westminster ever lived. Besides, there is a certain part of the book in which an original writer, as distinguished from a mere compiler, must have had a hand. We cannot forget that the greatest of English mediaeval chroniclers was Matthew, the monk of St. Albans; generally known as Matthew Paris; and there were other eminent historians, such as Roger of Wendover, and the writer of the earlier chronicle of St. Albans, but, perhaps in emulation of St. Albans, and Peterborough, and other great religious houses where chronicles were kept, Westminster also entered the lists, and found, some time in the reign of Edward I., a monk in its community able both to edit older work, and also to add contemporary, and particularly local, details. Further than this we know nothing of Matthew. His book, or a copy of it, is still in the Library, probably the identical volume given or returned to the Abbey by Henry V. It is called '*Flores Historiarum*'—the 'Flowers of History'—and in some rhyming Latin verses written by another literary monk in praise of King Henry we find it mentioned, as well as a psalter:

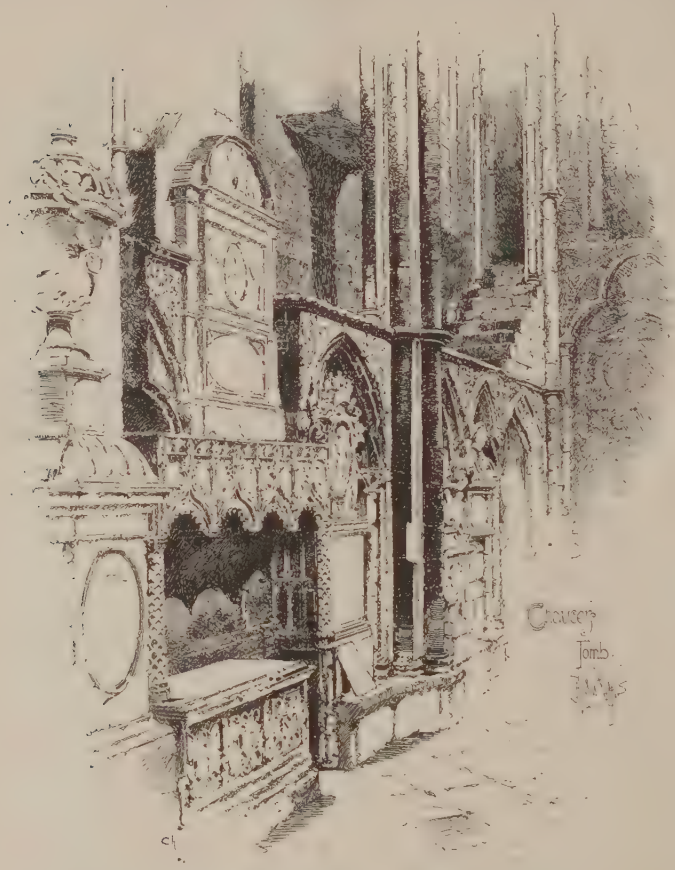
> '*Psalterium carum, sic Flores Historiarum*
> *Restituit gratis ad Westmynstre vir pietatis.*'

There seems to have been a writing-school, or *scriptorium*, in the cloisters. Till lately the grooves made in the stonework to fit the desks to it could be plainly traced in the north walk. Such marks were of course very obnoxious to the eyes of a 'restorer' as helping to elucidate the history of the place, and Sir Gilbert Scott had them carefully obliterated. What books were written here and what kind of illumination was practised we cannot tell for certain, but there is still in the Library a Missal prepared in 1373 for Abbot Litlington, which, if we could be sure it was written in the Abbey Scriptorium, would go far to settle the question. Mr. Blades, in his 'Life of Caxton,' is of opinion that there was no *scriptorium* at Westminster, but, apart from the evidences destroyed by Scott, it is very improbable that a house of this size and importance should be without its writing-school, and Caxton himself mentions old documents which belonged to 'My Lord Abbot of Westmynster,' and were presumably written here.

We have already had occasion to mention Geoffrey Chaucer. He undoubtedly lived in Westminster, and was Clerk of the Works, or something of the kind, during the latter part of the reign of Richard II. The authors of the 'Deanery Guide' are of opinion that he had fallen into poverty before his death, and that his burial in what is now the Poets' Corner was owing to the post he held and the position of his house in the monastery garden. It bore the poetical sign of 'The Rose,' and was among the houses pulled down to make way for the chapel of Henry VII. Chaucer's monument only dates from the reign of Queen Mary, when, amid the many destructions which had been wrought all around, it is refreshing to find that a brother poet, Nicholas Brigham, presented the grey marble tomb into which the honoured bones were removed in 1555. It is probable that Brigham was himself buried close by, and Camden mentions the grave of a little daughter, Rachel Brigham, aged four, as having been '*Juxta Galfridum Chaucerum.*' The painting on the tomb and the shields of arms have long disappeared, but the great galaxy of writers

who shone during the reign of Elizabeth were not likely to forget 'Dan Chaucer,' and his grave consecrated the south transept as the cemetery of English poets. Chaucer was buried in 1400, and reburied in 1555, and in 1599 the body of Edmund Spenser was interred close by, so that, as a contemporary poet said in some Latin verses quoted by Camden, he that was nearest to Chaucer in genius should have his grave next to him.

During the hundred and ninety-nine years which divide the death of Chaucer from that of Spenser the greatest event in the history of English literature



had taken place in Westminster, namely, the introduction of the art of printing. How little should we know of the denizens of the Poets' Corner if it had not been for the Press! how unfamiliar to most of us would be the names inscribed on every side of us as we look at the walls round Chaucer's tomb!

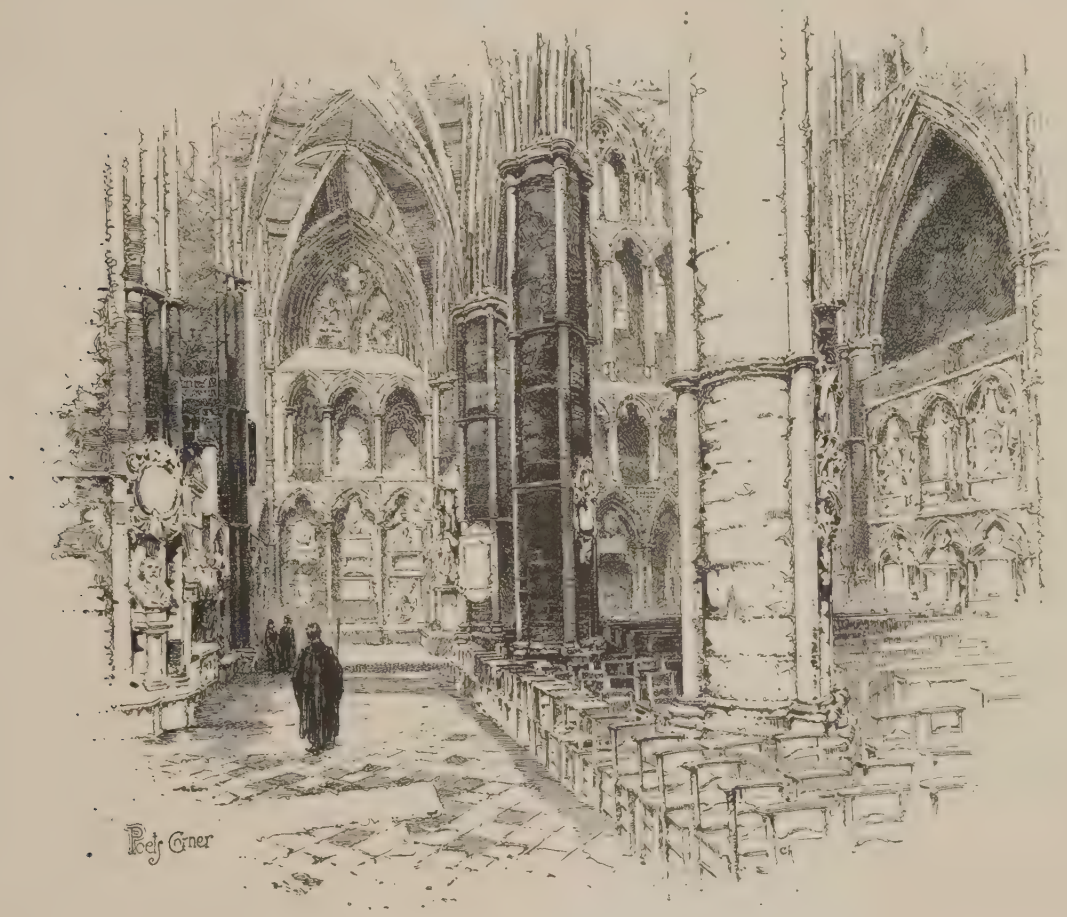
A reference has already been made to Mr. Blades' 'Biography and Typography of William Caxton, England's First Printer,' a marvellous monument of learning and research. Any one who wishes to understand fully, and follow step by step Caxton's career from his apprenticeship till he settled as a printer in Westminster must go to Mr. Blades' book. It will suffice here to help ourselves to a few local facts which he has found out with a line of grateful acknowledgment of his patient skill and research.

Caxton had been engaged in commerce at Bruges, and had risen to be the head of the English Merchant Adventurers. Mr. Blades wonders that he should have resigned so exalted a position in order to enter the service of the Duchess of Burgundy, but unconsciously he supplies us with the reason on a subsequent page. For as a Merchant Adventurer he could not marry, and, no doubt, it was for love of the Maud Caxton who was buried in St. Margaret's in 1490, twenty-nine years later, that he relinquished trade, went into the household of the Duchess, and, to amuse her, translated into English a French compilation named '*Le Recueil des Histoire de Troye.*' The Duchess was a sister of our Edward IV. Mr. Blades tells us all about Caxton's subsequent translations and compilations, and how, at length, overcome by a literary ambition, which must eventually have been abundantly satisfied, he left Bruges, where Collard Mansion had taught him how to multiply copies of his romances, and coming to Westminster settled down there for the brief but busy remainder of his life. His activity was prodigious. He was, we must remember, author, compositor, printer, binder, and publisher, all in one. The house he took for his work was in the Almonry, that is, adjoining on the south side the western gate, but within the precincts. The sign it bore was the Red Pale; but whether the heraldic term is here meant, or there was a red pale set up over the door, we cannot tell now. Near it, says Stow, writing about a century later, was an old chapel of St. Anne, and an almshouse founded by the mother of Henry VII. Stow makes mention of the establishment of the first English printing-press, which he attributes to the patronage of Abbot Islip. This patronage Mr. Blades will not allow, partly on the ground that when Caxton came over in 1476 Easteney, and not Islip, was Abbot. But probably Islip, as a prominent official of the Abbey, was more concerned than his superior in selecting a printing-house and settling Caxton in it; and when Caxton says the lord abbot 'did do show' him certain evidences, by what hands could this have been accomplished better than by those of Islip, who was then a rising and active subordinate, and had filled successively all the offices below that of prior, to which he was elected shortly before he became abbot? True, he did not become Abbot till after Caxton's death; but Stow must not be convicted of inaccuracy because he gives him the title he bore for more than thirty years.

During the fifteen years Caxton continued to print at the Red Pale—the site of which, by the way, is not inaptly marked by the red granite pillar in front of the entrance to Dean's Yard—he issued, besides works which are lost or unidentified, no fewer than ninety-nine different publications, some of them,

like the 'Canterbury Tales of Chaucer,' books of considerable size. Caxton had a particular veneration for Chaucer, and put up a brass 'epitaphy' over his grave, the only memorial till 1555. Of the poet he says in an epilogue, 'in all his works he excelleth in my opinion on all other writers in our English, for he writeth no void words, but all his matter is full of high and quick sentence, to whom ought to be given laud and praising for his noble making and writing.'

Caxton seems to have survived his wife—assuming that the 'Mawde Caxton' of the parochial records



was his wife—little more than a year, and Mr. Blades notes an affecting circumstance in this connexion. In 1490, when she died, he was engaged in printing the 'Fayts of Arms,' a special commission from Henry VII. Yet it appears he suspended the work for a time, and printed instead, 'The Art and Craft to know well to die,' which he had translated from the French. The exact date of his death has not been ascertained. His burial is, however, mentioned in the parochial records towards the close of the year 1491. His will has not been found, but he is known to have bequeathed to the church of St. Margaret some copies of his edition of the 'Golden Legend,' which were sold for five or six shillings each, and brought in a goodly sum for those days. A perfect copy would nowadays be worth as many hundred pounds. He left at least one child, Elizabeth, who married Gerard Croppe, a merchant tailor, and five years after Caxton's death we find her quarrelling with her husband, probably about her inheritance, the matter being finally settled by a compromise, Croppe receiving twenty 'printed legends,' and giving the executors a full acquittance.

It is very sad in looking down the list of poets buried in the Poets' Corner in any guide-book, like that compiled by the Miss Bradleys for example, to see repeated, over and over again, the same melancholy formula, 'died in poverty.' The first of the poets laid here, Chaucer, 'fell into poverty in his old age.' Spenser, according to Drummond of Hawthornden, 'died for lake of bread,' in King's Street, Westminster. Yet he had something very like a public funeral, all the literary men of the day assembling round his grave, and casting into it odes in his memory, and the pens with which they were written. Ben Jonson 'died in great poverty' in a house on the north side of the Abbey, near St. Margaret's Church. He was buried in the nave in an upright position, having been promised ground two feet by two in his lifetime, either by the King or by the Dean. His remains have been seen several times since, when other graves have been dug close by. The simple epitaph, 'O Rare Ben Jonson,' was

cut, it is said, at the cost of Sir John Young, 'who, walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen-pence to cut it.' Another poet commemorated here, Butler, the writer of 'Hudibras,' also died 'in great poverty,' as is recorded in the well-known epigram :—

> 'When Butler, needy wretch ! was yet alive,
> No generous patron would a dinner give.
> Behold him, starved to death and turned to dust,
> Presented with a monumental bust.
> The poet's fate is here in emblem shown :
> He asked for bread, and he received a stone.'

The great 'Ann Dorset Pembroke and Mont-

gomery' set up the monuments of Drayton and Spenser; and John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, of whom we shall see more in another chapter, that of Dryden, who also, we read, 'died in great poverty.' Many of the other monuments in this transept have similarly been dedicated by admiring friends and patrons. That of Milton, for example, has been satirised as having on it more about Mr. Benson, who set it up, than about the poet. David Garrick was buried among the poets in 1779, and his monument 'the tribute of a friend, was erected in 1797.' The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry made Gay's tomb, and put on it above Pope's epitaph the brief couplet he wrote for himself :—

> 'Life is a jest, and all things show it :
> I thought so once, but now I know it.'

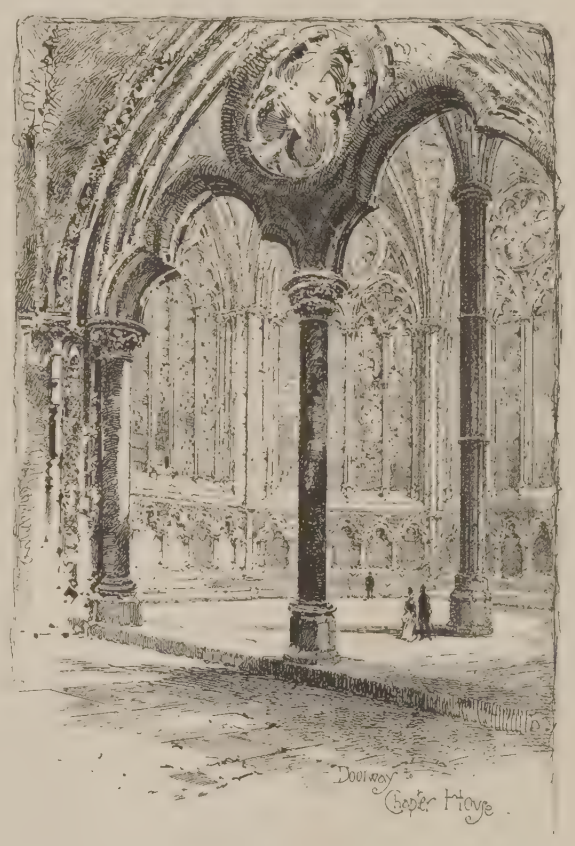
I confess to a feeling of weariness at the number of 'cenotaphs' we see here. A cenotaph is defined as the monument of a person buried elsewhere; and the Poets' Corner is crammed with such memorials, and especially with busts. Anstey, Sharp, Goldsmith, Coleridge, Thomson, Thackeray, and many others, are buried elsewhere, and of some of them no memorial is needed here. This is especially true of Shakespeare and Milton. The one sleeps in the church of St. Giles', Cripplegate, the other in his own Stratford-on-Avon. An opposite case is that of Dr. Johnson, who, though he is buried here, has a monument in St. Paul's. The busts, set simply on brackets, and not forming part of any architectural composition, are also disagreeable to the eye in proportion, as from their prominence they intrude themselves upon the sight. Keble's absurd nude bust is not, as it should be, in the Poets' Corner, but in the baptistery, which has indeed been sometimes called the Deputy Poets' Corner; but in reality all the monuments of poets here, Keble's, Herbert's, Cowper's, Wordsworth's, and Kingsley's, are cenotaphs. There is only a gravestone over Charles Dickens, in the south transept; and, in truth, it is a pity his body was not buried, as it is understood he wished himself, in Rochester Cathedral. Here, among so many greater men, he is lost. Another, and very typical example of the professional literary men of the generation just gone by, was Lord Lytton, whose grave is very near, but not in the Poets' Corner. He rests among princes and princesses in the chapel of St. Edmund.

I am making no attempt to enumerate the literary monuments of Westminster Abbey, but there is one not in the Poets' Corner which can scarcely be overlooked. Dean Stanley wrote very little in verse, but his prose is more poetical than much contemporary 'poetry,' and has a singular sweetness and a charm which cannot be defined. I well remember his funeral. So august an assemblage of eminent persons is seldom seen. Nearly all the Queen's sons were in the church, and a bevy of princesses looked through the doors of the Confessor's Chapel. An eminent statesman, still living, contrived to draw all eyes upon himself, in the midst of the sad solemnity, by endeavouring to make an exit towards the House of Commons, through the dense throng which filled the Poets' Corner. At the graveside, in the Chapel of Henry VII., only a favoured few of the chief mourners witnessed the last rites, and heard the unaccompanied voices of the choir. The recumbent statue, which has since been placed over the grave, is by Mr. Boehm, R.A., and is very beautiful and appropriate, and, what is of more importance perhaps, a marvellously faithful likeness.

The Library closely adjoins both the Poets' Corner and also the Chapter-house. The passage from the south transept, which formerly led to the monks' dormitory from the church, passes across the entrance to the Chapter-house, ending in the Library, which forms the northern part of the building containing the great schoolroom. There is here a considerable collection of old books, many on divinity, and a few very beautiful manuscripts. The room itself is worth seeing, but is not generally shown to the public. The library was founded, or refounded, by John Williams, the last Churchman who held the Great Seal of England, and both Dean of Westminster and Archbishop of York, a great opponent of Laud. He bought a large private library, and placed it in what was then 'a waste room,' which he furnished and adorned for it. The collection is remarkable for the bindings of many of the books, which are very ancient and curious, and well worthy of inspection in these days when so many people make binding a fine art. Among the manuscripts is one on natural history, with pictures which remind us of the animals depicted on the western wall of the Chapter-house below. It would be interesting to compare these two productions of mediaeval art and science.

The Chapter-house is, perhaps, in its design and proportions one of the most beautiful features of the Abbey. Yet, until our own day, it was miserably neglected, and in great danger of a complete downfall. The most determined opponent of 'restoration' must approve the greater part of the work carried out here by Sir Gilbert Scott, in 1865 and subsequent years. The place had been used by the House of Commons up to the time of Edward VI., who allowed the members to sit in St. Stephen's Chapel. At the dissolution of the Abbey the Chapter-house became crown property, and, I believe, continues to belong to the State. The chamber called 'Jerusalem' has long been the real Chapter-house. The State records were stowed in various places, such as the Tower, and parts of the old Palace of Westminster; and very soon after the dissolution the Chapter-house was fitted up for a similar purpose. The result has been a benefit to us; because, instead of the destruction and defacement which went on elsewhere, here everything was covered with the cupboards and boxes containing the rapidly accumulating collection of State papers. The worst misfortune the building underwent also proved a blessing in disguise. The upper part of the vault was taken down as dangerous in 1740, and a flat ceiling substituted. Had this not been done we should have lost the whole building, owing to the insufficiently supported thrust of the vaulting, and the failure in places of the foundations. Scott, who was as much an engineer as an architect, counteracted the thrust by iron-work concealed in the vaulting, and by restoring the buttresses which look so large outside.

As the Chapter-house stands now, it is a singularly noble building. Approached from a low and rather dark passage, and by a flight of steps, the whole effect of the interior bursts on the visitor suddenly. It is often compared with the Chapter-house at Salisbury, and there are many points of resemblance between them, but this is the earlier of the two. The height to the crown of the vaulting is about fifty-four feet, the central pillar being about thirty-five feet in height. The wooden flooring con-



cealed and preserved for us a very nearly complete example of an encaustic tile pavement. The paintings on the eastern wall should be carefully examined while they are yet visible. Unfortunately, by way of securing their preservation, they were coated by some sort of varnish by Scott, and the past few years have wrought more harm to them than the centuries they passed in neglect behind the wainscoting of the Record Office. The chamber is still in a sense a record office, and the visitor will see in the glass cases many curiosities of literature, among them some fragments of paper found in a rat's hole, on which are a few lines of Caxton's printing. There is also a fine show of the oldest of the Abbey charters, several of which have been already described in our earlier chapters. Lastly, before leaving the place, we should take a look at the stone coffin near the

entrance. It has been a puzzle to antiquarians, having been found in the green space north of the nave, and having on its side a Latin inscription in the old Roman style; and what looks like a twelfth-century Christian cross on the lid. It is most probably an ancient Roman sarcophagus appropriated by some mediaeval monk for his own interment, and completed by the addition of the crossed lid. There are some Norman carvings preserved also in this vestibule, which will help us to an idea of the style and decoration of the church commenced by Edward the Confessor.

W. J. Loftie.

JOSEPH WOLF, F.Z.S., ARTIST AND NATURALIST.

II.

IN my last paper I sketched the career of Joseph Wolf from his boyhood in the German village, where he made his first brushes from the tail of a Marten-cat, and snared his first model in the paternal fields, to the time of his recognition as an accomplished artist, his constant employment by the ablest naturalists in Europe, and his permanent settlement in the heart of London. This voluntary expatriation proved a wise policy, and did not check his steady professional advance. Fortunately the truth, freshness and vigour which a painter can only gather from the continual study of nature, was afforded by the frequent country visits, arising from his growing popularity and reputation. Having always been preternaturally eager to observe, he had acquired the power of seeing much that others, even with more advantages, missed altogether; and he may be almost described as possessing three or four senses beyond those appertaining to the ordinary traveller. Therefore the delicate beauty of the English and Scotch landscape spoke to him as eloquently as its wild tribes, and when he returned to his scientific work, his mind was full of useful recollections and fresh subjects. Occasionally, he became one of the guests at the largest country-seats of Sutherland, Argyle and Inverness, where he had exceptional opportunities of observing the habits, not only of rare wild animals, but of the British nobility. The mountainous districts of these counties and their fauna, were after his own heart, and scenery such as this is often found in his designs. As a boy he had frequently dreamed of the rugged crags, and snow and ice with which, in future years, he loved to surround his Falcons and Eagles; and long before he saw the Ptarmigan on the Scotch mountains, he had also dreamed of them.

Among the most valuable experiences of the period of his life we have now reached, may be mentioned a yachting expedition to Norway with Gould, and there his indefatigable pencil reaped a harvest which was much to his own and his companion's profit.

Soon after Mr. Wolf's arrival in England it was discovered not only that he could easily hold his own with our scientific draughtsmen, but could eclipse the patentees and manufacturers of the time-honoured illustrations of books of sport and travel. These were sometimes pretentious engravings, sometimes sleek and deftly handled lithographs, sometimes childish lithographs; but whatever the price of the book, and whatever its merit, the illustrations were often weakly conventional, ill drawn, or full of misapplied elaboration. A fair idea of the relative merit of my subject's work of this kind, may be gained, by comparing such works as Anderson's *Lake Ngami* (1856), or Drayson's *Sporting Scenes Among the Kaffirs* (1858),* with any contemporary illustrated books of travel or sport. In spite of the difference proved by such comparison, he was not always allowed to illustrate a whole volume, and his designs will occasionally be found in juxtaposition with others which serve as a capital foil.

What with the airs of travelled authors, the precautions of astute publishers, and bad engraving, the illustrators of books sometimes have a rough time of it; but these rubs and jostles are child's play compared with the plagiarism and impudent piracy from which Mr. Wolf has often suffered. Many are the instances of his work being used without any acknowledgment, copied without shame, and of his being generally plagiarised without mercy; and this in spite, perhaps in consequence of his liberality in lending his studies. Those, however, who can distinguish the ring of good metal, will not need the 'J. W.' half hidden in the corner of a subject, to tell them its authorship. It has been said that '. . . . a large part of the success which has attended the publications of our most distinguished travellers, has been due to his contributions;' and we shall generally find that, among book illustrations, the well-known initials are a guarantee of originality and draughtsmanship, besides an unusual amount of interest, brought about by the artist's knowledge of the forms and habits of animals. There is always an individuality in treatment, and a lively vivacity

* In my copy of this work, the illustrations are ascribed to Mr. Harrison Weir!

of attitude, that stamps the work as his, and his alone.

It is well to remind the reader that many of his published designs, even when drawn upon the wood by himself, have been engraved by workmen without real artistic knowledge, and consequently without the power to understand their higher qualities. Thus, the difference between the originals and the engravings, so far from being imaginary, is often little short of the difference between the *Iliad* in the original and a fifth-rate translation. For these reasons Mr. Wolf was glad to revert occasionally to his old handicraft, lithography; and, as in Anderson's *Lake Ngami*, to draw a series of designs on the stone with his own hand. Of this phase of his work, we find some very pleasing examples in Knox's *Game Birds and Wild Fowl* and *Ornithological Rambles in Sussex*.* Author and artist are here, more or less in harmony, and are worthy of each other. In Knox's *Autumns on the Spey*† will be found the last designs from Mr. Wolf's pencil which have been, or probably will be, published as book illustrations. They have unfortunately been drawn upon the stone by somebody quite incapable of doing them justice.

In speaking of the works which have incalculably gained in value by our friend's co-operation, it would be unfair to pass over John's *British Birds in their Haunts*.‡ The designs (which are about 190 in number), were done against time and three and four in a day. They are woefully injured by the cheapest class of engraving, but are, nevertheless, full of truth and artistic quality. Among the best, are the Kite, Tawny Owl, Whitethroat, Ring Dove, Woodcock and Common Snipe.

An artist may more fairly be judged by work to which he betakes himself *con amore*, than by that which he is compelled or commissioned to do. It is seldom that he receives a commission to carry out his own inmost ideal in his own way. There is always some stipulation of size, or price, or treatment which fetters him. He may have gained notoriety by painting birch-trees hanging over water; by Scotch cattle and Scotch mist; by anything in short which he has succeeded in painting exceptionally well; but thenceforth the dealers and their 'clients' insist on mist and birches, birches and mist, till he becomes a clever specialist, sliding towards a baronetcy in a well lubricated groove—a manufacturer who books his orders and (whatever may have been his ideal or his power), executes those orders in rotation to the end of his days. Of this kind of bondage Mr. Wolf has a dread; and moreover he says:—'Whenever you work at a commission, you are always haunted by the thought, "What will the man say to it? Will he like this or that?" while I am labouring, perhaps at an eye or a feather, to get it quite true to nature, I suddenly think, "Perhaps he would like it much better if it were done in an off-hand, dashing way;" and I am sure that if I paint beyond his understanding, he will not like the work at all.' These words deserve consideration, for they are a commentary on the unhappy fact that the manly struggle involved in honest, learned, unmercenary workmanship, goes for nothing against the popular delight in a clever, slap-dash sleight of hand, which only seems to be what the other really is.

Among the most notable of Mr. Wolf's undertakings done *con amore* and therefore representing him fairly, we may place the drawings (executed about 1868), for that well-known work, his *Wild Animals*.* The original edition is rather scarce, but the cuts have been reproduced in England, Germany, France, Russia and Switzerland; even reproduced in the most startling colours, for the benefit of the readers of moral magazines. These designs imposed no limitations or restrictions on the artist, for they were done at his leisure; and the author who shared the undertaking, merely described the scenes after they were drawn. More than half, illustrate the dangers to which wild animals are naturally exposed by duels and persecutions among themselves. Save in one instance, the commonest phase of animal illustration, the phase of sport, is entirely and purposely omitted, and in that instance the sportsman is represented at a disadvantage; while throughout the work the romantic side of natural history is strongly prominent. Three out of the twenty subjects are, I think, pre-eminent;—'A hair-breadth Escape,' 'Maternal Courage,' and 'Hunted down.' This last, is full of the pathos so eminently characteristic of the artist's best work. Snow covers up a dreary plain, meeting in just one gleam of comfortless light, a dreary sky. A few withered thistle-stems and other relics of departed summer, rustle in the wind;—a frozen, melancholy wind, moaning out the dirge of starved animals and birds, as it pettishly flings the snow against every tuft and hillock. Presently a wounded Hare limps slowly along in torture. She is one of the victims to the long shots of thoughtless sportsmen, and who knows how far she has come! There is death in her staring coat and gentle brown eyes, as she lays back her ears and crouches under a thistle-tuft to wait for the end. She has waited patiently and long, when from far away towards the horizon, there comes a faint-harsh croak.

* Van Voorst cir. 1849–50. † Van Voorst 1872.
‡ S. P. C. K. 1867.

* Published by Macmillan 1874.

Then, with sedate and regular beat, one by one, flap into sight the Hooded Crows. Her's is a terrible death, with ill-omened and ravenous birds fighting over her on the frozen snow.

It is in pathetic subjects such as this, that the artist is seen at his best, and they show to what he betakes himself when he follows his bent. The reader will find another example in the reproduction before him, which is from one of the bold charcoal drawings so clearly indicative of the artist's power. An Eagle, fretting in recent captivity, for his free life and companions, has broken his chain and winged his way straight to his accustomed haunts. Perching on a branch, he looks joyfully down into the glen which holds the old eyrie. Then he spreads his wings for another flight, but the chain has caught in a fork, and not long afterwards, he hangs as we see him, dead, and swinging in the wind that sighs his requiem in the tree above.

A CAPTIVE EAGLE.

Mr. Wolf's love for and familiarity with wild animals has gradually become so great, that not only has he ceased to care for shooting them (keen shot as he once was), but repudiates almost angrily, any story of the innate and unprovoked ferocity of the larger species. He cannot bring himself to deny them the immortality which is accorded to man — man often more brutish and ferocious than the fiercest of them all; and he has endeavoured by means of much of his work, to awaken that sympathy which he thinks should exist between men and animals; —a sympathy which he himself feels deeply. He has known Livingstone and many other travellers, and the stories they have told him of unnecessary and indiscriminate slaughter, of brutal and disgusting cruelty, perpetrated under the name of 'sport,' have revolted him. He compares such 'sportsmen' to a Marten-cat in a hen-house, which kills till there is nothing left alive; and even if he sees some shooters at work in the country, he rejoices not a little when they miss. He prefers to represent wild animals by themselves; and, if in antagonism, to show the aggressor outwitted. His portfolios abound with protests against the cruelty of sport; such for instance as a design (originating in an anecdote told him by Gordon Cumming), of the death struggle of a Lioness, shot in the midst of her little cubs, which are devoured by the hungry dogs; and two other subjects showing a family of Grouse joyfully greeting the sunrise on the twelfth of August and the few that have escaped 'the bag,' moping at sunset. He says:—'I hate sporting subjects. The ordinary sporting things where the proper cut of a shooting-coat seems the chief object, are detestable. Whenever wild animals come into contact with man, they are in fear of death and appear ill at ease. How would an unarmed man look, if he were painted with a tiger confronting him?' The owner of these opinions had no sympathy whatever with men of the stamp of Gordon Cumming, who, he says, 'sported like a butcher,' but he could get on well with such an ardent naturalist and yet keen sportsman as Knox

The engraving of the *Wild Animals*, good as it is of its kind, by no means represents the splendid qualities of the original drawings—qualities an idea of which it is nearly impossible to convey by words. It is partly, no doubt, the strong vitality in the animals, given by anatomical correctness, their vivacity of attitude, and the fact that they appear thoroughly at home, not posed for their portraits nor groomed into an unnatural sleekness, which give this excellence. As we look at the drawings, we gradually forget the paper and the chalk, and even the marvellous manipulative skill, to feel that we are alone with nature's own children, who,

unconscious of our presence, show themselves as they are very seldom seen by human eyes, in the midst of 'the romance of their lives.' This feeling is enhanced by the little unobtrusive touches of nature and individuality, of which Mr. Wolf is so fond.

I have alluded to the difference between original work and the translation of that work by wood engraving. Translation of the highest class (such for instance as may be sometimes found in *The Century* magazine), is so costly that it is out of the question in ordinary cases of book illustration; and indeed it was not till comparatively recent years that it reached its present perfection. In justice therefore to Mr. Wolf's reputation, not only must my previous remarks be borne in mind, but it must be remembered, firstly, that even the best wood engraving of his day was imperfect; secondly that his work was often parodied by cheap engraving which was very far from approaching even that. A good instance of the consequences of submitting his designs for translation by the wood-cutting of some sixteen years ago, will be found in 'The Ambuscade,' one of the *Wild Animals* series. In the original, a dim, uncertain twilight pervades a primeval forest. Some Goats, but how many we know not, browse their slow way to the spot beneath the fatal branch, and on the branch crouches and grins a half-hidden form with evil eye. In the engraving, all is cleared up, and we may, if we like, count everything, from the hairs on the ears of the Lynx, to the Goats' tails. Comparison shows that, in all these engravings, the obscurity of nature—'the lost and found,' as painters call it, and whatever the artist in his first design, has intentionally left in doubt or as suggestion, has been laboriously cleared up. Every hint is forced into a fact, and every fact is mercilessly emphasized. In Mr. Wolf's own words:—'Engravers cut out all the mystery—that which makes the picture. I assure you that when I received the first proofs of the *Wild Animals*, I found that the original scheme of light and shade was gone; and I had to concoct a different arrangement altogether.' Speaking generally the engraver may be compared to an officious cicerone, provided with a glib explanation and a pair of field-glasses, for all emergencies. Is it remarkable then, that when our victim sighted an engraving after his work, in a shop window, he crossed over the road to avoid it?

A HEARTY GRIP.

I have told how well Mr. Wolf was received by the English naturalists, and how his aid was sought by English publishers. Even the illustrators of the ornithological literature of that time, were obliged to confess that the burly young German knew as much about birds and the arrangement of their plumage as themselves. So much for science; but the episode of the kindly reception of his first contribution to the Academy by Sir Edwin Landseer, was a good omen for his artistic future. As his works from time to time, appeared on the walls of our exhibitions, they met with cordial appreciation by some of our most distinguished artists and critics. A painter of eight-and-twenty and withal a foreigner, who could number among his champions soon after his naturalization, such representative men as Mr. T. Woolner, R.A., Mr. F. G. Stephens, and Messrs. D. G. and W. M. Rossetti (all of them members of the famous 'Præraphaelite Brotherhood'), might congratulate himself that he had not laboured in vain.

At the suggestion of my friend Mr. Stephens, I wrote to Messrs. Woolner and W. M. Rossetti, that I might learn from each, in his own words, his opinion of my subject's work, and they have kindly permitted me to quote from their replies. Mr.

Woolner writes as follows. 'I cannot speak in words of Wolf so highly as he deserves, and I am rejoiced that you seem resolved to do his splendid abilities justice. I remember fighting his battles so far back as 1848, when many persons were disinclined to allow his high originality and his vivid truthfulness; and I doubt, even now, if a great number appreciate his works as they ought to be admired.' 'It is quite true,' writes Mr. W. M. Rossetti, 'that my brother admired Wolf's animal-pictures and drawings heartily. Wolf began exhibiting in London soon after the "Præraphaelite" movement began in English art, and all the Præraphaelites, including my brother, were delighted with his acute and minute observation, and delicate precision of rendering.'

Unlike the conventional and mendacious art which had held its sway until attacked by the 'Brotherhood,' Mr. Wolf's art was true, and it was 'The truth lovingly told.' The attribute which, no doubt, appealed to the members of that Society more than his power of finish and knowledge of detail, was his evident determination to do every work as perfectly, as conscientiously, as truthfully and as patiently as it could possibly be done; with no mendacious trickery or artful evasion of difficulty. The tribute of admiration paid by these 'Præraphaelites' to the young German painter, was of especial value, as their ideal was a very high one, and the persecution they endured in its brave defence, was bitter and prolonged.

I have already spoken of the merit of his early water-colours. Mr. Dresser, the well-known ornithologist, is fortunate in possessing a few examples which resemble these in size and style, but in some respects surpass them, inasmuch as they were painted when the artist had gathered power and experience, and no longer worked on a small scale from inability to cover a large surface.* The series includes some of our most familiar British birds, and it was published in 1853 (by means of chromolithography) as *The Poets of the Woods*, to be followed a year later by *Feathered Favourites*. The reproductions are mere parodies of the originals.

Should the reader desire to judge for himself what quality of water-colour work our painter executed from the beginning of his London career, onwards, he should visit the lecture-room of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park. Here, behind singularly dirty glasses, and in a somewhat pronounced savour of chimpanzee, hang the remains of an inimitable collection.† What these drawings must have been, before the greater part of them were bleached by years of exposure to bright sunlight, we can see by means of a few that have escaped destruction. Among the birds, the studies of the White Greenland Falcon and the Black-necked Stork should be attentively examined, and they alone will well repay a visit. I was admiring the extreme subtlety and the feeling of a bit of outline in one of these drawings, as Mr. Wolf stood by me, and comparing it with the crude work of a certain popular ornithological draughtsman, when he said, 'Ah! —— has never drawn from the Antique. That teaches you to *see*.' Then he turned with a sigh and these words to a neighbouring frame:—'*All* the modelling has been bleached out of that Lynx's face!' It was too true!

A. H. Palmer.

* Mr. Dresser has also a superb water-colour representing the Labrador Jer Falcon. It was completed in less than a day.

† A selection was published in lithograph by Messrs. Graves under the title of *Zoological Sketches*, and some of the originals have been recently exhibited at South Kensington.

(*To be continued.*)

M. MÜNTZ ON RAPHAEL.

THIS is one of those numerous publications* which owe their existence to the invention of the cheap reproductive processes. It is very abundantly illustrated, but the illustrations, although valuable as documents to any one who knows their merits and their defects, are not of a kind likely to satisfy the fastidious, or even careful collector. They vary much in quality. Those are the best, of course, which depend upon the reproduction of pure ink lines, especially when they are strong and vigorous; but lines that are not so definite, as in chalk or sanguine studies, lose their quality in typographic processes, which make them coarser and often spotty. The reproductions of large line-engravings are too much reduced for the power of the burin to be felt. On this diminished scale they become almost like photographs without lines. The Marc Antonios are not reduced so much, and here the line is visible; nevertheless, the inferior lines of the typographic process can never represent the clear burin work of such an engraver as Marc Antonio.

Clear woodcuts, of which there are a few in this volume, would have been better in themselves, yet not so good for reference as documents. The system followed by M. Müntz is not severe enough for a

* Raphael, son Œuvre et son Temps, par Eugéne Müntz, Conservateur de l'Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts. Paris, Hachette.

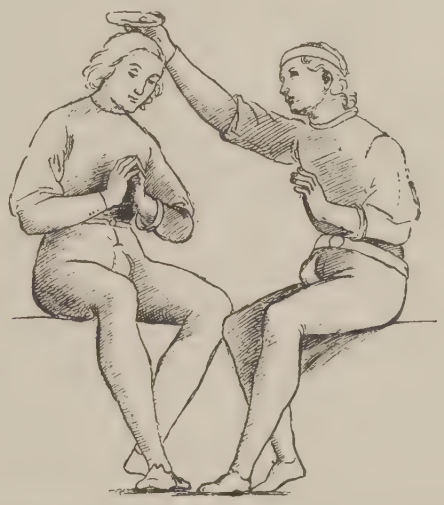
volume intended to be valuable artistically, but when we have read his book (and it is well worth reading) we must acknowledge the extreme historical utility of the numerous illustrations, and we see plainly that it would have been impossible to do so much in a manner to satisfy a fastidious collector without a great increase of price.

The qualities which distinguish M. Müntz as a writer are more of the sound than the showy kind. He is careful to make himself well informed; and, in fact, it is probable that no living writer on art is to be compared with him in knowledge of the Renaissance. He has gone over all the well-known ground, but with a degree of watchfulness that frequently throws new light upon parts of it; and he has a way of presenting things that, of itself, makes them more intelligible. Raphael is certainly a more real personage for me after reading this book, and I feel sure that the reality gained is not of that spurious kind which is the work of romancing historians. M. Müntz has studied all that surrounded Raphael, and sets him in his own world. He has visited all the places with which Raphael's name is connected, and gives characteristic descriptions; he takes account of all the influences that operated upon the painter's career, and helped to make him what he was by adding culture to his genius, and by developing that exquisite taste which, though inborn, would certainly have remained unexpressed anywhere but in Italy.

The life of Raphael does not in itself afford very abundant materials for the biographer, who is driven to talk about the artist's contemporaries, and to enter into minute discussions concerning his works. The plan adopted by M. Müntz has been to treat all these together, in their own time, a plan which, whilst it conceals the inevitable poverty of the biography, has the inconvenience of constantly interrupting the narrative for purposes of art-criticism. To tell the truth, although the book is full of matters of interest and agreeable to read on the principle of selection, it is, for the reason just given, rather difficult to read consecutively.

M. Müntz has a very reasonable way of looking at Raphael's precocity. 'The development of Raphael,' he says, 'as we shall have opportunities for demonstrating, was slow and laborious, quite contrarily to that of Michael Angelo, whose early progress appeared miraculous. It pleases us to have it so. It is agreeable to find traces of effort and hesitation, even of human fallibility, where criticism had long seen nothing but an uninterrupted series of triumphs, almost prodigious.' M. Müntz then produces Raphael's early sketch of the *Massacre of the Innocents*, with its curious combination of unprecedented elegance and total inability to realise the violent action of such a horrible scene. This recalls to mind Michael Angelo's saying that Raphael's power was the result of study.

Our author is very positive in affirming tha Raphael received 'une bonne et solide instruction littéraire.' There is not much real evidence of this. Raphael was put to drawing and painting in boyhood, and, therefore, had not time for a classical education. On the other hand, his letters show that he could use his own language like a man of the world. In after-life he gained much, no doubt, from the cultivated society he lived in; there is no real evidence of anything more than this. Mr. Müntz parries the reply that Raphael had 'Vitruvius' translated for him by suggesting that he may have been embarrassed by the Latin technical terms. At any rate, there is no evidence that Raphael was an ignorant man, like Perugino.



CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN. FROM A DRAWING BY RAPHAEL.

M. Müntz has an interesting passage (pp. 90, 91, 92), on Raphael's early way of preparing himself for a picture by means of studies. He could not have female models—at least in Umbria—so his fellow-students posed for him, and in this way he got the attitudes he wanted. Here, for example, is a study for the *Coronation of the Virgin*, a beautifully arranged little group of two male figures, afterwards quite faithfully reproduced in the Vatican picture, so far as attitude is concerned.

This *Coronation of the Virgin* is selected as a test subject for the comparison of Raphael's art with that of Perugino, who painted the same subject about the same time. The superiority of Raphael is, of course, easily demonstrated in various ways, and he is shown to be superior to Pinturicchio in liveliness and originality of conception. I find it difficult to share the author's admiration for the small St. Michael in the Louvre. The tall one, that belonged to Francis I., is a very noble composition; the little one, with the monsters in the background, is not a composition at all, though the saint is very grandly conceived,

and would be fine with the dragon in sculpture without the unfortunate background.

M. Müntz gives several pages to the improvements effected by Raphael in the representation of the Madonna and Child. We all know that the subject had been a favourite one with his predecessors, but Raphael greatly increased its human interest, and by the fertility of his invention gave it a new and unexpected variety. Even if we think of and remember all Raphael's painted Madonnas, each different from the rest, we do not appreciate the fecundity of his invention at its true value unless we take into account his numerous sketches of ideas, every one of which, as M. Müntz justly observes,

SKETCH FOR A MADONNA AND CHILD. BY RAPHAEL.

might have given a foundation for an interesting picture, and was in itself an original composition, though used by him only as a stepping-stone to something else. Here is one of these sketches, now at Oxford.

It is rather amusing to compare what M. Müntz has to say of the juxtaposition of poetry and theology in the Hall of the Signature in the Vatican with Mr. Ruskin's well-known and eloquent page on the same subject in the lecture on pre-Raphaelitism. Speaking of the Hall of the Signature, Mr. Ruskin says:—

'Raphael wrote upon its walls the *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin* of the arts of Christianity.'

'And he wrote it thus: On one wall of that chamber he placed a picture of the World, or Kingdom of *Theology*, presided over by *Christ*. And on the side wall of that same chamber he placed the World, or Kingdom of *Poetry*, presided over by *Apollo*. And from that spot, and from that hour, the intellect and the art of Italy date their degradation.'

M. Müntz sees in the same room and in the same juxtaposition of subjects the highest expression of an admirable civilisation:—

'La salle de la Signature est l'expression la plus haute de cette civilisation si admirablement ponderée dont Raphaël, à son tour, a été l'interprète le plus fidèle et le plus éloquent. Les souvenirs du moyen âge s'y mêlent harmonieusement aux splendides conquêtes de la Renaissance; la science, l'art, la poésie, y sont glorifiés au même titre que la jurisprudence et la théologie. Partout éclatent cette large tolérance, cette sympathie universelle, qui ont fait la gloire du quinzième et du seizième siècle.'

M. Müntz is enthusiastic in his admiration of the two wonderful compositions the *School of Athens* and the *Parnassus*. His admiration for the *Disputa* (English writers call it 'Theology') is more restrained. He says that the landscape in the background has been criticised, with reason, as unworthy of the great subject, and is too much in the manner of the preceding century. I think, however, that Raphael's idea in introducing this bit of homely landscape, with its farm-buildings and trees, ought to be taken into consideration. He evidently intended to make the contrast between earth and heaven, and to make it plain that the lower group was still on the ordinary earth, and, therefore, subject to doubts and disputations, whilst the full light of perfect knowledge was with the celestial groups above.

I am glad to see that M. Müntz has independence enough to say frankly and plainly that the famous cartoons were not well adapted to reproduction by means of tapestry. The fact is that Raphael, after his training and practice as a painter in oil and in fresco, was not prepared for designing on the principles of tapestry. M. Müntz says that the subjects were well suited to the Sixtine Chapel, but not to the mode of reproduction. 'If Leo X. committed, from this point of view, a fault of taste, Raphael himself is not blameless. He treated his cartoons for tapestry exactly as if they had been intended for frescoes, without taking into account the difference of material and of employment.' However, the result is what we know, and has proved more fortunate for Englishmen than if Raphael had painted his compositions in fresco on the walls of the Vatican. M. Müntz gives a long and careful analysis of the cartoons. At the close of his work he pays homage, with evident sincerity, to the high-mindedness of Raphael, to the moral nobility of his work and its devotion to an elevated and, we may add, elevating order of beauty. The ideal is not a vain or an empty word, it is not an idle object of pursuit, nor was Raphael's short life—so marvellously fruitful for its length—a life wasted in the pursuit of vanities. It was not only a most brilliant existence, but, in the profoundest sense, most useful.

P. G. HAMERTON.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Scottish National Portrait Gallery was opened early in July. The building, of fourteenth-century Gothic, designed by Mr. S. Rowland Anderson, has been erected in Queen Street, Edinburgh, at the cost of 50,000*l.* Here in London we are indebted to the generosity of a private individual, who still preserves the anonymous, for the prospect of fit housing of our national collection of portraits, and the Scottish Portrait Gallery may be said to owe its existence to the noble public spirit of Mr. J. Ritchie Findlay, proprietor of the 'Scotsman' newspaper. So far back as 1883 this gentleman, anonymously as regards the public, offered 10,000*l.* towards the foundation of a National Portrait Gallery if a like sum were forthcoming. A vote of 10,000*l.* was procured from Parliament, accompanied by a suggestion that the pictures should be housed in the Royal Institution, and the Society of Antiquaries seek asylum elsewhere. This Society, however, declined to move, and the scheme might have fallen through had not Mr. Findlay again come forward with an offer of 20,000*l.* for the erection of a suitable building for the Portrait Gallery and Antiquarian Museum combined provided the Government would find a site. This was done in the situation now filled, the cost of which (7500*l.*) was defrayed, two-thirds by the Government and one-third by the Board of Manufactures. During the erection of the building further help was from time to time furnished by the generous 'Anonymous,' the announcement of whose identity at last, at the inauguration of the Gallery, naturally evoked much grateful enthusiasm, which should find an echo on this side the Tweed.

IN response to the great interest excited by the remarkable Loan Exhibition of Portrait Miniatures at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, the members arranged, through the courtesy of the various owners, to keep them on view into the third week of July. It will be long before such a collection, both for artistic and historic interest, can be gathered again, and it was well to prolong the period in which it could be studied and enjoyed under the favourable circumstances of a private gallery. More than two thousand choice specimens of all schools were lent, ranging in time from the curious and rare glass medallion, with figures of mother and child in gold leaf, said to be of the third century—originally found by Ficorani in the ruins of Tivoli, and now in possession of Sir Charles Dilke—down to Richard Conway's delicate miniatures of powdered beauties and fops in the last decades of the eighteenth century. Particularly fine were the examples of Nicholas Hilliard, the miniaturist of the Elizabethan period; of his pupil, Isaac Oliver; and the son, Peter Oliver—conspicuous among these being the contributions of the Duke of Buccleuch, Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Mr. J. K. D. Wingfield Digby, and Major-General Sotheby. The great portrait miniaturist of the Protectorate, Samuel Cooper, is seen at his best in the Buccleuch, Devonshire, and Propert collections, and in that of Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Jeffrey Whitehouse, whose riches in the art of miniature seem to include all the European schools, is especially happy in his French examples of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The Earl of Rosebery, Sir William Drake, and Mr. Propert also are fortunate in the latter period. The enamels by the Petitôts, father and son, in this exhibition were very choice and numerous, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Rosebery, and the Earl of Dartrey, sending their large signed pieces, and Mr. Propert his famous *Duchess of Portsmouth* by Petitôt *fils*, among many others. The catalogue, as usual, was prefaced by a concise monograph from the hand of a well-known collector, and, as we have before announced, a series of photographs from selected specimens will be brought out with annotations in a limited issue *de luxe* to subscribers.

A SERIES of water-colour sketches and studies in Cairo by that brilliant artist, M. Roussoff, which had been planned for a spring exhibition, was opened at the Fine Art Society's in July. This artist is, if one may risk the analogy, optimist in treatment; squalor and ruin are picturesque under his brush, but sordid or melancholy never. The narrow bazaars and decaying splendours of Cairo here sparkle with light, and glow even in shadow; figures full of life flit and congregate, or stand at happy ease, spots in the shifting pattern of colour and line. Especially clever is a street with a 'fantasy' of flags, a subject which the painter has worked out in several slightly differing versions, the large drawing being perhaps composed upon the sketches. There is an air of outdoor *vraisemblance* in all the sketches, however, which have the direct unlaboured touch and vivid harmonies which characterise M. Roussoff's work.

MEDALS of the first class at the Paris International Exhibition have been conferred, in the English Section, upon Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Burne Jones, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Herkomer, Mr. Hook, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Leader, Mr. Shannon, Mr. S. A. Forbes, Mr. J. R. Reid.

AT Messrs. Dowdeswell's Bond Street Gallery have been shown, during last month, the clever sketches and studies of Japanese temples, houses, and gardens, and Japanese folk, by Mr. Theodore Wores, an American artist, trained in Munich. The artist is a colourist, and an observer of sympathetic perception. His figures are alive and characteristic; he makes the spectator feel at home with the individualities of the people he paints, and interested in them beyond their picturesque clothes, and their fitness in the landscape. The singular richness of the highly coloured and curiously constructed and decorated architecture of the temples, tombs, and gateways, has not daunted this painter, who seems to have assimilated somewhat of the Japanese power of combining and treating brilliant hues. His most ambitious canvas, in which two young girls, draped in pale blue and soft green garments, cunningly embroidered and lined, pause to read the poetic leaflets hung on the blossoming plum-trees in a green grove, is as decorative as it is fresh and natural. Among the smaller studies are two of Buddhist cemeteries, striking in happily treated subject. A sketch of a Japanese garden shows the dainty prettiness of this sort of home paradise in Japan, where so much of the fancifulness of childhood seems to underlie the pleasures of the people. Mr. Wores has worked in a good technical school. He draws with the brush, and neither obtrudes nor conceals touch; yet he is not happy in expressing the forms of foliage, which he treats rather heavily, though in right colour. The less pleasing types of Chinese life, illustrated in another group of pictures, are also less pleasant in tone, and coarser in execution. One or two were lent by the Earl of Rosebery and Mr. Hesketh.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & CO. publish the first number of a new quarterly periodical called 'Sun Artists,' devoted to photography, which contains a series of selected plates photogravured from the negatives. The first issue gives four studies by Mr. J. Gale, with a monograph.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S new picture of the choristers and dons of Christ Church, Oxford, greeting with songs and flowers the first of May on the top of Christ Church tower at dawn of day was sufficiently advanced in July to be shown to large gatherings of friends. But, as the painter has not finished his work, all critical remarks are, in deference to his wish, deferred until the public exhibition of the picture in early autumn. We can, therefore, only record a note of conviction that this interesting and original composition, with its happy subject and great freshness of tone, will be received by 'those who know' among the public as one of Mr. Hunt's best and most sympathetic achievements.

THE sixth volume of the 'Irving Shakespeare' (Messrs. Blackie) contains 'Othello' and 'King Lear,' of which Mr. Gordon Brown is the illustrator; 'Anthony and Cleopatra,' for which Mr. Maynard Brown has furnished the woodcuts; and 'Coriolanus,' pictured by Mr. W. H. Margetson. There is character about the illustrations of the latter artist, albeit often slipshod in drawing and failing in attraction or grace of type. It would be, perhaps, unreasonable to expect of designs supplied in such wholesale quantities by the clever artists engaged more than one finds, namely, a certain superficial effectiveness and much ready invention, and but exceptionally anything higher. The plays are, as heretofore, ably notated and prefaced by Messrs. Marshall, A. W. Verity, O. F. Adams, Arthur Symons, and H. C. Beeching.

THE sale at Paris last month of the famous Secretan collection was a signal event in the art world. Some of the choicest and most celebrated examples of the modern French school drew forth in the bidding what might be called international rivalry. It was enough to make the ghost of Jean François Millet rise in astonishment to witness his *L'Angelus*, after a fight between the representatives of the French Government and the commissioner from New York, fall to the National collection at the phenomenal price of 550,000 francs—roughly, 22,000*l.* The French Government, in deference to the strong popular feeling for this picture, were determined to secure it at any price. Among other well-known French pictures that changed hands at the first day's sale were Corot's *Le Matin;* Daubigny's *Rentrée des Moutons;* Troyon's *Le Passage du Gué*—which fetched 4800*l.*; the *Singes Esperts* and *Le Frondeur* of Decamps; Fortuny's *Fantasie Arabe;* the *Diane Chasseresse* of Diaz; *Oedipe et le Sphinx*, by Ingres; the *Tigre surpris par un Serpent* of Delacroix; Fromentin's *Chasse au Faucon* and *Cavaliers Arabes;* Bonington's *Sur la Plage*—knocked down to Messrs. Agnew at 1160*l.*—and, among a brilliant group of the masterpieces of Meissonier, *Les Cuirassiers*, which the Duc d'Aumale acquired at the cost of 7000*l.* The fine collection of old masters, chiefly of the Dutch school, also fetched prices in proportion to their high value. Seventeen pictures from the same collection were subsequently put up in England, at Christie's, but did not attain such figures as the Parisian sale augured. J. F. Millet's *Le Vanneur* went, for 3400 guineas, into the hands of a firm of Parisian dealers. Messrs. Agnew paid 2900 guineas for Troyon's *Heights of Suresnes*, and 2040 guineas for a courtyard scene by Decamps.

The honour of a baronetcy has been conferred upon Mr. J. B. Boehm, R.A., the sculptor.

MR. WATTS, R.A., is carrying forward an immense allegorical picture in which the Genius of Progress darts forward out of a flaming halo, while two symbolical figures on the darkened world crouch indifferent to his advance, and a third rises in greeting. Mr. Watts is also working on his two large pictures of Eve tempted at the Tree of Life, and Eve sorrowing after the Fall.

'The Land of Manfred' is the title given by Mrs. Janet Ross to her last pleasant book of travel (John Murray, London). Apulia, the 'heel' of the Italian 'boot,' was the ground on which the noble Hohenstaufen dynasty ruled with splendid and enlightened sway, and passed away when Frederick the Second's chivalrous son Manfred fell beneath the cavalry of Charles of Anjou outside the walls of Benevento. To seek out the historic remains of this brief but glorious epoch has been a chief pleasure to Mrs. Ross in her wanderings from town to town, but they do not constitute all that gives Apulia that variety of interest which, as she writes, gives it so great a charm:—

> 'The country is like a palimpsest; Greek civilisation, philosophy, and art is written over the remains of the ancient Iapygian, Lucanian, Bruttian, and other primitive races; Roman glory and poetry over that again, until the Lombard, Saracenic, Norman, Suabian, French, and Spanish memories bring us down to united Italy, ruled at last by an Italian king.'

Mrs. Ross and her companions, including the artist, Signor Carlo Orsi, who contributes the many slight sketches that illustrate the book, seem to have kept pretty much to the railway routes, with occasional divergence. The eastern coast-line gave them Barletta, Trani, Bari, with excursions to Frederick the Second's singular castle, *Castel del Monte*, and the noble cathedral of Bitonto. The cross lines from sea to sea brought the party to Taranto and the neighbouring places—picturesque Massafra and the flowery ravines about Leucaspide, where Sir James Lacaita exercises high hospitality—and rocky Oria, crowned by another of the Hohenstaufen castles. The route from Brindisi to Lecce and Otranto, where the architectural features are of the greatest interest, included a détour to Galatina, *viâ* Saleto, at the last of which places the campanile by Raimondello del Balzo Orsini is one of the loveliest structures of the fourteenth century. At Lecce is the perfect Roman church of SS. Niccola e Cataldo, with extraordinarily beautiful detail on the exterior, built by Tancred, King of Sicily, and Count of Lecce, at the close of the thirteenth century. Here, too, was a living monument of human interest, namely, the old Duke Castromediano, sometime friend and fellow-prisoner of Count Poerio, in the dismal dungeons of Montefusco. From Otranto the narrative makes a leap, and the closing chapters of the volume take the reader to *Puglia piana*—level Apulia—to Foggia, Lucera, with its Saracenic citadel Manfredonia, which was built by the 'beautiful prince,' and called after him, where a figure artist of to-day must rejoice over the handsome people and pictorial costumes at the *Festa dell' Incoronata*, and among the pilgrims at Monte Sant' Angelo to the shrine of Saint Michael in the quaint church, half-cavern, half-Gothic structure. From this mountain town on Monte Gargano, the 'spur of Italy,' Mrs. Ross turns inland again and tells the story of Manfred's last struggle with the French intruder and tragic death, or rather disappearance in the *mêlée* before the city walls of Benevento. 'The perils of Apulia,' we read in the preface to this pleasant volume, 'consist solely in bad inns.' For the rest, there seems little to deter an intelligent tourist from finding a happy hunting-ground in a country full of historic monuments and picturesque towns, with a vegetation and colouring of southern brilliance, and a population of varied race, characteristic in manners and costumes, and not as yet ground down to the dead level of artificial civilisation.

WE have to record the death of Mr. Frederick Taylor, the amiable and popular painter of a style of subject now somewhat out of vogue—hunting scenes and field-sports, and riding parties of Arcadian joyance, costumed in the fashion of the Jacobites or of Sir Roger de Coverley's days. He was a veteran member of the Royal Water Colour Society, of which he was for some years President.

By inadvertence the name of Mr. Telbin, instead of Mr. O'Connor, was coupled with that of Mr. Beverly in an obituary noticed last month.

LA RUE DU VICOMTE, ROUEN.

ETCHED BY EDWARD SLOCOMBE.

THIS is a kind of mediaeval street that is now rapidly disappearing from the old towns of France. Broad and straight new avenues, like those of modern Paris, are driven through quarters of this kind like a railway cutting through a forest, and the quaint old houses fall like the forest trees. Luckily, all artists who love the picturesque are impelled by their instincts to preserve a record of such places, and it so happens that the century which most effaces the past has produced artists most capable of appreciating it, and at the same time cultivated the arts most suitable for representing it. The practice of water-colour sketching and of chiaroscuro sketching in umber wash with vigorous pen lines, led English artists to Rouen after the peace of 1815. The subsequent revival of etching has led in the same direction, as nothing can be more favourable to the etcher than subjects like the one before us. Mr. Slocombe, as is well known, is one of the most skilful etchers of the contemporary English school. His work is neither heavy nor hard; he seems to avoid the strongly bitten thick line and plates of moderate dimensions, and he suggests more than he delineates. As an example of this suggestive work, I may point to the little crowd in the street, which seems to be gathered at a sale by auction. It is always a certain proof of accomplishment when an etcher places his figures easily and with the art that is apparently artless. Here, for example, the lady and the little girl dragging her tiny cart are sketched with so little pretension that the reader will hardly observe, at first, how much drawing there is in them.

EDITOR.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IX.—*The Heraldry.*

Very Ancient Shields—Remains Described—Simon Montford, Earl of Leicester—William Valence, Earl of Pembroke—Limoges Enamel—Aveline Forts—Aymer Valence—Queen Eleanor—Edward III.—Richard II.—Henry V.—The Swan of Bohun—John of Eltham—The Ducal Coronet—The Chapel of St. Edmund—A Decaying Art—Humphrey Bourchier—The Duchess of Gloucester—The Countess of Stafford—The Stafford Badges—The Duchess of Suffolk—Grants of Arms—Quarterings—Sir Lewis Robsert—Chapel of Henry VII.—Heraldry of the Poets' Corner—Of the Nave.

THE Abbey is a museum of heraldic devices. True, it has not the Garter plates of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, but, on the other hand, it has a few relics of the shields put up by Henry III., which rank among the most ancient examples of the kind now remaining. The fashion of using coats-of-arms had been slowly growing, but of heraldry, in the strict sense of the word, there was none until the end of the reign of King John at the earliest. A great deal has been written to the contrary, especially by the professional heralds, and a great deal of dust has been thrown in the eyes of inquiring antiquaries; but the doubtful and obscure shields to be seen on seals are almost all that can be found of an earlier date than the fine series in the Abbey, of which unhappily so little remains. There cannot be much doubt that heraldry originated in the East, and was brought home by the Crusaders. The Sultans of Egypt, in the ninth century and later, had shields of arms. It has sometimes, rather conjecturally, been asserted that each coat of this ancient series in the Abbey represents a benefactor of the church, or someone who contributed to the building fund. Fourteen only remain, but there are several more of a very slightly later date, not so large, and painted only, not carved. They are attached to little heads of men or birds by loops, and these heads may possibly offer us the first idea of supporters; but as yet neither crests nor supporters had come into use. The heraldic proportions so much insisted upon had not been clearly laid down, and the 'bordure bezantee' of the arms of the earl of Cornwall is so narrow that there is hardly room for the coins. The birds in the arms assigned to Edward the Confessor have their feet. Later heraldry prescribed that a 'martlet' had no feet. The eagle displayed, representing the empire, has only one head, and the arms of St. Louis are 'semee' of fleurs-de-lis. It is easily seen that these are the early experiments in the science, and were made before the fixing of hard-and-fast rules for the guidance of the artist. Here is a list of the shields:—

In the south aisle, beginning at the transept—

1. Edward the Confessor. 'A cross patonce between five birds.'

2. Henry III. 'Gules, three lions, passant in pale, or.'

3. Raymond, count of Provence. 'Or, four pallets, gules.'

4. Roger Quincey, earl of Winchester. 'Gules, seven mascles, 3, 3, 1, or.'

5. (Ascribed to Henry Lacy, earl of Lincoln.)

'Quarterly, gules and or, a bendlet sinister, and a narrow bordure, sable; over all a label of five points, argent.'

6. Richard, earl of Cornwall (king of the Romans),

'Argent, a lion rampant, gules, crowned, or; a bordure sable, charged with twenty-two bezants.'

9. Louis IX., king of France. 'Azure, semee-de-lis, or.'

10. Richard Clare, earl of Gloucester. 'Or, three chevrons, gules.'

11. Roger Bigod, earl of Norfolk. 'Or, a cross gules.'

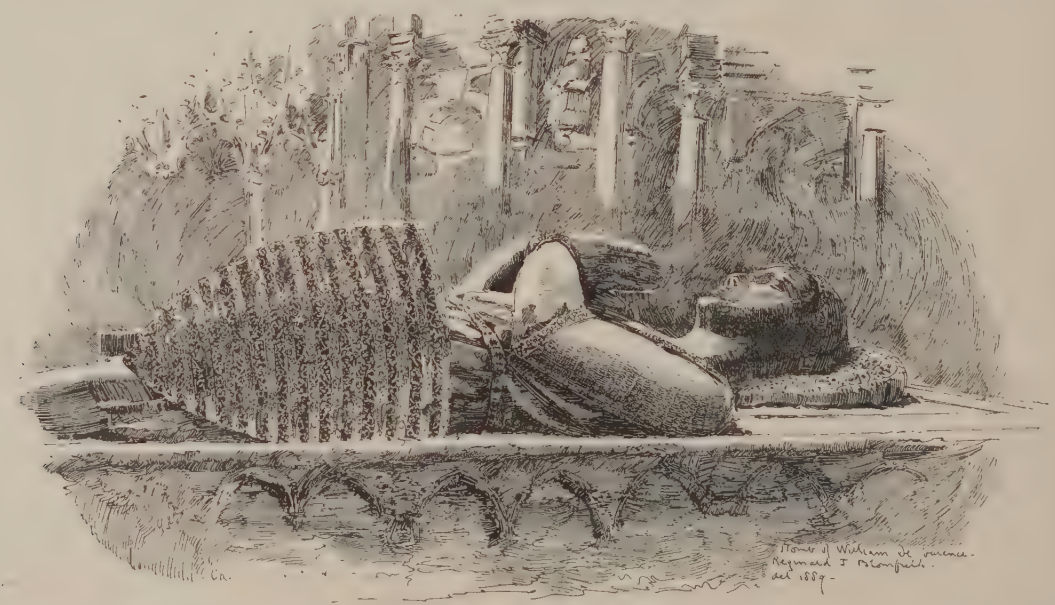
12. Simon Montford, earl of Leicester. 'Gules, a lion rampant, double tailed, argent.'

13. John, earl of Warwick. 'Chequy, or and azure.'

14. William (*de Fortibus*), earl of Albemarle. 'Gules, a cross patonce, vair.'

Five or six later coats, painted but not sculptured, and possibly of the time of Edward I., complete all that remains of this remarkable series. One realises the history of the time better after looking at the shield of Simon, the stout earl who is always credited with the invention of parliamentary government. He must have stood just here and looked at this very shield when it was first put up, years before his final quarrel with Henry and the fatal field of Evesham.

Very soon heraldry was corrupted. Hard-and-fast rules were made. Coats became strictly hereditary, and the bearings lost the freedom and simplicity they had at first. Of the same period as the fourteen shields described above, but of foreign, not English workmanship, is the coat-of-arms on the monument of Willian Valence, earl of Pembroke, King Henry's half-brother, in the chapel of St. Edmund. He died at Bayonne in 1296. The tomb is richly ornamented with Limoges enamel, the armour and the arms being most highly elaborated, and the pillow covered with a kind of diaper, formed



7. (Ascribed to the earl of Rothesay.) 'Gules, three lions rampant, 2 and 1, argent.'

In the north aisle—

8. The emperor Frederick. 'An eagle displayed.'

of the arms of England and of Valence. His shield hangs on his left side, and by the arrangement of a mirror it is possible to examine it very closely. The work is of the kind known as *champlevé*. Mr. William

Burges was both a good herald and also a good judge of enamel, and he pronounced the whole monument to have been made at Limoges, and sent over here. In this opinion he was fortified by having discovered, in the Bodleian Library, an entry of the payment by the executors of Walter Merton, bishop of Rochester, of 40*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, to John of Limoges, for making and carrying to Rochester a tomb for the bishop. This was in or about 1276. William Valence died ten years later, and may well have seen and admired the Bishop's monument as he passed through Rochester, or his frequent journeys to and fro. There are, or were, several such tombs in western France. Mr. Burges was further inclined to see French work in the effigy. It is of oak, covered with enamelled plates; and the artistic execution of the figure is very much worse than would have been the case in England in 1296. In the paper from which I have been quoting ('Gleanings from Westminster Abbey,' p. 157), he also makes a curious remark about heraldry in general: 'It must be confessed that in the thirteenth century people were hardly so particular about the details as they became at the end of the fifteenth century, when, like other arts in a state of decay, it became a science' The arms of Valence are in heraldic language: 'Barry argent and azure, an orle of martlets, gules.' Mr. Burges remarks that the number of bars varies in the numerous examples of the coat on the monument. 'In the stonework and on the pillow it is a barry of five; on the enamelled ground, a barry of eleven; on the ecussons, a barry of nine; and on the shield, a barry of fourteen.' The number of the little birds, 'martlets,' also varies. Unlike those on the shield of the Confessor, described above, they are of the strictest heraldic type, and we can judge that these swallows migrated to us in England from the Limousin. The bars are worked all over with a simple but delicate diaper of gold, and the wings and other features of the martlets are similarly indicated. The tomb was formerly surrounded with some thirty small figures of mourners, all of which have disappeared.

We had occasion above to mention the earl of Albemarle. His name is always given in the Latin form, 'de Fortibus,' and was probably in English, 'Forts' or 'Fortes.' He had an only daughter, Aveline, the greatest heiress of her time, and Henry III. married her to his second son, Edmund. She did not long survive her marriage, and lies buried on the north side of the sacrarium, under a stone tomb, which has been the admiration of every generation for its simple, severe dignity, and exquisite proportion. She was married in 1270, being then in her eighteenth year, and the sculptor represents her at about that age. She is sometimes said to have died in the year of her marriage, and cannot, in any case, have lived much longer, for her husband married again in 1274. Although the sculpture is of the most delicate and finished character, the artist was not content with the effect produced until he had ornamented every part with painting and gilding. Naturally the then novel fashion of wearing heraldic devices is largely resorted to, and on her dress are still faint traces of the arms of her father as seen in the old sculptures already described. Twelve little shields at each side give his

arms, those of her mother, who was also a great heiress, with those of her husband, and a great many besides. Other examples of old heraldry are offered by the shields on the adjoining monuments of Aymer Valence, son and successor of the earl commemorated by the enamelled tomb, and of Edmund, called Crouchback, earl of Lancaster, the husband of the Lady Aveline. The heraldry of earl Edmund's tomb is especially rich, but painted only and not sculptured. To find sculptured shields of this, the early, period of heraldry, we must go to the monument of Queen Eleanor, where the three shields of England, Castile (quartering Leon), and Ponthieu, are repeated on either side, but are much defaced and broken away. It is curious to observe that there is

not a single coat-of-arms on the monuments of either Henry III. or Edward I. There is, however, plenty of heraldry on the tomb of Edward III., whose children were represented each with an appropriate shield; and on the tomb of Queen Philippa, which also still retains a few shields of very beautiful design, enamelled on metal. But heraldry had already begun to be a matter of exact rule, and the artist was evidently restricted in every direction. A reaction appears under Richard II., and the introduction of external heraldic ornaments, crests, supporters, and badges, gave the artist scope for some very curious work. The dresses of the effigies are powdered all over with broom pods, suns, eagles, lions, white harts, and other emblems. The taste

in heraldic ornament here displayed reminds us of the wonderful series of shields, harts, lion crests, and ostrich feathers, which is sculptured on the string-course under the windows of Westminster Hall. The idea of this frieze is adopted in the monument of Henry V. The arch, which upholds the chantry already described, is decorated with exquisitely sculptured swans and antelopes, divided by beacons, to which the animals are chained. The swan was the badge of the Bohuns, Henry's maternal ancestors, and occurs several times in roundels, not shields, on the brass of Eleanor, duchess of Gloucester, a fine example of the heraldry of the day. Near it, in the chapel of St. Edmund, is an earlier monument which should not be overlooked by any student of the subject. The effigy represents John of Eltham, earl of Cornwall, second son of Edward II., and the shield is the most beautiful of all the so-called 'Plantagenet' examples. The red coat with its 'British lions' is surrounded by a border, described as 'of France.' It forms an exceedingly pretty achievement, with the blue border and golden fleurs-de-lis surrounding the arms of England, and is one of the latest examples of

the ancient method of 'differencing.' The tomb is further remarkable for the coronet which surrounds the Prince's brow. This is usually reckoned the first example of what was afterwards known as a ducal coronet. The leaves which compose it are alternately large and small trefoils, or 'strawberry-leaves,' but the rank of duke was not introduced till some little time after the death of John of Eltham.

The Chapel of St. Edmund, in which the tomb stands, is so full of the heraldry of the real heraldic times of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, as well as of the later heraldry of the Heralds' College, that it is difficult for anyone who is interested in the subject to leave it. When the wars of the Roses were all but over, Richard III. founded the College, and thenceforth heraldry became what it is still, and what Mr. Burges described it as being,—an art in a state of decay. In St. Edmund's Chapel we may observe it in all the stages of its history. Besides the arms which have been noticed, those of William Valence, of John of Eltham, and of the duchess of Gloucester, there is much else of the kind which should be examined. Close to the tomb of the

duchess is that of Humphrey Bourchier, slain at the battle of Barnet in 1470. The figure has disappeared, but the helmet and curious crest remain, as well as a series of badges showing the 'Bourchier Knot,' and a coat of quarterings. He was son of Lord Berners, great-grandson of the duchess of Gloucester, whose grave is beside his, and father of the learned Lord Berners, who made a delightful translation of the 'Chronicle' of John Froissart. Bourchier was, undoubtedly, entitled to quarter the old royal arms. But in the jealous days of Edward IV. such a right was tacitly ignored. No such caution was necessary in the case of Archbishop Richard Waldeby, of York, who had been a friend of the Black Prince, and tutor of Richard II. The King's arms form the chief ornament of the canopy of his brass. That heraldry had not become fixed is evident from this shield, on which the arms attributed to Edward the Confessor are impaled on the dexter side with those of Richard II. on the sinister. Many descendants of the duchess of Gloucester, besides Bourchier, are buried in this chapel, among them Mary, countess of Stafford, whose husband was one of the victims of the Popish plot agitation in the reign of Charles II. Her Latin epitaph mentions her royal descent. The monument of her grandson, the last earl of the family, is one of the most singular, heraldically speaking, in the Abbey. It consists simply of a tablet, with an epitaph and a decorative border. The epitaph describes his character as truly great, mentions his sudden death in 1762, and concludes thus :—

'The figures round this Inscription are the Ancient Badges of Honour belonging to the Stafford Family, Who descend by ten different Marriages from the Royal Blood of England and France.

'Invented and Stained by Robert Chambers.'

The badges are eighteen in number, comprising some that are simply coats-of-arms. The style of the middle of the eighteenth century does not bear to be contrasted with that of the fourteenth, or even the fifteenth : but Robert Chambers deserves credit for hunting up—'inventing,' he calls it—all these heraldic emblems. Among them is the duchess of Gloucester's swan ; and the arms of her husband, Thomas of Woodstock, the youngest son of Edward III., are quartered above. Another Stafford monument, with a fine shield of quarterings, is close by. The most conspicuous memorial in this chapel is, perhaps, that of the Duchess of Suffolk, the mother of Lady Jane Grey, and its ornamentation is almost solely heraldic. Her epitaph says she was 'daughter to Charles Brandon, Duke of Southfolke, and Marie, the French Qvene.' The number of near relations this unfortunate lady lost by the hands of the public executioner is simply frightful. Her husband, her daughter, her son-in-law, and her son-in-law's father, were all beheaded ; and during the reign of queen Mary she lived in retirement, and married a plain esquire named Adrian Stock. He put up this handsome monument to her memory, having obtained from Queen Elizabeth, with whom she was in high favour, a special grant of arms for its better adornment. This fashion of granting arms had become very common under the Tudors. The kings and queens of that dynasty simply assumed the old arms of England and France, for it would probably have been difficult to find a coat for Owen Tudor. Queen Elizabeth now allowed Stock to put on the tomb of his wife 'a coat of augmentation,' to wit, the royal arms 'within a bordure gobony, or and azure.' A ducal coronet is on the head, and the feet rest on the crowned lion of the Brandons.

The gorgeous, but excessive, heraldry of the seventeenth century is well illustrated also in this chapel, especially in examples of the multiplication

of quarterings. The head of the Talbots of Shrewsbury, a man of the most noble descent, vies with the comparatively *parvenu* lord Russell in this respect, and both show the orthodox sixteen quarters, the earl counting among his the arms so conspicuous on the tomb of William Valencé. The tomb of Katharine Knollys is of this fashion also, but a little older than that of Shrewsbury. She also has her sixteen quarterings, and no fewer than four crests. Lady Knollys was niece of queen Anne Boleyn, and attended her on the scaffold. Her name is given on her monument as 'the Right Honourable Lady Katharine Knollys,' on what grounds, unless by special grant of her first cousin, Queen Elizabeth, it would not be easy to say. A very good example is in the next chapel, that of St. Nicholas. It contains the arms of Elizabeth, lady Ros, daughter of the earl of Rutland, and wife of Sir William Cecil, a grandson of the great lord Burleigh. The Burleigh family had already contrived to amass a shield of sixteen quarters, but they are not to be compared for nobility with those of lady Ros, who was born a Manners, and so was descended from a sister of Edward IV. The beautiful shield of what is now the ducal house of Rutland, with its lions and fleurs-de-lis, is almost lost in the multiplicity of other arms.

It will not be possible to notice all the curious and interesting heraldry in the Abbey. Although St. Edmund's Chapel shows some of the best and worst, there is plenty in other chapels. The banner of Sir Lewis Robsert and a double row of small shields, commemorate the King's standard-bearer at Agincourt, and offer a good sample of the heraldry of the fifteenth century. It is in the chapel of St. Paul, and close to the tomb of the King who had led Robsert into battle. At each corner is an armorial flag held up by a lion and a falcon; and we see much of that freedom of treatment characteristic, as we have ventured to say, of the older heraldry. For those who wish to inquire further into the bearings on this tomb, we may suggest a reference to Neale and Brayley, who have an elaborate account of it written while a larger number of the coats-of-arms were still decipherable.

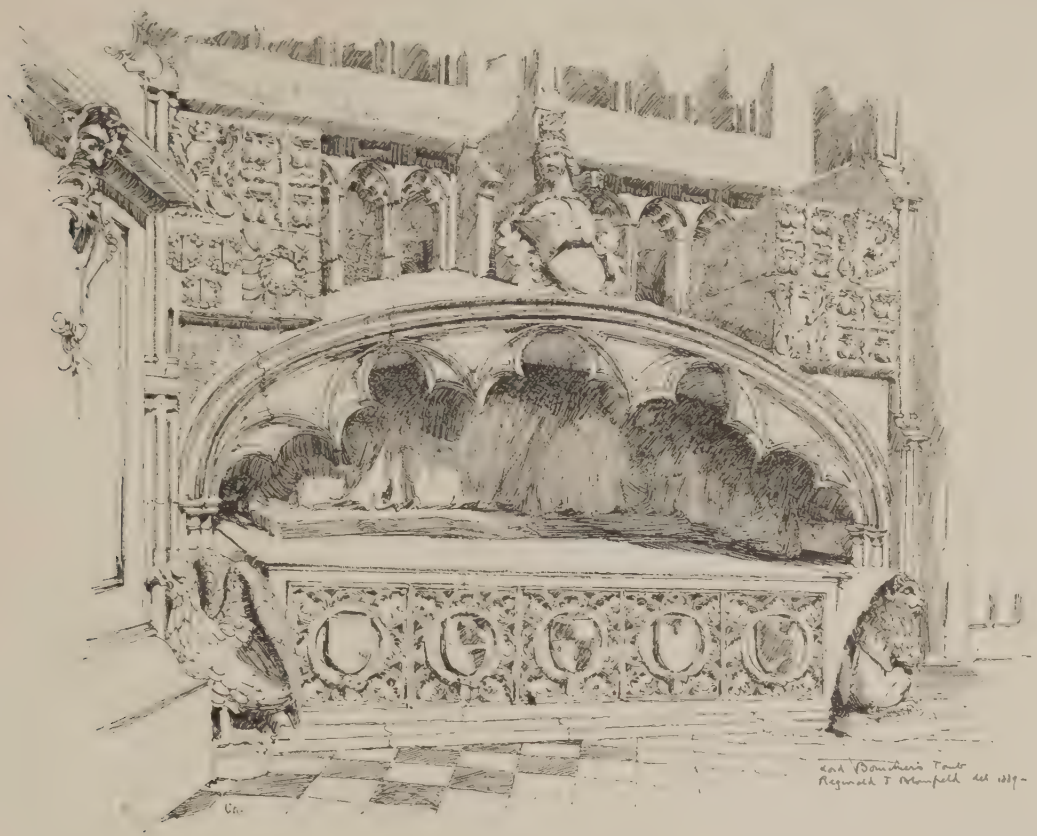
The chapel of Henry VII. is rich in heraldry. The banners of the Knights of the Bath and their stall plates supply a warmth of colour which is welcome; and wherever we look we see lions and roses and fleurs-de-lis, but the true mediaeval touch has departed. The emblems are all in a stiff, formal style, and even the royal arms on the grating round the tomb have lost all the old freedom of treatment. There is a good display of heraldry on the tomb in the south aisle of lady Lennox, and also a few simple shields on the tomb of queen Mary of Scotland. But the greatest display is on the monument of Queen Elizabeth, her ancestors on both sides being commemorated, and especially her descent from the House of York. The banners and stall plates are not worth much trouble, but many of them date from the reign of the Georges, and some interesting names may be found.

Very few of the monuments in the nave were without heraldry till the last century; but there are not many worth pausing at. While the science was yet alive great folks were buried in the chapels, and there are only a few simple shields of the modern bookplate type to be seen. The statesmen in the north transept seem to have patronised heraldry as little as the poets in the south transept. But the well-known arms of Chaucer are sculptured on his monument, and a few others occur, as, for example, those of Drayton, who has 'a pegasus volant.' Gay also has his arms, and so has Rowe, the translator of Lucan's 'Pharsalia.'

There is nothing in Westminster Abbey like the long series of shields which ornaments the cloisters of Canterbury Cathedral, nor are many of the bosses of the roof adorned with heraldry. It has been almost wholly neglected in the modern monuments. An exception must be made for that of Dean Stanley, whose arms, with those of his wife, Lady Augusta Bruce, and many well-executed badges, are in a window beside the tomb. The arms of Mr. George Edmund Street, R.A., and of Sir Gilbert Scott, the architect, are on their brasses in the nave, and show, by the way, a curious similarity, both consisting of a not very common device, three St. Catherine's wheels.

We cannot spend much of our attention on these modern examples. It is more interesting to hunt out half-concealed examples of the series set up by Henry III., and to trace the gradual progress of the art until it became 'a science.' A new sensation is caused when we observe that the royal arms are often omitted from a quartered coat. Treason under the Tudors, or even the suspicion of treason, was more severely treated than open 'political offences' now. The great Stafford, duke of Buckingham, used the royal arms before his own to do them the greater honour, but no doubt the constant reminder of his nearness to the throne was a cause of deep offence to Henry VIII. It was actually made a part of the indictment against Surrey that he had quartered the arms of the Confessor, and he was found guilty of treason and beheaded in 1547. The assumption by the Tudors of the old arms of the Angevin kings was jealously guarded. We can quite understand, in an age when heraldry was still, though waning, a reality, that the king should be displeased when he saw a member of the old nobility, of which so little had survived the wars of the Roses, display with his own ancient arms the quartered shield of France and

England; and all the more so that the Tudors were notoriously upstarts, sprung from the lowest rank, without pedigree, and without arms. Had they been in the place of the Staffords, or Bourchiers, or Howards, they could not have quartered the royal arms, because they had no arms of their own to quarter with them; and when Henry VI. ennobled Jasper Tudor, his step-brother, he gave him the royal coat within a border. Much, no doubt, of the intense jealousy of the upper nobility and of the remaining baronial families arose from this consciousness of genealogical and heraldic inferiority.



W. J. Loftie.

JOSEPH WOLF, F.Z.S., ARTIST AND NATURALIST.

III.

Mr. Wolf is an example of those artists who have begun their career by working almost in miniature, but who have gradually enlarged their style with their knowledge, till they have become capable of executing a large cartoon or picture, nowhere showing the vice of littleness, or that painful equality of finish which forces many a large canvas to yield to a few square inches by a master. All his earlier training tended to lure him downwards towards a pretty little style of art, and it culminated in the lithographic drudgery at Coblentz. We may surely ascribe his escape from petrifaction into a prosperous mannerist, as much to his own genius, his resolution, and his singularly unmercenary nature, as to the wholesome influence of the Antwerp Academy. He has never been above the minutest analysis—the most careful delineation of 'specific characters,' but he has been capable of keeping such work in its right place. In turning over his portfolios, we may find among the sheets of elaborate studies and diagrams of portions of animals and birds, some exquisite water-colour miniature of a large bird of prey; but presently a bold charcoal cartoon of the same species two or three feet wide; both works showing the same mastery.

I cannot do more than allude to my subject's career as a painter in oil. Large canvasses and brushes have never beguiled him from his unflinching allegiance to truth, nor into any time-economizing sleight of hand. His pictures have generally been of considerable size, highly finished, well composed, and eminently original. They have not been tentatively thrown together, or laboriously compiled by the aid of photography, or painted piecemeal at

different times and places. He inveighs energetically against the common practice of painting figures and animals upon slips of glass, and shifting these about over the landscape till a satisfactory combination is puzzled out; and he thinks (as many other artists have thought), that such vital points as composition and the arrangement of colour and light and shade, should be carefully thought out in the first instance —that the original design in which they are embodied, should be the court of appeal. He thinks, in short, that a picture should be an homogeneous creation of the intellect and the imagination; not a more or less fortuitous selection of accidental phenomena. This being his belief, he has escaped those incongruities in perspective and in light and shade

PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH WOLF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. H. PALMER.

which are often to be found in works of the opposite kind. Most of his pictures have gone into private collections without having been previously shown, and we find from the Royal Academy catalogues that, from 1849, when his *Woodcocks seeking Shelter* found favour in the eyes of the public, to 1863, he contributed only nine canvasses to the exhibitions at Trafalgar Square.*

It now remains to follow a prevailing fashion, by giving the reader a peep of Mr. Wolf as he is to be found 'at home;' and there, perhaps, we shall discover a few examples of the versatility of his genius other than those I have described. A little swarm of artists has for some time been hived close to Primrose Hill and the melancholy meanderings of the Regent's Canal. The Zoological Society's noisier prisoners are within earshot of the studios, and it was on account of this propinquity that our friend migrated from The Avenue, Fulham Road, whither he had gone from Berners Street. In response to the tinkle of the bell at Studio No. 2, a tall, broad-shouldered old gentleman appears; but not in the 'robes loosely flowing, hair as free,' of the professional enthusiast. His hale and portly figure is clothed in the well-cut vestments of an ordinary, quietly-disposed Londoner, while his grey hair, beard, and moustache are closely trimmed. A pair of very large round spectacles rests on his aquiline nose, and behind them are known to exist, kindly, true-looking grey eyes, to which a particularly merry twinkle is by no means unfamiliar. On his head, and slightly tilted sideways, is a Turkish Fez, while he holds in his hand an inseparable briar-root pipe with the hinged lid beloved of careful Germans. This gentleman is Mr. Wolf, and, genial and courteous to a degree, he ushers me into the depths of a seductive chair. Upon a Leopard-skin at my feet, sleep two very fat, very nondescript and very tiny puppies. This is not their true home, but they and innumerable brothers and sisters before them, have discovered that they are always welcomed here, and made much of by their big friend. He is eager to tell me the latest news, and the enthusiastic way he tells it, with well chosen words and English idioms, but a slightly foreign accent, is very characteristic. Some valourous Blackbirds have built in the ivy at the back of the studios, and, in spite of countless cats, have hatched their young successfully. This is a dead secret, but my host is as delighted to relate the progress of the nest, and to calculate the chances of its safety, as if it were that of a Golden Eagle at least. Yet he is a man who is familiar with the family arrangements of most European birds! Beneath the nest, is a pretty flower garden, upon which he lavishes his time and pains, and which (in defiance of soot and slugs) has rewarded him, as I see, with many a lovely blossom. This garden is his especial hobby now, and nothing pleases him better than to launch into all the mysteries of flower-culture, with some kindred enthusiast.

Turning to the easels which stand in the middle of the large, comfortable room, I find that the foremost holds one of those splendid black and white designs, so many of which have left the studio (as this will do), for some private collection without previous exhibition. Apart from its interest as a work of art and of genius, this example is notable, for it represents a rare and singular scene. In the thirteenth century, the renowned Marco Polo journeyed with his kinsmen into the romantic realms of the Great Khan; and among the marvels he encountered, was the huge sheep which roamed in flocks through the snowy wastes of the Himalayas, defying, with ponderous horns, nearly all its enemies. Marco Polo died, and Scepticism seems to have

* Nine pictures, two drawings, and three models appear to be the whole of Mr. Wolf's contributions to the Royal Academy, the last being in 1877.

dealt with his famous travels, in its usual fashion, by rejecting some statements which were altogether beyond its own narrow horizon of belief. *Ovis Polii* remained little better than a myth, till, in the full glare of the nineteenth century, it was rediscovered by a diplomatic mission to Kashgar, still haunting the same desolate regions as of old. Mr. Wolf has chosen for his subject a critical moment. A crafty Ounce has stalked a flock of the great beasts behind a snow-drift, and is all but near enough for the fatal bound. The sheep have just scented him. He hears their abrupt movement, and flattening his body on the snow, quickly raises up his head to reconnoitre. Another moment will decide the issue. What will it be? Time forces me to turn from this admirable drawing to other incidents culled from the book of nature. I find that Mr. Wolf has a strong partiality for charcoal; not the slender twigs of the drawing-school, but good sturdy stakes, that fill the fingers, and will bear enthusiasm without snapping. With this facile and alluring material he begins and in some instances finishes his larger works; finding a potent ally in a venerable hog-hair brush, worn almost to a stump, but, in the hands of its master, a magician's wand. He has generally made a charcoal sketch of his design, embodying the composition and chiaroscuro, either direct from nature, or from the studies which cram his portfolios. This sketch is then transferred in outline to well-strained Whatman paper, upon which the drawing is completed.

Close to some bold and well-executed studies of heads which were done at the Antwerp Academy, some fifty years ago, is a large veiled easel. The veil being lifted, I see in an early stage, a life-sized design which at once appeals to the spectator by its nobility, originality and draughtsmanship. The subject, once again, is a baffled Golden Eagle, which has struck at, and missed by a few inches, a Blue Hare rushing towards the beholder. The great bird is in no placable frame of mind, and the force of his fruitless descent is well indicated by his half-extended wings, erect body, and outstretched claw, gripping the heath ferociously. The painting at present is merely a thin turpentine preparation, and part of the single-primed canvas is still bare. The full depth of colour, the bolder impasto, in fact the life and soul of the picture, is yet to come; but there is nothing tentative, careless or timid to be found in the preliminary work. Every future touch will be a touch of profound knowledge, and will be as relatively important to the work which has preceded and which follows it, as a block of stone set by a mason in a building.

A few examples in water-colour, hang around, and an inquiry for more, leads to the exhumation of two large and notable drawings, both of which have been exhibited. *A Row in the Jungle* is caused by the stealthy creep towards the beholder, of a magnificent Tiger, through dense foliage, whose forms and colours are worthy of such a monarch. Above him a crowd of Rhesus Monkeys follow every movement with hideous uproar, and attitudes expressive of fear and detestation. This subject has allowed the artist free scope for the exercise of his taste for rich and harmonious colour. The next, is an English scene and a pretty one. Two Squirrels, frolicking from pine to pine, pop suddenly on a Wood Pigeon sitting on her eggs. She is naturally indignant, and, puffing out her breast with matronly importance, loosens her wings with the view of giving a good buffet to the foremost of her *Inquisitive Neighbours*. To ensure absolute truth, the artist carefully set up a Wood Pigeon's skeleton after making the first design.

An unfinished water-colour replica of Marco Polo's sheep (a work which but for his rheumatism Mr. Wolf would have been able to exhibit at the Institute* this year), shows that his method is distinguished by orderly simplicity and by the same conscientious, skilful care, as in the case of his oil paintings — care which though it extends to the straining of the paper, involves no niggle or sacrifice of breadth. His process is of course not quite so simple as it sounds, and when the washing in of a sky, or any other anxious work is in hand, at No. 2, The Studios, visitors may tinkle the bell in vain.

Upon a chair opposite the large North window, rests a long, narrow skull, with a label attached to its spiral horns. Our friend introduces this as part of a new species of antelope, just left with him by the Secretary of the Zoological Society, who wishes for a drawing of the animal. 'A drawing of the animal! but how about the body—the colour, markings and so forth?' 'Ah!' he says, 'I have the hide in the next room.' Throwing open a door, he shows me the dried and crumpled skin of the new species, on a sort of wooden horse, and explains that this interpretation is an old, familiar task. Granted that he has known the near relations of the animal, he has many and many a time evolved from the skull and the tanned skin, a highly finished drawing. This is not a power that proceeds from mere repetition, but a power derived from the same sound and extensive knowledge that enables him to make you a capital impromptu sketch of any beast or bird you desire, in the most difficult attitude you can contrive. His endless studies of the structure of animals and birds, together with diagrams of the laws that govern the distribution of their markings, have been a means to this end.

* He was elected a member of this body in 1874.

'Everything in nature,' he says, 'is dependent upon laws,' and these laws he ceaselessly studies.

Continuing my tour round the room, I encounter flower seeds and garden tools innumerable; and passing by some sheets of elaborate experiments relating to the durability of pigments, I finally arrive at a glass case well stocked with firearms. All are plain, well-finished tools, which have evidently been chosen by a connoisseur, though they are of a pattern that prevailed years ago, when their owner was a keen shot and liked a good autumnal tramp over the heather or turnips.* Underneath this case is a cavernous box, which holds a multitude of black and white designs, chiefly executed when he was a member of a London sketching society, since transformed into 'The German Athenæum.' The subjects were proposed and the sketches exhibited at monthly meetings, the former being frequently chosen by some lover of antithesis. Mr. Wolf's contributions are very interesting, and are executed in his boldest manner in chalk or charcoal. In *Repose and Restlessness* a few lethargic sheep are stretched, drowsily basking in the sun, and on some neighbouring thistles, a flight of nimble Goldfinches flutter, and hop, and twitter, with fussy, small-bird energy, to the evident astonishment of an inquisitive lamb. *Strength and Weakness* (as the reader will see from the little reproduction before him), are brought into striking contrast by a playful fight between two enormous Rhinoceroses, who crash and snort and wallow in the jungle, with a delicate Axis Deer and two tiny fawns as admiring spectators. *Tame and Wild* shows a more serious fight, the champions being a Short-horn and a Buffalo bull who, at the head of their respective herds, have met with mutual astonishment in the American wilderness. *Peace and War* is a pathetic subject, and was inspired by a visit to one of the battle-fields of 1870. A Turtle Dove sits on a branch, silently mourning over its shattered nest. Just below, and embedded in Forget-me-nots and Blue-bells, lies a soldier's helmet, illuminated by a single ray of sunlight, wherein a butterfly or two, typical of a bright future even beyond the grave, takes his pleasure. One of the best of this series is *Surprise.* Two Hares, foraging over the moon-lit snow, encounter a great scarecrow, which with arms uplifted, seems to be solemnly haranguing them. It is a still, frosty night, and yet some snow drops from the arms very unaccountably. At last, looking more attentively, we see a fox in the shadow beneath, crouching against the stake

STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS.

* His skill with the rifle and general knowledge of gunnery is still great, as I can testify; and he enjoys a match with a small-bore or pistol as much as ever.

that supports the figure, and preparing for his spring.

It would take days to explore and weeks to describe the contents of the drawers, portfolios and boxes in which are stored away the fruits of the painter's life-long work; and no words of description would convey their extreme interest. They must be seen together, and to some extent roughly classified, before it is possible to grasp their variety, their truthfulness, and, in many cases, the beauty of the subjects and treatment.

There are many books and other interesting objects in the studio, which I must reluctantly pass over, but among them are a few small clay models, so admirable, as to show that Mr. Wolf, even as a sculptor, could easily have earned himself a name. They include a tiny Wild Boar snuffing for his rivals with twisted snout, a Bear with a honey-comb, and a still tinier Lioness. All are so life-like that, granted their colours, they might be the living animals themselves, newly imported from Laputa.

But now, up in a gallery my host has added to his bachelor retreat, a mysterious kettle begins to sing its cheerful invitation to an evening meal, which proves none the less welcome for its *al fresco* nature. Over our coffee, we talk of animals and birds, and discuss the reminiscences of a ten days' sojourn together on the remote Western border of Surrey. Familiar as I have proved our friend to be, with every bird's note, and country scent and sight and sound, yet he relishes the snug coziness of a London winter not a little. He is often crippled by chronic rheumatism, and he has found this stronghold of his, so near his time-honoured old haunts in the Zoological Gardens, on the whole the best for him. The conversation turns on many topics, and among them on his early home. He has preserved (partly by means of an annual visit), a warm attachment for his little village, where indeed, he has a share in the family estate. He hopes to end his days, as he began them, under the timbers of his father's roof, surrounded on all sides by objects familiar to his childhood, including even the old flint-lock itself. Although he is a German at heart, and thinks lightly of a man who loves not his kindred and his country, he has a natural affection for the land of his adoption, where he has achieved so much, and lived so long.

I happen to allude to the innumerable instances I have myself witnessed, of his remarkable keenness and quickness of observation, and thereupon he tells me how many hours of his life he has spent (sometimes at very early dawn, sometimes at evening twilight), in watching his wild models through his powerful field-glasses. His watchfulness has long since become habitual; and in the country (as I have seen), he can instantly distinguish every bird's voice and flight, even in the melodious Babel of a fine May morning, while scarcely an insect escapes his eye. Here, in London, not a cockney Rook can fly across, nor an impudent Sparrow hop in the studio yard, without his noting it; and so he can tell you a thousand times more about *living* birds and beasts than many who profess and call themselves naturalists on the strength of their familiarity with dead ones. His knowledge, though singularly wide, is not desultory, but is well classified, and always the result of the orderly evolution of principles from facts. In spite of this, he is never slow to point out what he considers his shortcomings. For instance (as in one of the illustrations reproduced for these papers), he has repeatedly represented species of the Felidæ as associating together in complete families—father, mother, and young; but this, he says, is contrary to fact, the mother alone bringing up her young. He is equally ready to acknowledge any defect in his drawing or colour, and he will frankly admit that he did do so and so, because, at the time, he knew no better.

Alluding to his professional career, he says that what he has most suffered from, has been the general ignorance, not only of the public but of artists, about his subjects. Landscape-painters, it seems, have sometimes condemned his work as 'natural history *and that sort of thing*,' and although I remind him that artists with infinitely greater knowledge and reputation than these gentlemen, have spoken of it and of him in terms of the highest possible praise, he complains of the extraordinary ignorance with which his best efforts have been received. There are few of these works which do not tell some grave story or gay (but always a story), or appeal to our heart or our reason—few that are without that 'touch of nature' Shakespeare has immortalized. But because these stories are not coarsely forced on the attention, because the appeals are not importunate, they have, over and over again, been as much overlooked or disregarded as the subtleties of his draughtsmanship and the depth of his knowledge.

In matters relating to art, Mr. Wolf is an eclectic. He does not pin his faith to one individual or even to one school, but admires with genuine, unaffected cordiality, really fine work of any date, and wherever he encounters it. He says, 'I cannot understand the narrow-mindedness of many of the present English school. They are full of ——, or full of some one else, and will pay no regard to anybody besides.' He congratulates himself that he did not come under the control and influence of any great artist, as he would have done in a Parisian atelier, for he thinks, in that case, he would never have achieved his best subjects. He deprecates the mercenary spirit of many painters, who, even after they have become independent, behave like trades-

men, and paint only to sell. He has a right to these opinions, for he is himself unmercenary to a degree, and he has resolutely striven for a certain ideal, well knowing it to be far removed from the ideal of the British public. By virtue of inflexibility of purpose, but wise flexibility in approach, combined with ceaseless industry, he has succeeded in his aim; and in some of his achievements he stands absolutely alone. It is impossible to find art and nature in more happy harmony than in these works. The dexterous manipulation of surface and texture due to art, is never applied except to the firm, truthful, anatomical foundation due to nature. Knowledge of superficial detail is grafted upon knowledge of structure, without which the former is a vain thing.

If there be some who are sceptical, I will ask them to suspend their judgment till they can study a really representative and well-arranged collection of my subject's master-pieces. If they will then remember the little enthusiastic farmer-boy, with his old flint-lock, his home-made brushes, and his many discouragements, I shall not have told the story of his upward fight in vain.

A. H. Palmer.

A HEATH TRAVERSED BY A WINDING ROAD.

ENGRAVED BY E. P. BRANDARD, FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY R. P. BONINGTON.

FIVE works by Bonington are exhibited in the collection of water-colour drawings at the South Kensington Museum. Two of these were bequeathed to the Museum in 1876 by Mr. William Smith—*A French Coast Scene with Fishing Boats*, and the extraordinarily powerful and masterly sketch of a *Street in Verona*. The other three were purchased four years ago. One is a sketch of *Chelsea Hospital from the Red House, Battersea*, touched in with great freshness and dexterity; another is a *Hilly Landscape with Rocks*, and the third is the *Heath*, with its picturesque effect of flying cloud and shadow. The drawing is very small, being only about twice the size of our engraving.

FINE ART AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

AT this time of day it would be absurd to enter upon a description of the art treasures collected on the Champ de Mars. Few who care anything about the matter are still ignorant of what is to be seen in the azure palace which lies at the foot of M. Eiffel's tower. They know that its dome rises over some eight thousand works of art, and that from one end of La Belle France to the other, a shout of triumph has arisen over the seal of superiority with which it is believed to have stamped the national activities. But if description, or even discussion, of the collection in detail would be out of place, it may not be so to note some salient features and their bearing on the art history of the last ten years. Before, however, turning to matters which belong to the interval which has elapsed since the last great show, I may linger a moment before the gathering of some few hundreds of pictures which forms the Exposition Centennale.

This retrospective show fills two large rooms with many screens on the first floor, and the wall of the wide balcony which runs round the central staircase at the same level. There is no catalogue, or at least there was none when I was there a few weeks ago. The painters selected for honour are represented in rather unequal fashion, while the light in which their works have to be examined is in many cases far from satisfactory. The collection, too, has its interest discounted by the fact that, to a very great extent, it is only a repetition of the French part of the Louvre, with the more egregious mediocrities left out. In one or two cases—in those of Géricault and Delacroix, for instance—the permanent collection is not rivalled; in some others, the most notable being that of Millet, it is left very far behind. On the whole the visitor will learn little here that he could not have learnt by frequenting the national *Musée*. The chief exception to this, as I have already said, is Jean François Millet. By him there is quite a series of pictures, the more remarkable being *Le Nouveau Né*, *La Mort du Cochon*, and *Les Glaneuses*. From the strictly artistic point of view, nothing Millet did in his sentimental period can be put much above the *Glaneuses*. It is rightly dramatic, and it comes near to being good in colour; it is truthful in atmosphere, and its union of art and natural arrangement is rare. Millet's early works, those subjects involving the nude in which his fullest technical capacities were shown, are practically unrepresented. Courbet is another interesting personality which may be fairly studied in these rooms. It is a pity, however, that no good example of his more idyllic vein is here. It is only in his coarser imaginings that you see him. Again, to neither Corot nor Rousseau, neither Diaz

nor Dupré, is full justice rendered. Decamps is present in a *Cour d'intérieur*, which changed hands last year at the Petit Gallery in the Rue de Sèze; Fromentin is not absent; and François Bonvin, the painter of *genre* and still-life, whose career was no less modest than his work, has by no means been forgotten. *Nature morte* of a more gruesome kind is provided by Jacques Raymond Brascassat in the severed head of Fieschi, the gentleman who invented the infernal machine and yet contrived to miss the portly form of Louis Philippe. It is very horrible, and very French. From the earlier days of the century there are many examples of David and his contemporaries, but the *Salle des sept Cheminées* is not eclipsed. From a time later than the Romantiques the chief contributions, perhaps, are the *Jeanne d'Arc* of the lamented Bastien-Lepage, and the *Marshal Prim*, from the Louvre, of Henri Regnault.

The Exposition Décennale may be divided into two most unequal parts. On the one hand, you may set what has now become the triumph, in the Roman sense, of French art. The painters of Paris move at the head of a progress, of a dazzling procession, into which the nations of the West, one exception made, have now fallen with almost unbroken docility. On the other hand, you may place the English section, the gathering of sober pictures which fills a suite of five rooms on the ground-floor. So far as importance goes, no other school, of course, is in it with that of France. The mass of work produced, the technical proficiency of its producers, the pride taken in their art and their artists by the French people, all these make the school fill the world's eye as no school ever has before. I may venture, too, to say that in two branches of painting—that which used to be called 'history' and that which might be called 'manners'—Paris can now boast of a larger number of able men than have ever previously co-existed. That this promises much for posterity may, however, be doubted. A clever man, with no aesthetic aptitudes to speak of, may be drilled into the ability to produce painted stories with considerable success; but in the long run—and that not so very long either—such works find their level, and people turn to those in which the immortal language of art, the language which appeals not to the memory but to the senses, is used. That pictures of this profoundly genuine kind are as numerous in the French galleries as they should be it is impossible to say. The battle-pictures, especially those of M. Aimé Morot, are full of fire, of first-rate design, and of bad colour. The historical pictures of a quieter sort, those of MM. Berteaux and Le Blant among the best of them, are excellent in arrangement. The pictures of manners—here M. Gervex reigns—are no less fine in the colder details of execution, while in colour they beat the historical pictures. The French portraits are portraits of parade. It is only by rare accident that the individualities with which they are concerned are allowed to suggest and dominate their treatment. The best of those here is M. Carolus-Duran's *Pasteur*, the head which was at Burlington House last summer. The landscapes are without personality. *Genre* of the humble kind is absent altogether, unless we so class the still-life of M. Antoine Vollon, of M. Bergeret, and of one or two others. In all these classes, the proportion of things in which the conception is coherent and the handling expressive to those in which both are merely accomplished is very small—as small, I think, as it would be in an English display. The Spanish and Italian sections are made up of works which are either developments backwards from Fortuny, or non-French only by inferior accomplishment. To this the landscapes of Martin Rico, and the strange, hard, and very English-looking studies of Giovanni Segantini, which attracted so much notice at the Italian Exhibition in London, are the chief exceptions.

Passing from these Latin countries into the gallery assigned to the small group which alone represents Germany, you find yourself in an atmosphere very different, at the first breath, from that of Italy or Spain. But before long you recognise that the change is rather from summer to winter, than from one country to another. The 'aesthetic' of France has followed you even here. It is the same all round the sections. In not a few of them do we find not only that French ideas are dominant, but that the best things have been painted in Paris, and are, for all critical purposes, French pictures. This is more than usually the case in the Belgian section, which depends mainly for glory on M. Alfred Stevens, a *de facto* Parisian. In the Swiss rooms the most aggressive, and perhaps the best contribution, is the *Deux Sœurs* of M. Giron, a pupil of Cabanel, who still lives and works in the Avenue Kléber. The Dutch section is almost entirely furnished by those painters of the Low Countries who studied in Paris, and are looked upon as the successors of the 'Romantiques;' and so it is with the rest of the small nations, except Denmark, and with the two largest of all, with Russia and the United States.

To any one with a vivid recollection of what the American show was like in the last Exhibition, the progress made since 1878 must seem almost the result of magic. Eleven years ago the American section was a wilderness, a desert of amateurish imbecility with a rare oasis here and there. Now, after the French, there is no section to rival it in the directness of vision, in the dexterity of hand and general accomplishment, which it is the gift of the French to teach. The Americans are without

the Gallic fire. Living and working among aliens, among people in whose intimate affairs it is impossible for them to be passionately concerned, it is but natural that a certain coldness should be visible in their work. Their observation has the keen quietude, their execution the calm infallibility of a surgeon—of a surgeon, too, who is *passionné* for his science, but cares nothing for the man as distinct from the patient. When an American paints a French peasant, he brings out his pictorial capabilities with peculiar certainty and decision, but he shows no sympathy with, he takes no interest in, his model as a human creature, with joys and sorrows, with cares and petty triumphs of its own. In a word, the note of depth is absolutely wanting to the American pictures. They deal with outsides with a skill which leaves even that of their teachers behind, but they show neither power nor inclination to penetrate beneath the surface. How much of this may be caused by temperament and how much by the expatriation to which the artistic American is at present condemned, it is too early to decide.

A comparison, which I have here no room to make, of the American galleries with English, would start some strange queries for those who attach a paramount importance to race characteristics in art. In the first place, there is scarcely in the whole show a contrast so violent as that between the American and English sections. It is stronger than that between the English and French; stronger, even, than that between the English and the Spanish or Italian rooms. Secondly, it is not to the Latin or Celtic elements in the population, to the elements which, if we believe some obsolete critics, have art ready made in their blood, that American painting owes its vigour and originality. Still less, if possible, is it to the German immigrants and their stock. It is exclusively by Anglo-Saxons, by men whose aesthetic gifts have been so often denied, that the lamp of American art has been lit and trimmed so rapidly into brilliance. The truth is, that the language of art is universal, and that success or failure in its use varies not so much with races as with the conditions under which they live.

The note of the English section as a whole is its quietude. The deep reddish browns in which the walls are draped, the brown covering which has been laid upon the boards, and the seats which have been lent by an enterprising firm of upholsterers, combine to produce a harmony in the *installation* which the other sections are without. The pictures, on the other hand, are far from being fully representative. The circumstances in which the collection was brought together, especially its following so rapidly upon the exhibitions at Edinburgh, Manchester, and Glasgow, made it impossible to include many desirable things. The distribution of the rewards generally has given rise to many complaints, but so far as this section is concerned, they appear, with few exceptions, to have fallen to those who contribute most to its success. Among the painters, however, Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Henry Moore have won *médailles d'honneur*, while Mr. Orchardson, who will certainly be set by posterity above them both, has only received one of the first class. But, on the whole, few will quarrel with the list, although they may protest against one or two of the names which have clambered high upon it. Among the sculptors, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, of course, and Sir Frederick Leighton have received *médailles d'honneur;* Mr. Thornycroft, being on the jury, was out of it, while Mr. Onslow Ford might have expected something better than a third-class medal for his *La Paix*. In this group the absence of Mr. Harry Bates is much to be regretted, for his qualities are of a kind better understood, as a rule, in Paris than in London. The water-colours and the 'black-and-whites' are, as representative collections, neither very good nor very bad. Among the etchers first-class medals have fallen to Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Robert Macbeth, and Mr. F. W. Short, and second-class ones to Mr. W. Strang and Mr. Lowenstamm. Mr. Seymour Haden's should certainly have been a *médaille d'honneur*, and Mr. Hole should not have been passed over, otherwise the list seems fair enough. Mr. Orchardson's success with French critics and painters began eleven years ago, when his *Queen of the Swords* was at the Exposition of 1878. His thoroughly pictorial imagination and the sensitive character of his handling made his reputation at a stroke. It has been the same this year with Mr. Hook and Mr. Henry Moore. Mr. Hook was an absentee in 1878, and so the later phase of his art has been, until now, unknown in Paris. The extreme vigour and brilliance of his realism has come as a surprise upon men who were in the habit of looking upon M. Antoine Guillemet as the ablest member of the school to which they both, in effect, belong. As the conceiver of a picture, Mr. Henry Moore must be placed below Mr. Hook. His best things have, to some extent, the look of studies, and lack, so far as form and composition go, the merit of intimate and yet non-obtrusive selection. As renderings, however, of the sea, they are probably the most consummate studies yet done. Fortunately two fine ones were borrowed for Paris—the *Clear Shining after Rain* and the *Newhaven Packet*. Mr. Moore's brother *triomphateur*, Mr. Alma Tadema, is less fortunate, to my mind, in the pictures which have been found to represent him. The *Women of Amphissa* is scarcely a picture at all. It is a collection of textures—of the textures of marble, of feminine flesh, of lawn, &c. —but it has neither colour, nor composition, nor

dramatic force. In these latter particulars the small *Expectation* is much better and, in spite of its comparative modesty, we may guess that to it Mr. Tadema owes his *médaille d'honneur* quite as much as to his boudoir version of the self-protecting charity of the Grecian matrons.

Before bringing these fragmentary notes to an end I must find space to record one unexpected impression brought away from the English section. In spite of the French training of some able contributors, the result is scarcely less homogeneous and national than it was in 1878. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Clausen, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Arthur Hacker, and several more, have either been trained in Paris or have confessedly formed themselves on French models; and yet their work is not much less unmistakably British—if I except Mr. Hacker, in whom there is a touch of the American—than that of the older men about them. It has a French veneer; the conscious system on which the execution proceeds is French; but the confession is English still.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE EIFFEL TOWER.

FROM AN ARTISTIC POINT OF VIEW

MANY readers will remember that when M. Eiffel's design first became known to the public several artists and others signed an energetic protest against its realisation. They declared that it would spoil the beauty of Paris and crush all the works of true art in the capital, such as the towers of Notre Dame and the domes of the Panthéon and Invalides. Since then, as the tower has gradually risen into the air, it has been criticised chiefly as a mere scaffolding. Our contemporary *l'Art* has illustrated the Eiffel Tower impartially with other things in the Exhibition, but when the contributor ventured to say a word or two in its favour he was pulled up by an editorial footnote affirming that as a work of art M. Eiffel's edifice simply had no existence.

The design for it was certainly not made from an artistic motive, but that would not be any certain reason for an artistic failure. A group of thatched cottages may be artistically charming in colour and arrangement, though the humble builders were entirely unacquainted with the fine arts. The same is true of the great majority of ships and boats, which, although built for utility only, become beautiful by conformity with natural law. The prow that rises to meet the wave produces that curved line from stem to stern which is almost invariably beautiful, the necessity for balancing canvas fore and aft to insure certainty of evolution insures at the same time an artistic balance agreeable to the eye. The wind gives a gentle curve to the flattest sail, and the stiffest vessel heels gracefully under its pressure. It is true that Science has succeeded in producing the ugly in our ironclads. Yet it is accompanied by an expression of grandeur and power, which belong also to the domain of art. Therefore, it does not necessarily follow that a work made on scientific principles should be destitute of artistic elements.

What first strikes us in the Eiffel Tower is its apparently complete novelty. We are taken aback by that, and, therefore, not very well qualified to form an accurate judgment. A little reflection, however, may convince us that the design is not absolutely novel, after all. The principle of structure is that familiar to us in lighthouses. A lighthouse is a tower broad at the base, then rapidly narrowing so as to give a sharp curve to the outline, after that narrowing less and less rapidly till the gallery is reached, and above the gallery there is a lantern. This description applies word for word to the Eiffel Tower, which is, in fact, a light-house. It is a land light-house, prepared to resist the wind, but not the waves. The tower stands on four legs, which are wide apart at the feet, like Gulliver's legs when the Lilliputian army passed between them. A concession to ideas of beauty has been made by the introduction of four unnecessary arches beneath the first and largest platform.

The tower being entirely of open-work no reply can be made to the comparison with scaffolding except this, that the more open the work in Gothic architecture became and the more it was admired. The spire of Strasburg, for example, is admired because it is slender and light, and the wind blows through the staircases and slender tracery. In late Gothic the mullions are made to resemble poles. Therefore, it might be argued, this new iron architecture of the present day is only doing more completely and effectually what the Gothic architects attempted with inferior means. Certainly their great ambition of altitude has been much more than realised by the modern engineer. The word 'scaffolding' now used against the Eiffel Tower happens to have been applied by Viollet-le-Duc to the spire of Strasburg itself. 'Ces huit escaliers, les pans de la flèche et l'escalier central ne sont qu'une construction ajourée, sorte *d'échafaudage* de pierre combiné avec une science de tracé fort extraordinaire, mais assez mediocrement exécuté.' Viollet-

le-Duc adds a remark very applicable to the Eiffel Tower; he says that the popular admiration for the Strasburg spire is caused chiefly by its excessive height, but that the admiration felt by an architect does not rise with the elevation of a building.

The effect of the Eiffel Tower on spectators is said to be a kind of increasing fascination. They may resist it at first for reasons of art criticism, but it attracts and subjugates them in course of time. This may be merely the effect of height, however; people now admit that there is a sort of grandeur and a peculiar grace in the curves of the Eiffel Tower and in the up-springing of the higher part of it, which on certain days literally loses itself in the clouds. If we take this feeling in connexion with the general admiration for the *Galerie des Machines* and for the domes of the other buildings on the *Champ de Mars*, I think the conclusion must be that certain new sensations are beginning to develop themselves with regard to iron architecture, which may ultimately evolve a code of aesthetic criticism applicable to that architecture, and to which the builders themselves will endeavour to conform. The subject is at present very obscure for all of us, we know little or nothing about iron which awakens in us no associations. Our taste has been formed and educated by buildings executed in stone, and designed according to the necessities of that material. Stone and marble have all the advantages of historical and poetical association. For example, there is that modern iron spire on Rouen Cathedral. I hate the sight of it, not because it is modern—for I admire the modern spire on Notre Dame, which is made of oak covered with lead—but because iron on that scale is contrary to the associations of Gothic architecture. Who could endure an iron roof to Westminster Hall, however elegant it might be?

Well, we have these prejudices which belong to the same association of ideas that makes oak, for Englishmen, a more poetical wood than mahogany, but Viollet-le-Duc (who knew far more about Gothic architecture than most of us) had a remarkable tolerance for the new iron architecture, which he studied as seriously and drew as carefully as if it had been consecrated by time. It is much to be regretted that he died before the designing of the Eiffel Tower. I will not presume to say what he would have thought of it as it stands, but judging from his thorough and respectful study of the iron buildings for the Exhibition of 1878, I am sure that he would have looked upon it with more interest than contempt.

The truth seems to be that the Eiffel Tower is an experiment, which has fully succeeded so far as safe and skilful construction is concerned, but which does not answer to our ideas of architecture because the necessities of construction to that unprecedented altitude imposed certain forms upon the designer, especially the meagreness of the upper portion and the splay of the four feet. It has been compared to a giraffe, but is more like a monstrous combination of the neck of a giraffe with the legs of an elephant. Architects tell me that, given the problem of a tower nearly a thousand feet high, to be built for so moderate a sum of money, it was impossible to solve it otherwise. One very able French architect schemed a tower in rivalry for his own amusement, but his estimate came to four times what M. Eiffel spent.

It is rumoured, I know not on what authority, that if the tower is permanently preserved the open framework will be filled with enamelled tiles, like the interesting 'Pavillon de la Ville de Paris,' in 1878. Supposing the strength of the edifice adequate to the immensely increased effect of the wind that would result from this, it is evident that there would be a great improvement by taking away the appearance of scaffolding, but the elephantine legs would appear even heavier in proportion than they do at present. As for the value of decoration, this brings us to the fundamental old question whether architecture is inherent in construction, or can be applied afterwards like Italian veneers of marble. Those who believe, with the present writer, that in every work of architecture mere building is an essential part of it from the first, and that no amount of subsequent decoration can convert ungainly into elegant proportions, will have little hope for the Eiffel Tower. As a feat of engineering and of constructive skill there is, I believe, nothing to be said against it.

There is no probability that a cultivated architect will ever be called upon to construct a tower for beauty of that prodigious elevation. The cost of it would probably be about a million sterling—a sum that for artistic purposes might be better spent. I am told by experts that the mere weight of materials for so lofty an edifice is a consideration that interferes very awkwardly with the scheming of an architect. The probability is that the Eiffel Tower will remain solitary in its own peculiar sort of grandeur—not at all as the king of towers, but as the loftiest of lighthouses.

P. G. Hamerton.

SOME JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS.

ON no part of the Japanese sword was more ingenuity and artistic skill lavished than on its guard, called the *tsuba*. From its comparatively large size it offered a sufficient surface for decoration without undue compression and contortion of the natural forms with which it was so frequently adorned. Not that the *menuki*, a couple of ornaments placed on either side of the hilt or handle, are to be despised as works of art; while there are enthusiastic collectors of the pommels, or *kashira*, and of the oblong rings, or *fuchi*, one of which was interposed between the hilt and the guard. But these small objects, cleverly and minutely as they were decorated with an infinitude of beautiful and curious designs, did not afford to the metal worker anything like free scope for his genius. The handle, or *kozuka*, of the small knife, which was often fitted into a kind of sheath excavated for that purpose in the scabbard, is large enough to admit of several kinds of design, but its proportions, which are those of a small, thin knife-handle, are ill adapted for the large and free treatment of figure and floral subjects. In the case of the guard, or *tsuba*, on the other hand, we have a metal plate, generally oval or circular in outline, and of an average diameter of three inches. Some guards, those of daggers and of the shortest swords, may indeed be much smaller, but these are comparatively rare. There are, however, certain openings in these sword-guards which limit the freedom of the artist. Of necessity, there is a central slit to admit of the passage of the blade. Then there are generally two lateral openings in addition; one for the handle (*kozuka*) of the knife, or *kokatana*, and the other, on the opposite side, to allow of the insertion of the *kogai*, a curious implement, sometimes called the 'hair-pin,' but which may take the form of a pair of chopsticks. From the illustrations to the present paper it will be seen that these two lateral openings differ in form. In some guards one only of these apertures occurs; in others, those of the long swords (*katana*), there is usually no opening except that for the blade.

Another feature of these sword-guards must now be mentioned. In the greater number of specimens there is left, on both faces, a flat, oval, central space destitute of ornament; it is concealed when the guard is duly mounted. Often it bears, on one side of the guard, occasionally on both sides, certain engraved characters. This inscription, when in its simplest form, is usually placed on the more richly decorated face of the guard—that which is turned towards the blade. It bears, inlaid in gold or engraved, sometimes the seal of the maker, most commonly his personal name, but sometimes both seal and name. Other characters are frequently added. Of these, the character reading *tsukuru*, equivalent to '*fecit*,' is the most usual, while, on the opposite side of the central opening, we may also find the name of the province or town in which the maker resided; not infrequently the family name of the artist was added; sometimes the date as well. The recorded names of tsuba-makers amount to several hundreds. As it was customary to change the guard at least every twenty-five years, it is not surprising that guards are more abundant than swords.

The material of which were made the sword-guards most highly esteemed by Japanese warriors is a remarkably pure iron. This iron was smelted from the native magnetic oxide of iron by means of charcoal. The operation was conducted on a small scale, the resulting iron being repeatedly hammered until the included slag was completely removed. The metal is almost chemically pure—specimens containing 99¾ per cent of actual iron are common. A guard made from such metal, if neither much perforated nor encrusted with other metals, is highly sonorous, when suspended ringing like a bell, if struck on the edge. The metal, moreover, is very dense or heavy, but it is a mistake to suppose that it is very hard. On the contrary, shavings may be easily cut from it with the aid of a good strong steel knife. By means of the hammer, and of chisels, saws and files, the flat disk of iron was fashioned, with infinite labour, into the elaborate pieces of ornament, some of which we are about to describe. The fine, free-flowing lines on the surface of so many of these guards were not engraved, but were produced by repeated cuts with fine chisels. The fine patina, of many hues of brown, on these iron guards, adds greatly to their beauty. In some instances, as on the guards by Kinai (seventeenth century), it is nearly black, and consists of the magnetic oxide of iron, a coherent film of this substance having been produced on the surface of the metal by heating it in an atmosphere of steam and of the smoke of burning vegetable matter.

The earliest guards were plain, or nearly so. But we must not stop to describe these primitive forms, nor attempt to trace the development of the art of decorating them. We may, however, state, in passing, that badges or crests often formed the motive of the ornament, a highly conventionalised chrysanthemum, the Imperial badge, occurring very frequently. The Mikado's family badge, called the

Kirimon, is sometimes introduced into the early work in iron. It was derived from the *Paulownia imperialis*, and consists of three leaves of that plant surmounted by three sprays of its flowers, the central spray bearing five flowers and the side sprays three. The later artists in sword-guards

Fig. 1.

were but little fettered in their choice of subjects. We purpose discussing some of the modes in which the Japanese tsuba-makers, from the seventeenth century downwards, treated plant forms, and so it would be out of place to give the legends and stories, or to describe the numerous and varied subjects derived from other sources, which figure so largely upon their work. Nor can we stay to define the several schools of artists, such as that of Goto, founded in the fifteenth century; the Nara School, founded in 1624 by Toshiteru Nara; the Yokoya School, founded by Moritsugu Yokoya about 1640; and the Hamano School, founded by Shozui Hamano early in the eighteenth century. The examples illustrated in the present paper belong chiefly to the Nara School. The works of the Goto family are more artificial, and, though generally elaborate and showy, reflect the Chinese style. They lack strength and that sympathy with the essence of natural beauty which is so characteristic of the schools of Nara, Yokoya, and Hamano. But we must hasten, without further preface, to speak of the subjects of our illustrations.

The bamboo has furnished, as might have been anticipated, the motive for the decoration of many objects of ornament and use. The peculiar association of strength with elasticity and suppleness which characterises the stems of this gigantic grass has not been lost upon the Japanese artist. The guard-maker will sometimes employ the stems alone; sometimes he will introduce the graceful foliage of this favourite plant; sometimes he will add flowers or birds; sometimes he will represent his bamboo grove in a storm of wind or rain. On a copper guard by Yasuchika (b. 1670, d. 1744) of the Nara School, we find nine stems of bamboo varying in breadth laid side by side. They are in very low relief. Their stringiness is suggested by a few fine engraved lines; there are grooves deepening towards each node or joint, which is marked by a transverse depression and a slight swelling. The convexity of each stem is scarcely more than hinted at; and, though no two stems are alike, there is a breadth and unity in the whole design secured by the chaser having realised the *facies* of the objects portrayed. Another guard of chased iron shows similar treatment of the stems, but these being more numerous and slender are bound together by a plain rim, while from some of the joints spring delicate sprays of leaves which are touched here and there with gold. This piece is remarkable for the skill with which the metal has been pierced between some of the stems. These slits are so narrow that nothing thicker than a piece of tissue-paper can be passed through them. This guard is by Yukaku, an artist of the beginning of the present century. It would be impossible to include, within reasonable limits, anything like an adequate account of the various modes of employing the bamboo as a decorative element in the class of work now under review. We can but name the stems and foliage (overlaid in part with silver and gold) of iron relief on a plain iron ground, which may be seen upon the guards by Okamoto, the founder of a special style in the second quarter of the eighteenth century.

Fig. 2.

And we may note how the artists who permitted themselves less freedom and picturesqueness in the treatment of this plant added, to their more conventional or symmetrical rendering of its stems and leaves, further departures from nature in the way of inlays of gold spirals and arabesques. Of the more free or natural arrangements of the bamboo we have before us three similar examples by three different artists—Masakata and Kinai of the close of the

seventeenth century, and Zaiko of the commencement of the eighteenth. The last-named specimen is shown in fig. 1. No description could do justice to the perfection of the workmanship or to the grace of the design, while the delicate modelling of the leaves and their faintly indicated venation are not adequately rendered by our illustration. Note the ingenuity with which the bent stem encircling the design is partly concealed by the foliage, also the two leaves bitten by insects, one of these being thus shortened to allow of the introduction of the *kogai*, the other to lighten the design. It should be added that many species of bamboo, some quite dwarf, are represented on sword-guards.

While the bamboo is a type of longevity, the pine-tree, another favourite with artists, signifies prosperity. When it is represented on a guard it is most frequently rendered in intaglio, often reproducing the effect of an ink drawing. Occasionally it occurs in low relief, sometimes in pierced work. The rugged stems, the contorted branches, the tufts of leaves—sometimes laden with snow in the form of encrusted silver—are reproduced with happy effect. Another conifer, the maidenhair fir, *Ginkgo biloba*, is usually shown in detached leaves, the fine parallel veins of which are given with minute accuracy. The palmate foliage of one of the beautiful native maples is not infrequently found on iron guards. More rarely we meet with the leaves of the banana or plantain; amongst many thousands of guards which we have examined four only were decorated with the majestic foliage of this tropical plant. The best of these, the work of Naokatsu, is represented in fig. 2; the reverse of this piece, though equally fine and free in treatment, is quite different in the arrangement of the material.

But in the case of several trees, the attention of the Japanese is given not to the foliage but to the flowers. Amongst these we have space to mention two only. One of these is a kind of plum, the other a cherry. The former (*Prunus mume*) is an old and general favourite; the latter (*Prunus pseudo-cerasus*), is often found upon work of comparatively recent date. The longer flower-stalks and the notched petals of the cherry distinguish it from the plum. In fig. 3 we have a pierced iron guard by Kinai. The composition, though not symmetrical, is beautifully balanced. The reverse of this piece is the complement of the obverse; if on one side you look into the cup of a flower, on the other you see its calyx and the back of its petals. On the iron guards, one often finds the stem and leafless branches of the plum-tree represented in iron relief, while the flowers are encrusted with silver, their stamens being of gold. When no other metal but iron is introduced, it is not unusual to see that the artist has rendered the stamens and their anthers in *relief*—a very difficult task. Generally, however, he has been content to chisel out fine grooves to represent the filaments of the stamens, raising small convex masses of metal, by a suitable punch, for anthers. The same method

Fig. 3.

of treatment may be noticed in the cherry blossoms of fig. 4. This is an eighteenth-century work by Masachika, an artist of the Nara school. The illustration shows how the encircling branch is happily interrupted here and there by overlapping leaves or petals, and how the various elements in the design are balanced without any sacrifice of their natural grace and picturesqueness. It may perhaps be taken as a sign of a delicate sense of congruity, that the artist of this guard contrived the

Fig. 4.

openings for the *kogai* and *kokatana* without having recourse to the customary formal borders, which would not have harmonised with the rusticity of the style he has here adopted.

(*To be continued.*)

A. H. CHURCH.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE awards at the Paris Exhibition seem to have given very little satisfaction: so scornful has been the attitude among the French artists themselves that many of distinguished position refused to accept the medals assigned them. There is grumbling in the English section, but, on the whole, we do not see that much fault need be found. After all, the jury has to decide on the work exhibited, and if men in the second rank are represented favourably and artists of higher standing have not sent their best work, the awards must be bestowed accordingly. In the English section, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., received the first medals of honour for sculpture. Mr. Alma Tadema's name was omitted last month among the painters distinguished in the first class for painting. Medals of the first class for engraving have been won by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., and Mr. F. Short, and in the second class fitly assigned to Mr. Lowenstam and Mr. W. Storey. These awards, among others, seem to have been dictated by good judgment, but the quantity of medals scattered about rather takes off the edge of distinction from any of these international honours. The total number of Exhibition medals proposed for award exceeds by six hundred those offered in 1878, without counting 'honourable mentions.'

THE proprietorship of the Gustave Doré Gallery has always been somewhat of a mystery to outsiders, and the hold kept over the English public by the art of the French painter has been rather a curious phenomenon. The collection of his pictures shown in the Bond Street rooms has become a kind of institution—one of those permanent shows to which especially the country visitors to London have never failed to pay duty. There has been an amount of direct appeal about Doré's art understood of the many. His supernaturalism moves; his narrative power, his invention, interest; his choice of theme attracts imperfectly trained people, to whom the language of art is a pleasure unchecked by fastidious knowledge. And then there is a large class of the English public with a distinct preference for pictures of religious subjects, and Doré, with his earnest-minded if artistically rather claptrap dramatic representations, responds to a positive want. The 'Limited Company' organized for the holding of the Gallery, with rights of publication and sale of prints, and so forth, have probably, therefore, a fairly sound basis for the scheme set forth in their prospectus, although the figures do seem a little astonishing. During five years the published plates are stated to have been sold to the extent of 70,156*l.*, and the stock of engravings left at selling prices is said to be worth 185,000*l.* Thus the nett profits of the Gallery are placed at more than 10,000*l.* a-year.

THE Grand Prix de Rome this year was won in painting by M. Gaston Thys, in sculpture by M. Desvergnes.

THE energetic administration of the People's Palace, Mile End, has secured a capital loan collection of pictures, ancient and modern, nearly four hundred in number, and will keep the Exhibition open through the current month. The willingness of possessors and painters to lend to exhibitions of this character is certainly a pleasant feature in the not always so wise philanthropy of the day. *Apropos* of this may be quoted a passage from a recent letter by Mr. Holman Hunt, *re* the Royal Academy grievance question, excerpts from which found their way into the daily press: 'The poor I always maintain (and you know I did in public before the Whitechapel people declared for my last work sent to them) do look out for sterling purpose and sound workmanship in our productions; but they can't support the artist, and the rich will not think for themselves.'

M. VAN HAANEN'S *Water Carriers* goes to the Walker Gallery Autumn Exhibition at Liverpool. The artist has two pictures on hand for the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery of next season: *Disputa*, a number of Venetian young girls at their first communion in a Venetian church; and a *Festa*—Venetian folk, young and old, dancing outside a wine-shop, a gondolier and his sweetheart being the conspicuous centre of the group.

THE new Asiatic section of the Royal Museum at Berlin was opened in August. The galleries occupy one side of a quadrangle, with an adjoining room, and contain the Assyrian, Phœnician, and Oriental collections, all more or less in their infancy. Conspicuous in the 'Hittite' section are the sculptures from Northern Syria, obtained by the excavations conducted under the Oriental Committee. Some of the Armenian antiquities are of great interest, and in the Phœnician section is the important base of a colossal statue of Panammu, covered with an inscription in Aramaic of twenty-two lines, date 700 B.C. The steady growth of the national collections in all departments of art and archaeology, and the tendency to centralise at Berlin, are notable from more standpoints than one.

IT is difficult not to be sorry for M. Proust that his endeavour to keep Millet's *Angelus* in France was not supported. The vote for the purchase-money not being ratified, the happy 'American Art Association,' represented by Mr. James Sutton, paid in the twenty-three thousand and odd pounds, and, after all, received the contested prize; after which quite a charming interchange of amenities took place, the Minister of Fine Arts, with French courtesy, thanking the representative of America for the homage paid to French Art in the phenomenal purchase of Jean François Millet's masterpiece. It was said that the picture would enter the United States free of tax, which in this case would have reached some eight hundred pounds. It was exhibited for a few days in Paris, after the purchase, and half the proceeds were given to the widow of the artist. There seems somewhat of the irony of fate in all this, when one remembers the single-hearted artist who was paid seventy-two pounds for his work, and the creed of simple faith and uncomplaining toil which his picture embodies.

THE gathering of pictures from this year's *Salon*, which still kept up the fiction of the art season into the dog days, at the Continental Gallery, may have been partially products of Paris ateliers, but not often of French artists. The most ambitious canvases were *The Queen of Sheba* by the Swedish Professor Kronburg, the *Death of Bianca Capello* by M. F. H. Schram, who gained the Prix de Rome in 1887, and the *Bal des Ardents* by the impetuous realist M. Rochegrosse. By a pupil of the late M. Cabanel, G. Krabansky, was shown a charming picture of simple sentiment; a solitary peasant girl, seated at the roadside with her little bundle beside her, turns before she wends on her way to look back once more at her native village, dimly visible in the sunset-illumined distance. The subject is little, the treatment supreme in its way.

A VIENNESE painter, Herr Hermann Burghardt, has been commissioned to paint studies of Scriptural subjects from pictures by the old masters, including the Leonardo *Last Supper*, to serve as models for the next representation of the Oberammergau Passion-play.

THE rich storehouse of art and antiquities at the Musée de Cluny has been made yet richer by the noble gift of Mdlle. Grandjean, who has presented to the Museum the whole of her splendid collection of *objets d'art* which have been lately on view at the Trocadero. The examples of Sévres china are particularly fine; one specimen vase in *rose Pompadour* being unique. This object is valued at 10,000*l.*, the total estimated worth of the collection being 160,000*l.*

'READING THE NEWS.'

AFTER THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.

READERS of Allan Cunningham's 'Life of Wilkie' will remember how Sir David was once shown by Lord Mulgrave an interior by Adrian van Ostade, which so fascinated him that he declared to his companion that he must go home and lower the tone of his *Duncan Gray*. He went home, smeared asphaltum all over the picture—it is now at South Kensington, and is one of his best works—and painted into the rich glaze thus obtained. The result for a time was brilliant; but as the years passed, it became necessary to spread a coat of varnish, which had not long been done before cracks began to open all over the panel. These increased and multiplied until at last the surface was in the condition of the Irishman's coat; it was a mere bundle of holes.* The small panel in the National Gallery, to which I have ventured to restore its correct title of *Reading the News*, offers another example of the same fatal practice. The shadows have been enriched everywhere with glazings of the seductive pigment. Asphaltum does not dry properly. It never becomes hard and solid, so that when varnish, which shrinks as it dries, is spread over it, the surface is torn into these countless tesserae. In spite of these accidents, which are faithfully reproduced in the opposite photo-gravure, *Reading the News* remains one of the most truthful and brilliant of Wilkie's minor works. For its hazy sunlight it might hang beside a Cuyp; for its spontaneity and ease, beside a Jan Steen. The tall woman in the background is not altogether happy, perhaps; she looks ghostly, and like an afterthought. The couple reading, however, the cook—with the dinner forgotten, on his head—and the boy with the hoop, are all alike excellent. With more soundness in the *technique*, and a touch of Netherlandish care in the management of the draperies, the picture would have been a gem. *Reading the News* was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1821, so that it was painted fourteen years after *The Blind Fiddler;* ten years after *The Village Festival* and *Blind Man's Buff;* seven years after *Duncan Gray, or the Refusal;* and two years before *The Parish Beadle*, perhaps the most brilliant of all Sir David's creations in what may be called his second manner. The first owner of *Reading the News* was General Phipps, who gave the commission for it to Wilkie. It was bequeathed to the nation by Mr. Vernon. W. A.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

X.—*The Monuments.*

A Disappointment—The Nightingale Group—Sir Francis Vere—Foley's Earl Canning—The Statesmen's Corner—The Fawcett Tablet—Pitt and Fox—Sir Cloudesley Shovel—The Great Clothing Question—The Norris Monument—Wilberforce—Watt—Newton—Stanhope—Wolfe—Chapel of Henry VII.

THE monuments in Westminster Abbey have at least three points of interest about them. They may be regarded from the artistic side. They may be associated with great names. They may be remarkable for the epitaphs upon them. If we take the first of these points we shall arrive shortly at a very disheartening conclusion. Regarded as a museum of monumental sculpture of the highest quality, the Abbey falls very far below what we might have expected of it. A person who had never entered the church, but who had been told that it contained the best sculpture of every English age since the time of Henry III., would come with the highest anticipations, and would assuredly go away disappointed. We have to search for what is good. It does not present itself spontaneously. The royal tombs have been described in an earlier chapter, and need not be mentioned again; so, too, we have examined the three ancient examples of combined heraldry and sculpture in the chancel, and the effigy and shield of Aymer Valence. But in addition to these and the others of the same period, there are not many monuments which we can unreservedly praise, and a great number which we cannot but regard with dislike. There are some fifty portrait statues in the church, and upwards of sixty recumbent effigies, and of all that immense number it would be safe to say that not more than a tithe is worthy of the situation. Among the tombs of the Elizabethan and Stuart periods there is much delicate ornament and high finish, but the figures for the most part are clumsily designed. In the next period the figures are better, but less attention is paid to congruity, and some of the sculptures are too obviously out of place. The most remarkable of these is in St. Michael's Chapel. This is Roubiliac's famous group representing Death bursting from the doors of the

* The damage was skilfully repaired some twelve or fifteen years ago by the late Mr. Bentley.

tomb and attacking with his dart a fainting female by whose side a male figure endeavours in vain to ward off the blow. The figures represent Lady Elizabeth (Shirley), and her husband, Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale; and though the skill of the sculptor is indubitable, we can say little for his taste. Such a monument might have looked better in St. Paul's, here it has a distracting and disturbing effect, and goes far to destroy the solemnity of all that is around it. There are several other pieces of sculpture by Roubiliac in the church, but this is the most ambitious, and in its own way the most successful. Close to Lady Elizabeth Nightingale's tomb is a very different piece of work, one which, though it is not in strict accordance with the architecture of the church, still is not offensively incongruous. This is the tomb of Sir Francis Vere, one of the little band of Elizabethan heroes who fought so bravely in the Low Countries.

THE NIGHTINGALE MONUMENT.

A somewhat similar design exists in the church at Breda, where it commemorates Engelbert, Count of Nassau. Vere himself, and probably his widow, Elizabeth Dent, who had the monument placed here, must have often seen it. The design is of the simplest. On a thick slab of black marble lies the effigy of the deceased knight, while four figures in armour support a smaller slab on which are his plumed helmet, his breast-plate, and his gauntlets. The figures are very life-like, and were much admired by Roubiliac, who professed to believe that one of them was about to speak. The name of the artist of this admirable monument seems to be unknown.

These two, so close together, excel all the other statues in force and skill. In seeking for a third monument which might be classed with them, the eye may, perhaps, be attracted by Foley's very dignified and graceful statue of Earl Canning. It is surrounded by many similar portraits of statesmen, but easily distances its competitors. Foley showed with consummate ease that modern costume might be artistically treated; and that, in short, it was the artist who had to be picturesque much more than the dress. We have only to compare this figure with that of Peel, executed by Gibson, to see at a glance the superiority of Foley's taste. The Peel statue has a certain force and dignity, but we cannot regret that it is the last in which a statesman wears a Roman toga. A very typical 'Queen Anne' monument is that designed by Gibbs, the architect of St. Mary-le-Strand, for the tomb of the Duke of Newcastle. The figure by Bird is poor enough, but the architectural design, albeit wholly incongruous, is extremely pleasing. There is much ambitious sculpture in what has been called 'The Statesmen's Corner,' but very little of it, regarded simply from an artistic point of view, deserves even a passing mention. There are two or three figures by Chantrey which make us wonder at his great reputation. Bacon's statue of Chatham is rather good, and very much better than that of Chatham's son over the western

door. It is one of the first attempts to employ a modern costume. A very pleasing tablet has been erected to the memory of a late lamented statesman in a place so dark that it can seldom be adequately examined. This is the Abbot's Chapel or Baptistery. Mr. Gilbert has chosen bronze for the material of the Henry Fawcett memorial, and the exquisite little allegorical figures which adorn it are the best of their kind since the little angels were placed on the tomb of Queen Philippa. When we look round this chapel

THE VERE MONUMENT.

and see the statue of Mr. Secretary Craggs, for which Pope wrote the equivocal lines, beginning,—

> 'Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
> In action faithful and in honour clear!'

and the funny little white busts on brackets, of more or less ornate design, of Keble, Kingsley, and Maurice, we feel that the force of incongruity can no further go. Craggs is buried in one of the aisles of the chapel of Henry VII., as far as possible from his monument. But Fawcett, Keble, Kingsley, and Maurice, are all buried in country churchyards.

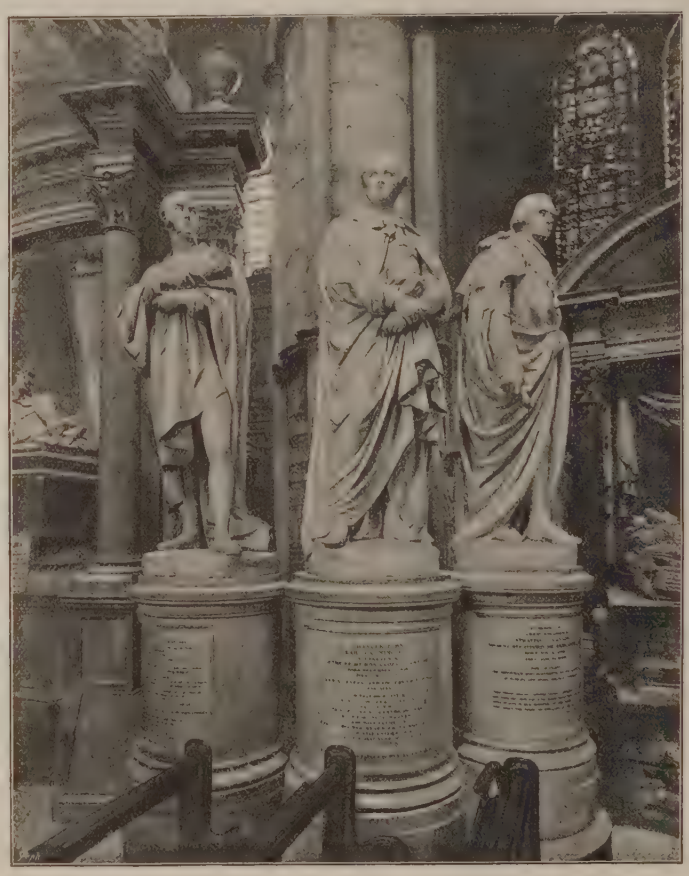
Much has been made of the monuments, not far apart, of William Pitt and Charles James Fox. Pitt's figure, as Dean Stanley has observed, seems to dominate the nave. Its colossal nine feet of white marble must have looked ghostly indeed when the figure was first put up and the stone was still fresh. It was commissioned under a Parliamentary vote, and was completed by Westmacott in 1813. Nearly ten years elapsed before the same artist finished the monument of Charles James Fox, though he and Pitt had died in the same year, 1806. Dean Stanley falls into a slight error in speaking of these great rivals. 'There is,' he says, 'but one entry in the register between the burial of Pitt and the burial of Fox.' Unfortunately, the publication of the complete register by Colonel Chester shows that there are no fewer than five intervening entries. Scott's well-known couplet in 'Marmion,' refers not to the monuments but to the graves. Both were buried in the north transept:—

> 'Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'T will trickle to his rival's bier.'

These lines were written years before the two monuments were set up, and still longer before that of Fox had been removed from its original place near the choir in the north transept, to stand where it does now, near the western door.

We have drifted away from artistic monuments to look at those of great statesmen, but it is, I fear, only too true that the more we examine these and the other sculptured memorials here, the less we can admire them. To enjoy the monuments of Westminster Abbey, we must put our taste aside, and go

in for historical association and sentiment. Not far from Fox's monument we come to that of a prominent, if not very eminent statesman, Perceval, who is chiefly remembered now for his tragical end. The sculptor, the elder Westmacott, has wrestled unsuccessfully with a difficult subject. There are many of these 'subject sculptures' in the abbey. Nearly all are failures. Tom Thynne being murdered in his coach, André being hanged, ships at sea in an action, and many other such-like scenes, all in execrable taste, and for the most part in a poor style of sculpture. It is impossible to dwell on them with any pleasure. Let us quote Brayley's account of the monument of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, and make it suffice as an example of the kind of sculpture which Bird, Read, Rysbrack, and others so plentifully bestowed upon the old walls, cutting away ruthlessly the exquisite diaper work, the early arcading, and nearly all that remained of the Crusaders' shields :—



THE THREE CANNINGS.

'The monument of that brave officer, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, Knt., who by his abilities and skill raised himself from a very humble station to the rank of Rear-Admiral of Great Britain, is an inelegant though costly structure of various coloured marbles. It consists of an extended basement upon which, between two Corinthian columns and as many pilasters upon each side, is a clumsy marble figure of the deceased, reclining on a sarcophagus, under a dome-like canopy, surmounted by his crest, and having drapery pendant in festoons below. He is absurdly habited in Roman armour, partly covered by a large mantle, which is fastened by a fibula on his right shoulder, and wrapped over his legs and thighs; to complete the extravagance of this costume he has on a huge perriwig, with flowing curls. Two small figures of winged boys or genii, holding shields of arms, are seated on the cornice over the pillars; and they had formerly trumpets, which have long been destroyed. Within the central pannel of the basement is sculptured a large basrelief of the Association, the Admiral's ship, striking on the rocks of Scilly (called the Bishop and his Clerks), together with several others of his fleet which were wrecked at the same time. The side pannels contain corresponding groups of various naval trophies.'

His body was identified after it had been buried in the sand by a ring he wore, and was brought here and laid eventually under the monument. Now that the famous memorial of Admiral Tyrrell, by Read, an unworthy pupil of Roubiliac, has been removed, there is nothing quite so grotesque as Admiral Shovel's left in the church. It remains a typical example of the failure of second and third-rate artists to invest poor work with interest by introducing either supposed classical or essentially modern details. A dozen or more might be adduced where the sculptor has endeavoured the impossible, and, as in the tablet to an Arctic explorer, or the landing of General Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, to represent scenes not only unsuitable in themselves to his art, but wholly out of place

'Among the cold *hic jacets* of the dead,

and eked out with the most blood-thirsty epitaphs, breathing forth vengeance and slaughter, chiefly against the French.

Brayley's account of Bird's failure to be picturesque, even with a Roman toga, a fibula, a shipwreck, and a periwig, sets one thinking on the conditions of picturesqueness in sculpture. It is hardly possible to imagine a more suitable place than Westminster Abbey in which to apply any rules we may be able to formulate in our minds on so difficult a subject. The artists who have wrought them have, we may be certain, done their best. If it is the ambition of a hero to win a grave, it is also the ambition of a sculptor to make a monument in Westminster Abbey. No theory that I am acquainted with will account for the number and completeness of the failures. In the one question of costume it may be possible, however, to find some kind of reason for the incompetence of the artists.

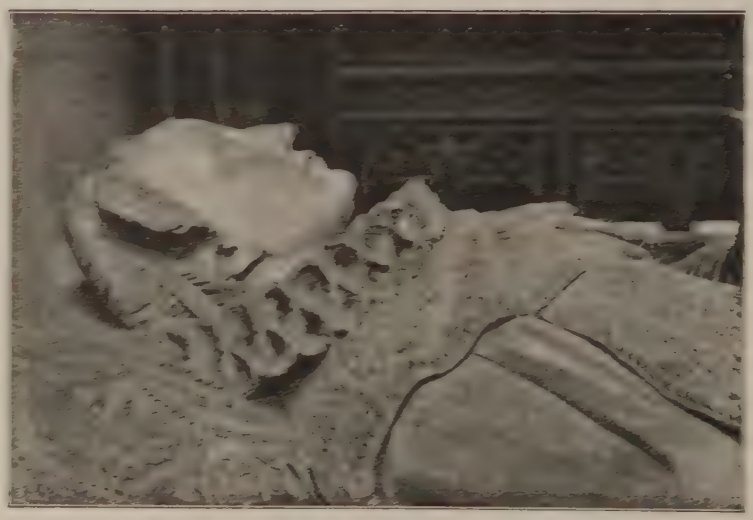
Unfortunately, though it may account for what we all deplore, it in noways offers us a remedy. A modern sculptor sees a young mower by a river's bank in a common straw hat and a pair of breeches. A foreign artist naturalised among us sees a farmer in a smock guiding an ox. Phidias saw the Athenian ladies in their linen dresses seated side by side. The unknown carver of the great figure in diorite of Chafra saw Pharaoh himself before him, and makes him look like Pharaoh, though he has only a kilt round his loins and a kerchief on his head. But when Bird, and Read, and a round dozen more whom we will not name, who have disfigured Westminster Abbey with their works, come face to face with the great clothing question, they are struck dumb. Their right hand forgets its cunning. If we look back from them to the great works in the Abbey, to the Nightingale monument—which I do not profess to admire—to the 'hearse' of Sir Francis Vere, to the impressive figures of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary Stuart, to Henry VII. and his mother, to the venerable Edward, and the graceful Eleanor, what do we see? Why, that in each case the sculptor has accepted the costume of the day, and has made the most of it. True, Mr. Nightingale is in a dressing-gown and Lady Elizabeth in a peignoir, Sir Francis Vere is wrapped in a cloak, and the royal personages wear royal robes. But there are many other examples to which we may appeal in order to prove that the inability to make contemporary costume picturesque is inherent not in the costume but in the artist: and the old proverb which makes a bad carpenter complain of his tools, applies with equal force to the sculptor who complains that the costume of his own day is unsuited for artistic treatment.

Take, for example, the Norris monument in the chapel of St. Andrew. Henry, Lord Norris, was one of the few persons on whom Queen Elizabeth conferred a peerage. He owed it, no doubt, partly to the firmness of his father, Sir Henry, who was hanged at Tyburn, denying with his last breath the guilt of Anne Boleyn. Lord Norris and his wife are finely sculptured in alabaster, he in armour, and his wife in her robes of state, both with their heads resting on embroidered cushions and their hands raised as if in prayer. On the basement are their six sons—six heroes of the Elizabethan wars, of whose great deeds the annals of Irish rebellion are very full. All of them died or were killed before their parents, except one. 'They all appear as praying,' says Brayley, 'except the youngest on the north side, who is looking upward, with features highly expressive of amenity and cheerfulness, his right hand being spread open on his breast, and his left resting upon his hip. This is the best executed statue of the whole; from the difference of the expression and attitude it would seem to have been intended for the surviving son.'

MONUMENT OF HENRY FAWCETT.

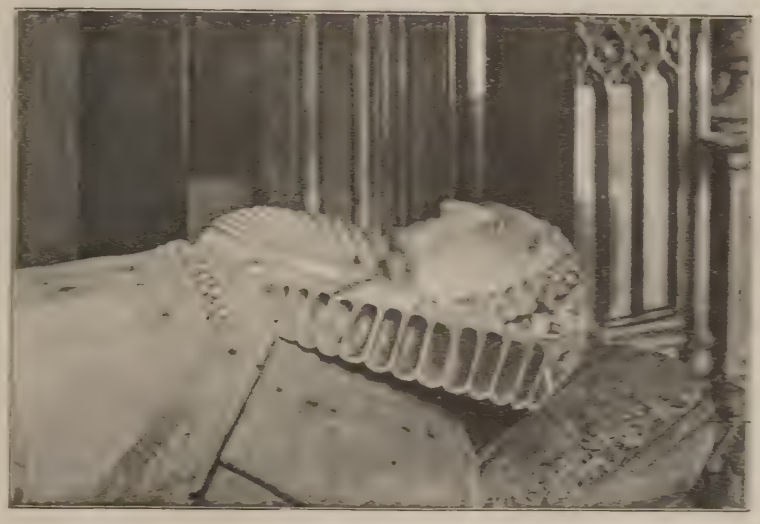
As a contrast to successful work like the Norris statues, we may look at the figure of William Wilberforce, by Joseph, in the north aisle of the choir. It has contemporary costume and must be a likeness; but if so, it is only in so far as the lamented Carlo Pellegrini's caricatures were likenesses. The artist instead of at least attempting to impart some dignity to the figure of a man who, whatever his narrowness and other shortcomings was undoubtedly great has picked out only characteristics which a true artist would have omitted or softened down, and has adopted those tricks of expression, manner, and attitude which make this one of the most unpleasant and mawkish figures in the Abbey.

Another and very typical example of how not to use contemporary costume is afforded by the gigantic statue of Watt, which was with difficulty and widespread destruction of other memorials dragged into the chapel of St. Paul. It is only a cenotaph—the great engineer was buried at Birmingham. It is, I had almost said, a flagrant, but certainly a conspicuous example of the false standard of high art which was taught and practised by Chantrey, Haydon and others of that time. The design is one which would hardly have been tolerable in miniature. Magnified to its enormous proportions it is simply a nightmare, empty in all that makes sculpture great except that least valuable quality of mere hugeness. I once heard the late Mr. Fergusson,—an acute archi-



tectural critic, perhaps not always right,—characterise the Wellington monument in the Baptistery of St. Paul's as looking 'like a reel in a bottle.' The statue of Watt in the apsidal chapel of St. Paul is still more like that misplaced object of domestic wonder.

Still searching for examples of good sculpture, we may mention a few other monuments, reserving the epitaphs for a future chapter. The two most conspicuous of all, as seen from the west door of the nave, are those of Newton and Stanhope on either side of the entrance to the choir. Stanhope is not buried here, but Newton lies immediately in front of the monument, which was designed by Kent and executed by Rysbrach, and is not very bad. It includes a sarcophagus, on which reclines a figure of Sir Isaac looking at two Cupids, who seem to set him a mathematical problem. From a pyramid in the background a globe projects, with Astronomy personified by a female figure seated upon it. The globe is covered with constellations, and shows the path of a comet as calculated in 1680 by Newton. Below are groups of children engaged in philosophical transactions, and weighing the sun and moon with a steel-yard. Nothing can really be more absurd than the crowding of allegory upon allegory in this extraordinary composition. Besides Newton himself his pretty but naughty niece was buried in the Abbey. After the death of Lord Halifax, who is said to have been her lover, and who by the way was also buried in the Abbey, she married John Conduitt, Master of the Mint, and both she and her husband are buried beside her famous uncle, Sir Isaac, in the middle aisle. With them also was interred the body of her daughter, Lady Lymington. Mrs. Conduitt, as Catharine Barton, figures in many contemporary memoirs, and seems to have added greatly to the attractions of her uncle's house in St. Martin's Street. Swift praises her wit and beauty, and complains of seeing her too seldom.



MONUMENT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The corresponding monument to Newton's is that of Stanhope, on the southern side of the choir entrance. It is of very similar design, the great general being represented in a Roman costume, attended by Victory and other emblematical figures.

Close to the two masterpieces—Roubiliac's Lady Elizabeth Nightingale and the anonymous monument of Sir Francis Vere—is one of the worst of the many failures to be found within these walls. Although General Wolfe was killed at Quebec in 1759, the monument was not finished till 1772. The sculptor, Joseph Wilton, was wholly unequal to the task committed to his hands, and he had no West or Kent to hide the architectural part of his design. The result is bald, ill composed, and ungraceful to a degree unparalleled elsewhere. The great clothing question of which I have already spoken becomes acute in Wilton's case, and he fairly breaks down before it. He seems, in fact, to have wholly lost his head when he came to deal with it. Wolfe is actually represented as nude. Over him stands a grenadier in full uniform, and above him hovers a female figure clothed in a classical dress and supposed to represent Victory. The result is absurdity and confusion, not lessened by the introduction of a Highlander, of a couple of very tame lions, and of a wolf's head on a shield.

Besides the Royal tombs already mentioned, the Chapel of Henry VII. contains some interesting and a few handsome monuments. At the eastern end of the north aisle, beyond the tomb of Queen Elizabeth, are three children's memorials. In the centre is a marble vase or urn, of fine design, made by Sir Christopher Wren, in 1693, for the reception of portions of two small skeletons which some workmen had found four years before when cutting through a wall under the chapel in the White Tower. It was reasonably believed that these were the bones of the two sons of Edward IV., who mysteriously disappeared during the usurpation of Richard III. The boy King, Edward V., it will be remembered, was actually born in the Sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, when his mother took refuge here with her husband was fighting for his crown in 1471. On either side of the marble urn is a small monument to a daughter of James I. The Princess Sophia was but three days old at the time of her death in 1606. She is represented as an infant in a cradle. The marble has turned very brown, but when it was fresh and white it may

have been possible to admire the carving intended to represent point-lace. The Princess Mary died in 1607, and her effigy reclines on a small altar tomb. It is hardly superior as a work of art to the cradle of her little sister, and neither figure does much credit to the sculptor, Maximilian Powtrain.

In the southern aisle besides the monuments the Lennox family, including the lovely lady whose figure, as Britannia, still appears upon our coinage. In the adjoining chapel, beside Mr. Boehm's recumbent statue of Dean Stanley already mentioned, there is a fairly satisfactory figure, by Westmacott, of the Duke of Montpensier, a brother of Louis-Philippe, who died an exile in England in 1807, and is here interred. In the opposite chapel, on

MONUMENT OF DEAN STANLEY.

already mentioned, the most remarkable object is the great, but uninscribed memorial of General Monk, designed by Kent and carved by Scheemakers. Although he died in 1670 it was not put up till 1720.

The large and ugly group of allegorical figures which fills up the first of the five apsidal chapels, contrasts curiously with the two effigies in the next recess. It commemorates the last members of the south side to that of the Lennox family on the north, is the vault of the Villiers family, and the huge monument which commemorates both the Dukes of Buckingham, who were buried under it. The adjoining monument of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham (properly of Normanby and Buckinghamshire), is more remarkable for the inscription it bears than for its sculpture, and may best be reserved for another chapter.

W. J. Loftie.

SOME JAPANESE SWORD-GUARDS.

In the case of our next illustration, fig. 5, in which detached cherry-blossoms alone are represented, the formal rim and borders to the openings for the accessory implements seem necessary to bind together the scattered flowers, and may be regarded as the setting of a gem. This specimen, which bears no signature, was chosen on account of the remarkable style in which it is executed. The bold strokes of the chisel are everywhere apparent; the metal has been cut into as freely as if it had been wax. The little dot of gold in the midst of each floral cup, brightens the effect without distracting one's attention from the beautiful forms of the blossoms. We should add here that the flowers and foliage of the peach (*Prunus persica*) are often found upon iron guards.

The guard shown in fig. 6 is by Kinai, the master who executed the piece represented in fig. 3. It is of pierced and chiselled iron. Three chrysanthemum flowers, of different varieties, are arranged symmetrically within the circle. On that side of the guard which is seen in our figure, the fronts of two of the blossoms and the back of the third are shown.

The reverse, as in much similar Japanese artistic work of the best quality, is the complement of the obverse, giving the backs of two flowers and the front

Fig. 5.

of the third. The florets touch at three points only near the circumference; a single floret strays from its proper place and breaks the regular disposition of the rays in these generally symmetrical flowers. Amongst scores of guards on which chrysanthemum flowers are shown, we have never met with a design like this by Kinai. The usual arrangement consists of a number of flowers and buds, often accompanied by foliage, chased in relief upon a flat ground. Occasionally the spaces between the flowers and leaves are cut away; sometimes the leaves are veined with gold and the flowers touched with the same metal, but the disposi-

Fig. 6.

tion of the floral elements is commonly less regular, while the modelling of the surfaces shows less breadth of style than that of the specimen before us. We have also met with designs of the chrysanthemum in *intaglio rilevato*. In such cases the ground is flat and of plain or watered iron; upon it are scattered a few detached blossoms or a single flowering spray of the plant. The outlines are deeply chiselled, but no part of the design is raised above the general level. This method of workmanship is well seen in fig. 7, where another very favourite plant of the Japanese artist, namely, the peony or *botan* (*Paeonia moutan*) is represented. The artist of this guard was Morichika Kinkodo (eighteenth century). The bright patches on the leaves are gold incrustations; in every way this piece may be regarded as representative of a very characteristic style of Japanese design.

Fig. 8 is likewise taken from the peony. Here the elements of the design are necessarily distributed over the whole field so as to balance one another. This is often, but not always, the case with the pierced

Fig. 7.

guards, for they could afford no adequate protection to the hand were large open and blank spaces left. This piece is signed by Masachika, the same artist who wrought the cherry-branch shown in fig. 4. The design was probably the work of a painter* of the early part of the eighteenth century; we have observed it upon guards by Tomonobu and other metal-chasers, though in each specimen slight variations in detail may be detected. The guard now before us is a superb specimen of cut-iron work. Every curve has been studied with care, and wrought with exquisite finish; the artist has even inlaid the edge (not shown in the figure) with an elaborate gold fret pattern. It should be noted that raised veins

* Tsuba-makers, as a rule, were translators into iron of designs produced by the brush of other artists, but the translations were often *idiomatic*.

on the *backs* of the leaves contrast with incised veins on those leaves the *fronts* of which are turned towards us.

Fig. 8.

We have given two examples only of guards decorated with the peony, though a dozen characteristic and different treatments of this favourite plant might easily have been illustrated. Three specimens are now before us. One is of plain iron, whereon is represented in intaglio a spray of foliage and flowers, the veins in both being lines of raised gold. A second piece consists of one flower, showing its calyx and the backs of its petals on the reverse. The third guard has a ground of iron representing a transverse section of a tree-trunk with the annual rings and medullary rays; upon this a peony branch is depicted in high relief, the stem and foliage being encrusted with grey *shibuichi*, the flowers with silver and gold. Different as is the treatment adopted in each piece, yet the main characters of the plant have been secured, although the modes of interpretation or translation vary greatly.

Three leaves of the sacred lotos (*Nelumbium speciosum*), which is grown largely in the tanks of Buddhist temple gardens, form the guard shown in fig. 9. It is signed by Surugwa. The fleshy petioles, and the freely undulating edge of the mature leaves, as well as the incurvation of the one leaf which is about to unfold, are rendered with consummate art. Neither the beautiful flower nor the very remarkable seed-vessel is introduced, but both are common in paintings as well as in bronze castings and in carvings of wood and ivory.

We come now to another genus of plants, of which several species exist in Japan — *Asarum*. Three leaves of one of the kinds — probably *Asarum caulescens* — constitute the crest or armorial badge of the Tokugawa family. A member of this family, Iyéyasu, acquired the Shogunate in 1603; it remained in the hands of his descendants until the great Restoration of 1868. Three of these asarum leaves, their points meeting at the centre of the design, with two circles as a border, form the well-known Tokugawa badge. This badge is often spoken of as if it were derived from the leaves of the mallow; this is a mistake, nor do the natural orders, to which the mallow and the asarum respectively belong, come at all near together in any botanical classification. The asarum is closely related to the pitcher plants (*Nepenthes*) and the birth-worts (*Aristolochia*); the mallow is allied to the lime-tree (*Tilia*). It must, however, be admitted that the process of conventionalising has gone so far in the case of the asarum that botanists find much difficulty in recognising the leaves of this plant in the numerous forms which are really derived from it. Our fig. 10 shows the creeping habit of this marsh-plant, and its peculiar cordate leaves. The guard represented is of plain iron, the design is in low relief. It is the work of Masanaga of Bushiu. In numerous guards dating from the seventeenth century we find this asarum treated in a great diversity of ways, but it is nearly always highly *ornémanisé*. One guard of open work, in the style of the early master Nobuiyé, and probably by his hand, is bordered by scroll-work of branching stems. From this there spring six leaves alternately convex and concave; upon these dewdrops are encrusted in gold and silver. Another piece is similarly pierced, but the leaves are nearly flat; with them are associated several leaves of the arrow-head (*Sagittaria sagittaefolia*).

Fig. 9.

For some time we were unable to identify the plant forms shown in fig. 11. They prove to be the flowers of a Japanese species of clematis. It

occurs not infrequently on iron guards, but in most instances the petals are rendered in a rather wiry style which is not quite satisfactory. Our present

Fig. 10.

example is the best we have seen; it is signed by Tomotsuné of Hagi, Choshiu. Another species of clematis is given in fig. 12. This guard is unsigned, but it is very likely the work of Masachika. It affords another instance of the taste and skill of the Japanese in distributing and arranging the decorative material at their disposal. How completely it fulfils the conditions of free ornament! We have in this example, as in the other specimens we have been discussing, breadth without baldness, delicacy without weakness, force without exaggeration, intricacy without confusion, variety without incongruity, grace

Fig. 11.

without languor, balance without formality. Moreover, the ornament is structural, not merely applied, and it is so admirably translated into the sturdy metal that we are not conscious of any incongruity between the design, the material, and the use.

In concluding this too imperfect sketch, we had intended to give a list of the plants represented on iron guards. But the formidable array of Latin names did not present an inviting appearance, and we feared that the Editor of THE PORTFOLIO might imagine that we had mistaken his 'artistic periodical' for a journal of science. A few additional notes on this subject may, however, prove serviceable to collectors and admirers of Japanese art objects, in identifying some of the very numerous vegetable forms used in decorative work.

On a guard by one of the Umétada family, we have a leaf of the paper mulberry (*Broussonetia papyrifera*) laid upon an ink-slab, on the reverse is a cake of Japanese ink and a brush, so that the

Fig. 12.

materials of the calligrapher or draughtsman are all suggested in the piece. We have only once found the single camellia (*Camellia japonica*) used to decorate an iron guard. Of the gourd and pumpkin (species of *Cucurbita* and *Citrullus*), numerous examples occur; sometimes the ribbed fruit forms the whole body of the guard, while tendrils of silver and leaves of gold break the simplicity of its surface. We met with some pinnate leaves on one guard which greatly puzzled us, until a second specimen occurred in which the stems to which they belonged were also rendered. The plant in question proved to be *Cycas revoluta*. The stems, like elongated pine-cones, surmounted by their crowns of curving pinnate leaves, could not be mistaken. A kind of Dutch rush or horse-tail (a species of *Equisetum*) is represented on

another guard, on which also the small curved bill-hook for reaping the stems is introduced. For these stems are used in Japan, as in Europe, for polishing purposes. The gentian, the hydrangea, and the ipomaea, not infrequently occur, but several species of iris and several kinds of lily were greater favourites with the workers in iron, for they admitted of broader treatment, and could be adapted, without unnatural twisting, to the curved form of the guard. *Monochoria korsakowi*, *Trapa bispinosa*, and the water plantain (*Alisma plantago*), are water or marsh plants which were sometimes used, and with good effect, by the tsuba-makers. The blades and ears of rice, the orange, the soy bean (*Glycine soja*), a vine (*Vitis labrusca*) with its small bunches of small grapes, are occasionally met with. The fruit of the egg-plant (*Solanum melongena*) is sometimes treated in a curious fashion, for the fruit itself is represented by an oval opening, while the stalks and calyx are worked in *intaglio rilevato* on a plain ground. We have met with several examples of a begonia. The long and graceful racemes of *Wistaria sinensis* lend themselves readily to decorative treatment. The metal-worker has even struggled, not without success, with the rather ungainly form of the giant radish (*Raphanus sativus*), one of the commonest and most esteemed of the vegetables of Japan. Whatever we omit from our enumeration, we must not exclude the famous 'seven plants of autumn.' These include two grasses, *Anthistiria arguens* and *Eulalia japonica*, *Desmodium penduliferum*, *Eupatorium sinense* and *E. japonicum*, *Hibiscus mutabilis*, *Lespedeza cyrtobotrya*, and *Patrinia scabiosaefolia*. Here we must stop, for a mere *enumeratio plantarum* would weary our readers.

A. H. CHURCH.

ENTRANCE OF THE MEUSE.

ETCHED BY F. SHORT, AFTER J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

THIS picture was painted shortly before Turner's first visit to Italy, and may be said to close the sea-pieces of his 'first period.' It is, to a certain extent, 'transitional,' being conceived in a much lighter key than his earlier sea-pieces, like the *Shipwreck* and *Calais Pier*, much lighter even than the *Bligh Sand* of four years before (1815). It shows, also, a tendency towards experiments in brighter colour, the gray sea being enlivened with dots of oranges floating in the waves. It would be more correct to say that it 'showed' this tendency, for of late years the picture, which, though light, was always thin and dry, has darkened so much that the oranges have almost ceased to exist as part of the colour scheme, and the tone of the sky has become lower. It is now more easy to regard as belonging to the 'first period' than as a promise of the second; yet it is still recognisable as 'transitional,' having neither the strength of his early chiaroscuro, nor the splendour of his later colour, but aiming at greater brightness and a more general diffusion of light, especially in the broken sky, which occupies nearly three-fourths of the picture.

The scene is at the entrance of the Meuse, Briel Church bearing S.E. by S., Maas-Sluis E. by S. A large merchant ship laden with oranges has struck the bar, and is now lying at the mercy of the crowd of salvors or wreckers which swarm round it. In the front is a fishing-boat, the occupants of which are content with securing some of the 'flotsam.' A fresh breeze is blowing broken rain-clouds swiftly across the sky, and there is a strong swell on the sea.

The picture, which has been well engraved by R. Wallis, is No. 501 in the National Gallery, and forms part of the Turner Bequest. It is described in the Catalogue of the Gallery as '*The Meuse*, orange merchantman going to pieces on the Bar.' It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1819 (No. 136), under the very Turneresque title of *Entrance of the Meuse: Orange-merchant on the Bar, going to pieces; Brill Church bearing S.E. by S., Masen-sluys E. by S.* Briel was (may be still) called 'The Brill' by English sailors, and perhaps Masen-Sluys may be defended. It is certainly more correct than Maren-Sluys — a mistake with which Turner is wrongly credited by Thornbury and others. The unfortunate 'Orange-merchant,' who, according to Turner, is 'going to pieces,' has been mercifully changed into a 'Merchantman' by even those who profess to quote from the Catalogue.

C. M.

ON A TENDENCY IN CONTEMPORARY PAINTING.

AN opinion was prevalent amongst our fathers that painting was not a liberal profession, and this was grounded upon the estimate of it as a manual rather than an intellectual pursuit. About the middle of the present century a great change took place in public opinion on this subject. It became evident to most educated people that intellectual power of a very high order could be employed

and expressed in painting. We began to perceive that as far as the rank of the pursuit might be concerned, it was a matter of indifference whether an artist of creative power expressed himself in pictures or in books; and a young gentleman fancying, as most young gentlemen do, that he had talent, would turn to painting as readily as his father would have turned to literature. At the same time art-criticism was assuming a more intellectual tone, and it frequently attributed to painters a depth of thought which existed rather in the critic than the artist, and was due to the superiority of the critic's literary education. A writer educated in poetry and philosophy is willing to see poetry and philosophy in works of art that have a charm for him; it is his natural way of praising and exalting them.

Still, there were complaints from time to time of the intellectual purposelessness of artists, which seemed to imply that they had not quite realised the ideal of the literary philosopher. The poverty of subject in many pictures and their recurring sameness were alluded to with impatience or satire by some of the ablest writers, who despised when they might have envied the ease with which painters could earn a living by a minimum of intellectual effort. An artist might exhibit a dish of oysters with a lemon, and purchase many live oysters with the price thereof; nay, he might go further still from the intellectual side of art, for whilst oysters are dull they are never silly, and silly pictures are a common article of commerce.

The literary objection to the mindlessness of a great deal that passes for fine art may be met by a defence of this kind. The artist may say: 'The fine art that seems mindless to you, with your literary ideas, has required for its production a considerable exercise of mind in ways that you know nothing about. The picture that appears to you simply silly, because you are thinking of the mere title in the catalogue, may have cost much thought in the attainment of pictorial qualities, such as drawing, colour, and composition. Suppose an artist has taken for his subject a flock of geese cackling at a donkey. It is not an intellectual subject, certainly, but nobody could make a really good picture of it without very careful observation of animals and a good deal of thoughtful care about artistic arrangement. And even the amount of mind that there is in an ass or a goose requires considerable mental power for its complete interpretation in painting. In short, however frivolous any work of fine art may appear to the uninitiated, it is always sure to be serious in reality if the qualities of art are present, and to despise any good picture as a piece of trifling is like despising the game of chess, which looks like a mere amusement to those who have never learned it, but is, in reality, one of the most arduous of mental exercises.'

Such a defence as this would have, no doubt, considerable weight with every one who was able to appreciate the purely artistic elements in art. He would be aware already that apparent frivolity of subject may go along with the most intense and earnest application of the artist's own mental powers, though he makes no appeal to those of the public he endeavours to amuse. Indeed, we might go a little further, and say that the distinguishing quality of all the fine arts, including music, is to be gracious and make themselves accessible when they can. The artist takes the burden of thought and labour for himself and spares it for others, and the better he succeeds in this the less is he likely to win credit for the very mental powers that he has been exercising. So, in writing, the more clearness the less apparent depth, and the writer who takes great pains to be clear will have less credit for profundity than one who is less completely master of the art of exposition. Therefore, it is one of the forms of ingratitude in a critic to say that art is mindless because it is willing to leave his own intellect at rest.

Criticism ought always to accept artistic merit as an evidence of mind. Not that artistic merit implies the same kind of mental power which is exhibited in philosophic thought, but it exhibits that kind of mental power which is most desirable in fine art. Criticism ought not to require of an artist that he should be anything else than just simply an artist: if he is *that* he is fulfilling his mission. *Chacun son métier, et les vaches seront bien gardées.* As it is the business of a soldier to fight for his country, and the business of a merchant to circulate commodities, so it is the business of a painter to enrich his country with good pictures, and he may well leave philosophic thought to the philosophers. There need be no confusion between John Millais and John Mill. *Chacun son métier, et les vaches seront bien gardées.*

But now comes the question whether modern art does generally exhibit the peculiar kind of mental activity that is to be expected of a painter. The answer is that much of it does not. The mental activity of a painter is shown first in the selection of a good pictorial subject, and then in the labour of invention. His thoughtfulness shows itself in the delicate and subtle art of composition and in the refinements of style. Instead of that, the tendency of modern art, especially in France, is to present some fragments of ordinary nature taken just as it happens, as if it had been accidentally photographed, and to paint it without any thoughtful care either about selection or about style. The artist cares for something, of course, and that is, clever execution, which is not by any means the same thing as style.

In a word, a large number of the younger artists are now painting studies on a large scale, and studies of the simplest and often most uninteresting subjects, which give no occasion for artistic thought of any kind beyond what is involved in the process of imitation. There are French landscape-painters who will take any bit of ugly field, any turn of a common highway, and paint them as seriously as if the subject presented some kind of interest, when in fact the only interest is that of manual skill. The tendency to take extremely simple subjects has long prevailed in French landscape-painting, but instead of yielding to the progress of more advanced art, it has increased till there is hardly any subject left. It seems, in many cases, as if the artist had nothing to communicate, and was really in his heart indifferent to the infinite wealth of beauty that exists in nature as well as to the interest of artistic beauty and invention. In figure-painting the same tendency shows itself very strongly by the increasing habit of representing the most commonplace personages in the most ordinary attitudes and occupations, with vulgar though appropriate surroundings. I may be told that this was done long ago by the Dutch, and that the Dutch are greatly praised for it. The answer to this objection is obvious. No doubt the great Dutchmen very frequently chose vulgar subjects, but they did not make them into vulgar pictures. Their art consisted in elevating the apparent subject by the most thoughtful care for all those qualities that are now too often neglected as superfluous, by the most subtle composition, the most ingenious arrangement of light and shade, and by an unobtrusive though inimitable execution.

For my part I regret this recent tendency towards the abolition of thought in painting for two distinct reasons. The first is that it is painful to see that which ought to be a great art severed more and more from intellectual pursuits, and falling into the condition of a handicraft. The second is that, even if we leave intellectual pursuits entirely out of the question, there is a purely artistic element in the best painting of other ages which kept it, if not on a level with great writing, at least on a level with good musical composition, but this modern painting that I have described has no claim whatever to rank with music, since it has neither harmony nor melody. It is good manual work, and that is all, and the worst of it is that it seems more and more to justify that prejudice of our fathers which led them to look upon painting as an unintelligent manual trade unworthy of an educated mind.

P. G. Hamerton.

GIORGIONE.

I.

GIORGIONE DA CASTELFRANCO. There is an indescribable fascination in the name. It comes to us with the power of some divine melody, and stirs our senses as it were the sound of running waters on a summer's day, or the murmur of the wind in the tops of the pine-trees. Other painters may rise to loftier heights, they may impress us more profoundly by their dramatic grandeur, by the force and the pathos of the tale they have to tell. This man speaks to us with a passion and an eloquence peculiar to himself. These faces of his which look down upon us with eyes so full of meaning, these knightly forms and fair women who wander in happy shades far from the heat and stress of the dusty ways, yet always haunted by some dim forebodings of coming doom, have a strange power to move us. In them the painter meets us, as it were, soul to soul, and makes us conscious of the personality for ever present behind the picture. Other artists have been romantic and poetic before him, others have felt the joy and the glory of life which touched him so keenly. No one else charms us as he can charm, no other painter has ever so completely satisfied that hunger for romance, that yearning for 'something afar from the sphere of our sorrows' which is one of the deepest cravings of the human heart.

All that is brightest and rarest in nature, all that is heroic and chivalrous in manhood, all that is pure and tender in woman, finds a place in his art. He gathers up the countless threads of beauty scattered over the face of the earth, and weaves them together into one perfect and harmonious whole. The gleam which rests on the grass for an instant, and is gone; the look which comes into a man's face but once in a lifetime; the brief moments, few and far between, when the tide rises high within and the pulses beat faster, and for a little while heaven comes down to earth — these things Giorgione saw, and held them fast. Faust-like he sought to arrest the flight of the hurrying hours with his enchanter's wand; Faust-like he cried to the moment, 'Stay, thou art fair!'

And this glamour, which illumines the lonely world of his dreams, surrounds his own figure and invests his story with a halo of immortal light. It is not only that he belongs to Venice, *città unica e singolare*, and, in common with all her children, has caught something of the glow of her radiance. Every-

thing about him is touched with romance—the circumstances of his birth, the beauty and charm of his person, the sudden blaze of fame into which he sprang, and the early death which closed that brilliant career in the prime of vigour and at the height of his renown.

His own age felt the spell, and paid him splendid homage during the few years of a life that was all too short. Even Vasari, jealous as usual for his country's honour, pauses to tell us of this marvellous Venetian youth, whose excellence so far exceeded that of his fellows that he is almost worthy to rank with Tuscan artists, and may even compare, in certain features of his art, with Lionardo himself. Surely, he contends, the great Florentine must have been this man's teacher. How else could he have learnt these *sfumato* tints in which he excelled, or gained so rare a skill in the handling of his brush? Now, since Lionardo, we know, only paid one short visit to Venice during Giorgione's lifetime, and left none of his works there, Vasari's remark as to the great and lasting influence which his pictures had on the young artist of Castelfranco must be accepted with reserve. But the strong affinity that exists between these two remarkable men has been often noticed. Both were distinguished by their noble presence and winning manners; both sang and played the lute to the delight of all who heard them, and both were prime favourites in the society in which they moved. Again, their achievements in art were of a similar nature; painting in their hands lost the last remnants of stiffness and hardness, and gained a breadth and freedom which it had never reached before. For the first time the subtler effects of chiaroscuro were mastered, and forms were represented under the varying lights and shadows to which they owe half their beauty. In their art, too, a side of life which had never yet been explored was for the first time revealed, and thoughts and moods undreamt of in the philosophy of older masters found expression. So the new era was inaugurated, and Lionardo and Giorgione set the seal respectively on the final development of Florentine and of Venetian art. Once more, in both cases, the great and lasting influence which the two men exercised on contemporary art was out of all proportion to the works which they actually produced, and appears the more extraordinary to us owing to the deplorable fatality which has attended their finest paintings. Not one of the long list of Giorgione's pictures given by Vasari now remains to be seen, and the frescoes with which he decorated the palaces of the city in the sea have perished even more completely than those which Lionardo painted in Milan.

But here the resemblance between the two men ends. Lionardo's genius was the more transcendent, his endowments the more many-sided of the two. The scientific vein which was so marked in him was altogether absent from Giorgione's composition. His was the purely artist nature, and fortunately for posterity his aims were not distracted by the perilous versatility of his companion. Lionardo, again, enjoyed the length of years that was not given to Giorgione. He travelled through most of North and Central Italy in the service of princes, and painted by turns in Milan, in Florence, and in Rome. Giorgione's whole life was spent on Venetian territory; he never frequented courts, and preferred freedom and independence to the service of princes.

Little as we know of Lionardo's history, we have even less to tell of Giorgione. Every detail of his life is wrapt in a haze of uncertainty. We can with difficulty put a date to any one of his pictures. Of the record of his intercourse with his patrons, not a single letter of his remains to us. His birth probably took place in 1477, although even that date has been disputed by modern critics in a mistaken wish to prove that he was older than Titian. His home was on the mainland from which most of the great Venetian artists came, and where every towered hill, every jagged peak, still reminds us of some famous name. But Giorgione's birthplace was not in the mountains, among the dolomites of Titian's country, or the blue Alps of Friuli. He was a native of the fair Trevisana, that *contrada giocosa elamorosa*, where the rich Venetians had their villas and gardens, and held jousts and love-feasts in the summer-time. The humble cottage where he was born and bred is still shown in the village of Vedelago, close to Castelfranco, a city half-way between Treviso and Bassano, in the rich plains which stretch from the foot of the Venetian Alps to the shores of the lagoon. He was, like Lionardo, an illegitimate child, the son of a peasant-girl and of Jacopo. Barbarelli, a member of a noble Venetian family which had settled at Castlefranco early in the fifteenth century. His illustrious relatives, as far as we know, never acknowledged him during his lifetime, but the citizens of the little town were proud to claim him as their own, and to his dying day he was known in Venice as Zorzi da Castelfranco.

The silence and loneliness of decay have settled on Giorgione's native city now. The wide streets are empty, the spacious piazza deserted now, and the Barbarelli mansion lies in ruins. Only the Lion of St. Mark, above the chief gateway, and a few fragments of fifteenth-century frescoes on the houses in the square, are left to tell of its past greatness. But at every turn we are reminded of the painter who was *l'onor di Castelfranco*. The waters of the moat which sleeps under the grim old walls, the tall, mediaeval towers and fortified battlements, all belong to his pictures. His are the green pastures,

the luxuriant foliage of the plain, the copses of elm and oak, the clumps of cypresses and ruined towers on the heights, the farmhouses with steep gables and high-pitched roofs nestling in the hollows. His, too, are the water-courses which flow down from the hills; the grassy slopes, where the golden sunlight loves to linger on tree and bush; the far line of mountains that lift their snow-crowned heads against the northern sky.

'He loved fresh verdure, falling waters, and breezy airs,' says an old Venetian writer; and when he dreamt of Paradise, it was the scenery of Castelfranco which he painted.

And this pleasant Trevisana had a gay and picturesque life of its own in the days when Giorgione was young. Asolo was only a few miles off—little Asolo, where, on the heights overlooking the sea-like plains, Catarina Cornaro, the widowed Queen of Cyprus, held her court, and collected distinguished persons about her. Here, in the fairest of Venetian gardens, scholars and poets from all parts met together; here young Bembo came to read his verses and listen to discussions over art and poetry; here brave knights and fair ladies whiled away the hours with music, and song, and love. At Castelfranco itself one of Catarina's most faithful servants, the gallant Condottiere Tuzio Costanzo, had come to seek repose in her neighbourhood, and still followed his old mistress when she left these Arcadian regions to go forth on some stately progress through the Venetian lands. And there to the south, beyond the sunny plains and the strip of shining sea, lay Venice, then in the meridian of her splendour — as one of her latest guests, the French chronicler, Philippe de Commines, had exultingly called her, 'The most triumphant city in the world.'

It was the moment of her most brilliant and joyous life. The great wave of revival, which had spread over Italy, had reached Venice some fifty years before, and now art and learning were at the height of their glory. Aldo Manuzio was printing his choice volumes in that house on the quiet Campo that was always thronged with visitors; a little further on Marin Sanudo was printing, in the intervals of official business, his chronicles. Carpaccio and Bellini were in the act of painting their noblest pictures, and Titian and Palma were serving their apprenticeship in Giovanni's *atelier*. Nowhere else had sumptuous living reached so high a pitch of luxury, nowhere else were strangers feasted so royally and amused so well. Then queens and princes who came from far were lodged in stately palaces and entertained for weeks at the cost of the state; the water-streets rang daily to the sound of music and song, and torchlight processions and serenades followed each other nightly along the great highway, which Commines called '*la plus belle rue du monde*.'

To this city, to this gay and richly-coloured life, young Giorgio came from his peasant-home. At what age we know not, but when still 'very young,' he entered the studio of Giovanni Bellini, then, and for many days to come, the best master in Venice, and soon surpassed all his rivals. In that brilliant society the boy of Castelfranco became ere long a striking figure. The two strains of noble and peasant race which met in him had produced an exceptionally gifted nature. He was singularly beautiful and accomplished. There was a charm about him which no one could resist. He sang and played the lute divinely. He soon became as distinguished in the school of music in the colonnades of the Rialto as he was in the Bellinis' workshop hard by. His presence was eagerly sought after by the most august company. Every one loved him, women adored him. He was courted by the noble and wealthy, and counted the highest in the land among his friends. In their fondness the Venetians invented a pet name for him, and Zorzi da Castelfranco became Giorgione, great George, the George of Georges. A true Venetian in his love of pleasure, Giorgione flung himself into this joyous world with passionate delight. But whatever Vasari may say, his days were not wasted in idle revelry, and if he loved the company of women, he loved his art better. He was ardent in his studies, the same biographer owns; and so enamoured of beauty in nature that he would only draw from life, and took pleasure in representing the fairest and most varied things he saw. That he studied the antique with equal attention his own works prove. There was, no doubt, abundant opportunity for the study of classical art in a city where ancient learning was so highly esteemed as in Venice at the close of the fifteenth century. Gentile Bellini's collection of Greek sculpture, we know, was famed for its excellence, and included a Venus said to be the work of Praxiteles. And a love of classic type and attitude, an intense appreciation of that divinity of form which to these men of the Renaissance was the foremost attraction of the old world, is one of the most distinctive features of Giorgione's art.

This love of the antique soon made itself felt in the classical subjects which, first among Venetian painters, he chose for his pictures. He began, we are told, by painting Madonnas, whose rare beauty brought him many patrons. Then he was employed to decorate *cassoni*, shields, cabinets, and panels for beds. On these sumptuously wrought pieces of furniture, with which the Venetian nobles delighted to adorn their palaces, he painted all manner of Greek myths, the labours of Hercules and the loves of Venus and Adonis, the story of Cupid and

Psyche, of Diana and Actaeon, of Phaeton and Ariadne.

From the first the original bent of his genius was evident in all he touched. The same splendour of colouring, the same idyllic grace and overflowing fulness of life, which distinguished his rendering of classic fables, appeared in the sacred subjects which, while still a boy, he painted as companion-pieces to an allegory by his master, Gian Bellini.

Venice soon awoke to the sense of her new painter's greatness, and a sudden burst of enthusiasm hailed the young genius who had so early outstripped his peers. Words fail the old writers who would express their admiration for the exuberance of life and beauty in Giorgione's creations, for the richness of his fancy, for those subtle gradations of light and shade which rivalled Nature herself. They are forced to coin new words in order to express all their meaning, and speak of the *fuoco Giorgionesco*, of a *certo fiammeggiar di colori*, as the signs which distinguished the work of the master from all those who had come before. A marvellous degree of life and truth, a sense of perfection in the new art which had been wanting in the old, strengthened it may well be by the charm of the man, drew the younger men in a body to Giorgione's side. Among them were many whose names belong to the foremost rank of Venetian artists, and whose works are often hard to distinguish from the master's own—such men as Palma Vecchio, the third great master who, with Giorgione and Titian, helped to bring in the new age; Lorenzo Lotto, the refined painter of portraits; and young Sebastian Luziani, who played the lute as well as Giorgione himself, and early left Bellini's shop to become his new friend's scholar. And old Giovanni Bellini himself, advanced as he was in years and honour, did not scorn to learn of his brilliant pupil, even though he felt, as Vasari says, 'not a little jealous of his growing fame, and succeeded so well that his latest pictures are classed by modern critics among the triumphs of the *maniera moderna*.'

But the greatest of the rising artists in the studio of the Bellini, and the one who felt Giorgione's influence more powerfully than any other, was Titian of Cadore. This youth, who was destined to outlive all his rivals, and to carry the fame of Venetian painting far on into the next century, was as near as possible Giorgione's own age, and had come to Venice at about the same time. His keen eye saw the superior excellence of his comrade's style, and he applied himself with so much diligence to follow Giorgione's steps, that he caught the secrets of his success, and at the same time won his friendship. The finest pictures which he painted at this period are distinctly Giorgionesque in feeling, the *Three Ages* at Bridgewater House, the *Maidens of the Borghese*, and many of his early Madonnas, alike owe their inspiration to the painter of Castelfranco. And supreme as is the place which Titian holds in Venetian art, his higher works never revealed a charm so pure as these idylls of his youth. With all his greatness, he had not the rare poetic faculty, the perfect grace of his short-lived friend. It is said that Titian painted Giorgione's portrait, and Passavant describes an engraving from this last picture in which Giorgione is represented with regular features, short hair, and long black beard, a countenance justifying the old tradition, according to which the master supplied Titian with the model of his noble *Christ of the Tribute Money* at Dresden. But it is another face that we are accustomed to associate with Giorgione, the face with the dreamy eyes and dark flowing locks, agreeing with Ridolfi's description, which Vasari gives at the head of the artist's life—a true likeness in all probability of the young painter in his early Venetian time and the days when he first became famous.

The celebrity which Giorgione had attained by the end of the fifteenth century brought him commissions from all sides. The most distinguished Venetians and the most illustrious strangers—the Patriarch of Aquileia, the Queen of Cyprus, the Doge Loredano, the great Captain Gonsalvo di Cordova—all sat to him in turn. Vasari speaks in glowing language of these portraits, which he saw when he visited Venice in 1544, and owns that in this branch of art he excelled not only all other Venetians before him, but artists in every part of Italy. They are all lost now, these wonderful portraits which were the pride of the noblest Venetian houses; and with them many more of those pictures which Vasari praises among the things rare and admirable in Venice. Gone, alas! is the youthful *David*, with the long locks falling on his shoulders, which he painted from his own likeness; gone, too, the *Cherub*—'*bello quanto si può fare*'—which belonged to his friend the Patriarch, and the *St. George*, whose stately form was reflected alike in the clear pool of water at his feet and in the glittering cuirass hanging on the tree beside him. This last work, which Vasari calls a thing of rare ingenuity and beauty, was undertaken by him after some discussion which had arisen respecting Andrea Verocchio's lately finished equestrian statue of Bartolommeo Colleoni, in order to prove that painting could do more than rival the sculptor's art.

In 1504, being then in his twenty-sixth year and at the height of his fame, Giorgione paid a visit to Castelfranco, where he was received with great rejoicings, and where the house which he occupied is still shown. Here he painted the great altar-piece for the church of St. Liberale, by order of Tuzio Costanzo, in memory of the Condottiere's son, Matteo, who had recently died in the flower of his age at Ravenna. The figure of the warrior-saint, Liberale,

who stands at the foot of the Madonna's throne, was formerly supposed to be the painter's own likeness, but it is in reality that of the young knight, and bears a striking resemblance to the effigy which formerly adorned his tomb and is still to be seen in the churchyard of Castelfranco. In the same way the Virgin has been held to represent the painter's mistress, a tradition supported by the verse inscribed on the back of the picture :—

'Vieni, O Cecilia,
Vieni, t'affretta,
Il tuo t'aspetta
Giorgio.'

Whether the pure and beautiful face we see here was that of the maiden Giorgione loved, it is at all events that of his favourite type of womanhood—a type remarkable for its refined and spiritual charm, and which we find reproduced again, both in the *Virgin of Madrid* and in the *Venus of Dresden*. On this occasion Giorgione also decorated the walls of the Costanzo Chapel with frescoes ; but these unfortunately shared the fate of his other mural paintings, and were destroyed when the old church was pulled down. The altar-piece was happily preserved and placed in the choir of the new building. The only other trace of Giorgione's work now to be seen in his native city, is a painted frieze composed of musical instruments, gorgons' heads, medallions of Caesars and sages, trophies of arms, and other devices, which formerly adorned a hall in his house, of which, in its present damaged condition, all that can be said is, that the variety and choice of subjects represented are decidedly characteristic of the master.

On his return to Venice, Giorgione took a house in the Campo of S. Silvestro, near the Rialto, and covered the upper storey of the façade with figures of musicians and poets, and groups of children, of which some faded portions may still be seen. The fashion of decorating the exterior of palaces with frescoes had prevailed in Venice during many years, but never before had a Giorgione or a Titian been employed as 'house-painters.' No wonder the most illustrious Venetians now followed the fashion, and with rapid succession Giorgione adorned one palace after another, sometimes with his favourite Greek myths of Bacchus and Venus, Mars and Mercury ; sometimes with friezes of allegorical figures. Zanetti has engraved a noble figured Fortitude, resting her foot on a fallen pillar, which in his time was still to be seen on the Loredan palace ; and Vasari speaks with special admiration of a yet more beautiful Primavera, already half destroyed by exposure to the weather, on the façade of Palazzo Soranzo, in the Campo di S. Polo. But the most important work of this description entrusted to Giorgione was the decoration of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or Hall of the German Merchants, on the Grand Canal, close to the Rialto. During more than three hundred years this ancient building had been devoted to the use of foreign traders, and when in 1504 it was destroyed by fire, the city architects were employed to rebuild it on a larger and more splendid scale. The new Fondaco contained as many as twenty warehouses and two hundred bedrooms, besides the great dining-halls where the German merchants met daily at the sound of the bells which rang to summon them from the Exchange, and where at carnival time they held banquets and balls, and feasted the gay world of Venice. Giorgione himself undertook the chief front of the palace facing the Canal Grande, and painted a frieze of single figures along the upper storey, and a grand procession of horsemen riding under a colonnade on the *pian nobile*, filling up the spaces on the pilasters between with trophies and medallions in grisaille. All these pictured forms, which once glowed with life and fire, have long faded away, and when Zanetti wrote, more than a hundred years ago, a few nude figures, remarkable for their classic beauty of outline, were all the traces of Giorgione's work that he could find. The frescoes on the façade of the Fondaco, leading towards the Merceria, Giorgione left to his assistants, chief of whom was Titian, who acquitted himself of the task with a credit which laid the foundation of his future greatness, and whose figure of Justice, called by turns Judith and Germania by successive historians, over the central portal, attracted universal attention. His share in the work gave rise to the idle tale first told by Vasari, who declares that the praise bestowed upon Titian's frescoes excited Giorgione's jealousy, and that the two painters quarrelled and parted in consequence. These calumnies were refuted by Titian's own kinsman, Tizianello, who, writing fifty years after the great master's death, expressly says that Giorgione was glad to give his talented assistant this opportunity of gaining distinction, and rejoiced with him at his well-earned success. The two men remained friends to the end of Giorgione's life, and it was Titian who completed two of the pictures left unfinished at his death. That Titian worked at the frescoes of the Fondaco as Giorgione's assistant, and not in an independent capacity, as has sometimes been asserted, is proved by the fact that Giorgione's name is the only one which appears in the contract with the Signory ; and as long, indeed, as Giorgione lived, we never find any mention of Titian being employed by the State.

The frescoes of the Fondaco were completed by the summer of 1507, but there was the usual haggling over prices on the part of the Signory, and the question was not finally settled until November, 1508. It was then referred to a jury of three

painters appointed by Giovanni Bellini, who still held the post of broker on the Fondaco. These three men, Vittore Carpaccio, Lazzaro Bastiani, and Vittore di Matio, valued the frescoes painted by 'Mistro Zorzi de Chastelfrancho,' at one hundred and fifty ducats, and a few days afterwards Giorgione agreed to accept the sum of one hundred and thirty, which was accordingly paid him. The best proof of the satisfaction his work gave is the fresh commission he received from the Signory, in August, 1507, to execute a large canvas for the hall of audience in the Ducal Palace. The first two instalments of the promised sum he was to receive in payment, seventy-five ducats, were paid him by January, 1508; but as after that we hear no more of the work, it was probably abandoned. Crowe and Cavalcaselle suggest, with great probability, that the canvas in question is none other than the fine, but unfinished, *Judgment of Solomon*, belonging to Mr. Banks, of Kingston Lacy, bought from the Marescalchi family early in this century at Lord Byron's suggestion.

But now troubled times were at hand for Venice. That year the League of Cambray was formed, and the Republic entered single-handed on her long struggle against the combined forces of Pope, Emperor, and King of France. The following year saw the rout of Agnadello, and complete defeat of the Venetian troops. The armies of the League overran the mainland, one city after another opened her gates, and Giorgione's own home in the fair Trevisana became a prey to the conquering foes. That was the Sensa so sadly unlike all other Ascensiontides, which Marin Sanudo describes in his pathetic language. The Bucentaur, he tells us, went out that year on her accustomed nuptial journey, but instead of feasting and mirth there was nothing but weeping. The city was plunged in mourning, no one was to be seen on the Piazza. The Fathers were broken down with trouble, and the Doge—Giorgione's patron, brave old Loredano, whose calm, intrepid face in Gian Bellini's picture is familiar to us all—never spoke a word, and looked more dead than alive. It was a bad time for artists. Many left home to seek their fortune in the Marches, or in Rome. Giorgione remained in Venice, painting those wondrous 'fantasias' of his own invention, with ever-ripening powers, ever-increasing delight in his art. There were no more great public works to be done, but private patrons were still to be found in the city, and the great master's hand was never idle. His finest paintings, the *Concert of the Louvre*, the group of the *Pitti*, and that finest of idylls which goes by the name of *La Famiglia di Giorgione*, all belong to this period. So, in all likelihood, do many others which have perished: the twelve panels with the story of Psyche, which Ridolfi describes so minutely, and the *Mother Weeping over her Newborn Child*, as she ponders over the miseries of this life, a subject which, according to his biographers, he borrowed from Lucretius. He was engaged on two great pictures, the *Venus of Dresden* and the *Eastern Sages* in the sunset landscape now at Vienna, when, in the year 1511, the plague which so often ravaged Venice invaded the lagoons with fresh violence. Twenty thousand citizens died of this terrible disease in the course of twelve months. One of the victims was Giorgione, who died at the age of thirty-four, 'to the unspeakable grief of his friends, and the no little injury of art.' As was the case when Raphael died, all manner of stories were invented to account for his premature death. One writer says that he died of grief because his mistress, whom he loved passionately, had forsaken him for one of his pupils; another, that he caught the plague from the kiss of his beloved, and died in her arms. The Venetian, Federico Dolce, who was living at the time, merely remarks that Giorgione da Castelfranco died of the plague.

The pictures which he had left unfinished in his studio were completed by his friends and scholars. Sebastian del Piombo put the last touches to the *Landscape with the Three Sages*, Titian finished the last portion of *The Angel supporting the Dead Christ*, and added a Cupid to his *Sleeping Venus*. Then the two men left Venice to go their different ways. Young Sebastian, who was not yet twenty-five years of age, accepted Agostino Chigi's invitation, and went to Rome to show the painters of the Eternal City the glories of Giorgione's colouring, to become the friend of Michael Angelo and the rival of Raphael, while Titian went back to Padua to paint those frescoes in the Scuola del Santo which are so full of Giorgionesque faces and Giorgionesque fire, and to tread the way to glory in the field where he was left without a peer.

Many years afterwards the remains of Giorgione were borne to his home at Castelfranco and buried in the vault of the Barbarelli in the church of San Liberale, where he had painted his great *Madonna*. His father's family were proud to claim relationship with the famous painter now, and in 1638 a monument was erected in his honour by Matteo and Ercole Barbarelli, with a long inscription to his praise. Since those days the old church has been destroyed, tomb and inscription have alike perished, but it is well to know that Giorgione sleeps there among the green fields and the pleasant valleys of his home, a better resting-place for him than great San Zanipolo itself.

JULIA M. ADY.

ART CHRONICLE.

PROFESSOR FLOWER'S exhaustive opening address, as President of the British Association Congress, on the history and management of museums, although it referred to scientific and not to art collections, contained reflections applicable to museums of every kind. The subdivisions in the study of science, necessitated by the increased knowledge of detail which require revision of their dividing lines as time goes on, are met with also in the comprehensive study of art, and the complaint that 'passing phases of knowledge are crystallised or fossilised in institutions' by the tenacity of curators and professors over their especial grooves of work is one not wholly unknown in art institutions. The learned Professor, in his hints on the management of museums, indicated his conviction that, as a principle, museums should contain general collections for the instruction of the general public, and special arcana to which only students should be admitted. We incline to agree with a contemporary commentator that the result of such closed departments is apt to be a kind of official tyranny under which all inquirers except authorised specialists are virtually excluded.

THE Arts and Crafts Exhibition at the New Gallery opens on the 7th inst. A 'private view' of some of the intended exhibits was held a month previously at the offices of the Guild.

THE Rembrandt portrait of Professor Tulp, from the Segan collection, was bought for the Art Institute at Chicago.

MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN has enriched the vase collection at the British Museum by the gift of an exquisite Lekythos, under three inches high, pear-shaped, with neck modelled as a lion's head, and the sides painted with five decorative bands, two of conventional ornament of Phoenician style, and three of figure designs, representing a combat of warriors, a hunting scene, and a horse-race. The art of this object is very fine, and has raised doubts in the minds of some critics whether the work can be, as assigned, Corinthian of the sixth century, although the vase, in character, colour, style, and disposition of ornament, belongs to the Corinthian school as known in authentic examples. An illustration of the vase, with notes by Mr. Cecil Smith, appears in the 'Journal of the Hellenic Society,' of which Mr. Macmillan is Secretary.

THE Society for the Preservation of Monuments of Ancient Egypt presses for further contributions to enable it to assist the Egyptian Government in checking the destruction and depredation of precious things. A system of inspection, impossible to the unassisted efforts of the Director of the Boulak Museum, is urgently needed. Distinguished names in art and letters already figure among the lists of English contributors, but wider response is needed, and all acquainted with Egypt and her endangered treasures will be ready to endorse the eloquent appeal in the 'Times' last month of Mr. Poynter, R.A., Hon. Secretary of the Society.

THE forthcoming *séance* of the 'Art Congress' at Edinburgh promises a goodly array of speakers, if not quite so brilliant a gathering as at its first meeting. The sculpture section, of which Mr. George Simonds is Hon. Secretary, and Mr. Onslow Ford the President, is especially well supported by leading men. Mr. William Morris and Mr. Crane again speak for the interests of Applied Art, and in the Painting section some of the local artists have prepared papers on promising themes. The President of the Association for the year is the Marquis of Lorne.

THE report to the Foreign Office by Sir Dominic Colnaghi on the industries of Florence contains an interesting summary of the present state of arts and crafts in that once brilliant centre. Of 'serious' art in painting or sculpture little vitality can be recorded. The notes on 'commercial sculpture' testify, in a way that would be amusing were it not so humiliating, that popular demand is still on the increase for the vapid sentimentalities, and empty realisms, and cheap pathos which constitute the highest range of aesthetic worth attained by the amazingly clever marble and alabaster cutters of Florentine workshops, as distinct from high-class studios. Clearly, for this prostitution of artistic capacity, the buying public—to great extent American and British—are much responsible. The scale of wages of the working sculptors, or finishers, is from four to ten lire (3*s.* 7*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.*) a-day, while the *sbozzatori*, who shape the block, earn from three to six lire—scant wages enough for skilled labour! The mosaic in pietra dura, or 'commesso,' produced at the Government factory, and the cheaper mode in calcarious stones and shells applied to jewellery and small articles, appears to languish as an industrial art, in spite of spirited efforts to infuse new life by fresh applications in decoration or production on increased scale, and so forth. Again, the mosaicist's wage, whether in the difficult and skilled 'commesso,' or the common inlay, is often a figure at which our dock labourers would strike to-morrow. In the speciality of wood-carving and intarsia, so long a Tuscan prerogative, prospects seem brighter, and the use in furniture affords a lasting mode of application, in spite of that enemy to design, the modern upholsterer. In all the departments of art industry development on the side of creative design appears stunted by two opposing elements—the good taste that demands reproduction of old fine models, and the ill taste that cries out for novelty and show, irrespective of design. Moreover, the alteration of class conditions in Italy induces cheap and flashy manufacture of a kind to meet the transitional taste of an untrained rustic or bourgeois *clientèle*, and, while the average taste rises in countries of less favoured heritage and tradition, in Italy it falls and becomes warped.

THE autumn publishing season will bring forward a good many art and illustrated books. Mr. Nimmo issues a new volume of Essays by Mr. John Addington Symonds, which treat of the development of Italian comedy, the *Commedia del' Arte*, and of Pietro Longhi, the Venetian painter. Six more volumes of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s popular 'Great Artist' Series include a booklet on the 'Barbizon School,' by Mr. G. W. Mollet, Memoirs of George Cruikshank, Wm. Mulready, David Cox, and De Wint, a volume on 'Nicholas Hilliard and the English Miniaturists,' and one on 'Adrian Van de Welde and some Dutch Marine and Landscape Painters.' Among the writers are Mr. F. G. Stephens and Mr. Frank Cunliffe. Messrs. Dixon and Gray produce the plantinotype illustrations of a Descriptive Catalogue of Earl Northbrook's Collection, prepared by Dr. J. P. Richter and Mr. James Neale. Mr. Gilbert Redgrave treads in the steps of his father and uncle in bringing out a 'History of Water-Colour Painting in England from the Middle of the Eighteenth to the Close of the Nineteenth Century.' Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are the publishers. In Messrs. Macmillan's list figure many books of artistic interest: 'The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,' by Mr. W. Holman Hunt, illustrated with reproductions from the artist's pictures; an illustrated work on the 'Cults and Monuments of Ancient Athens,' by Miss Jane Harrison and Mrs. A. W. Verrall; 'The Development and Character of Gothic Architecture,' by Mr. Chas. H. Moore; and a book on 'Pen Drawings and Draughtsmanship,' by Mr. T. Pennell. The fine and cultured criticism of Mr. Pater is given to a volume of literary essays, on 'Style' and other subjects, also issued by Messrs. Macmillan.

A FORD ON THE LEA AT HATFIELD.

ETCHED BY F. SLOCOMBE.

THE River Lea, well known to East Londoners, and also to lovers of the art of fishing from its association with the name of Izaak Walton, rises near the little village of Houghton Regis, in Bedfordshire. It then flows through Hertfordshire, and forming for some distance the boundary between Middlesex and Essex, finally falls into the Thames at Blackwall. The ford at Hatfield is a typical example of the scenery through which it passes in its earlier course, and which has proved attractive to many besides the celebrated angler who lingered on its banks two centuries ago.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

XI.—*The Epitaphs.*

Absence of interesting Epitaphs—King Sebert—Fekenham's Texts—The Duchess of Gloucester—Henry VII.—Epitaph by Erasmus—Queen Elizabeth—Chaucer—Bourchier—Lord Russell—Sir Samuel Morland—John Smith—Poets' Corner—Garrick—Handel—Drayton—Johnson—Goldsmith—Thomas Smith—William Laurence—The 'Loyall Duke'—The Texts—Fairborne—Buckingham—Prior—Atterbury—Newton—Boulter.

IT is a curious fact that though the church contains the inscribed tombs of many generations of Englishmen eminent in politics, war, literature, religion, and the arts, the number of the epitaphs worth repeating for their own sakes does not exceed half-a-dozen.

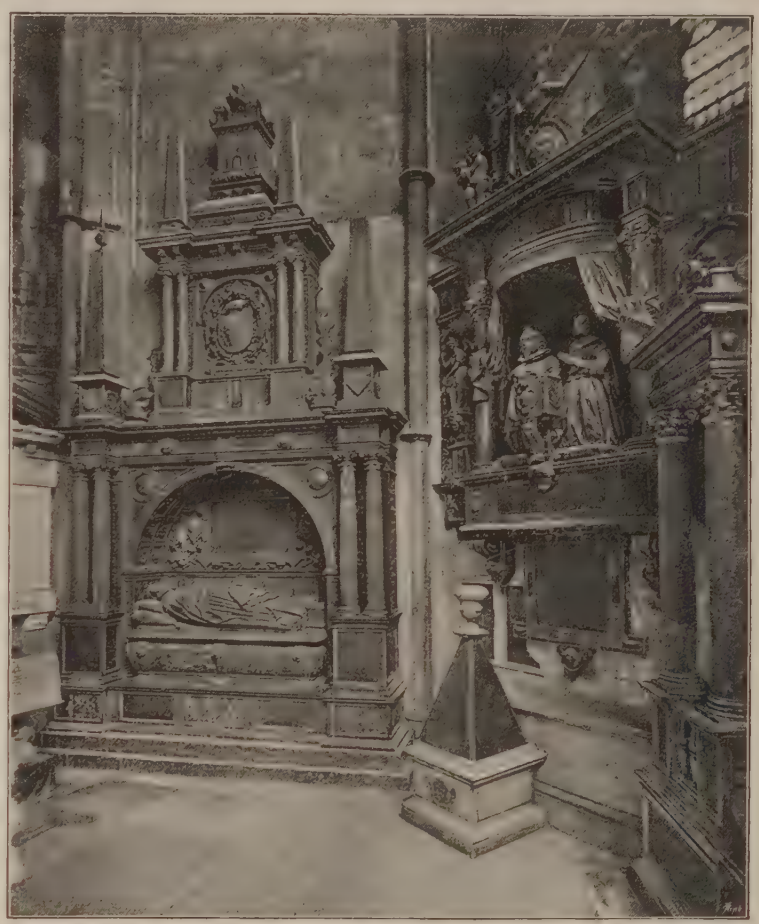
Westminster Abbey is justly famous for beautiful and stately tombs of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. In spite of 'restoration,' by which in the past fifty years such tombs have been decimated in country churches, they still abound; and, after their beautiful design, they are chiefly remarkable for quaint inscriptions, generally in excellent English—the English of Shakespeare's day—and for the curious verbal conceits, often descending into mere puns on names, which were the fashion at that time. No part of England is without them except Westminster. They abound in London, where we see them in all the city churches. They are common in Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Hertfordshire, and Surrey. But whether the awe which affected men's minds *in loco terribili*, or whether there was no scholar or poet at hand, as in many a country parish, Westminster Abbey is singularly destitute of epitaphs of what, so far as regards the rest of England, may be considered the great epitaph-making period; one or two in the cloisters do but prove the rule. If we hark back it is just the same. The words already quoted as having been painted by Fekenham on the tomb of Edward I. are the most stirring of those which belong to the Reformation period. Some of the royal tombs have, or have had, rhyming Latin inscriptions, of which Camden and other antiquaries have given us the texts,—remarkable chiefly for the excruciating treatment of quantity by which they are pervaded. One or two examples will be found below; but, with the exception of a few words on the monument of Richard II., but probably, as we shall see, later than his time, there is hardly a trace of pathos or poetry in any of them. It is the same with the epitaphs of lesser folk. The few heroes and bishops and kings' cousins who are buried in the chapels have cut inscriptions over them in bad Latin prose. Of a later period than the Elizabethan and Stuart, of the time of the Revolution and downwards through the eighteenth century, the number of extant epitaphs increases largely, but the quality remains the same. Nor has it improved down to our own time. Some great men and great poets have assayed to write suitable lines for the grave of a departed worthy; but when I say that the poor verses by Lord Tennyson on Franklin are the best of this period, it will be seen that I have failed to find anything I can praise. Lord Tennyson's lines are as follows:—

'Not here: the White North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Towards no earthly pole.'

The last line is peculiarly awkward and obscure, to my mind, but the epitaph has many admirers, and, at least, it is no worse than Pope's on Kneller. Perhaps some adaptations of texts are the best, where an eminent preacher has known what would be a suitable quotation from the Bible to add to the names and dates on a stone. Epitaph-writing is a lost art; and even when it flourished made few signs of its existence visible in the Abbey church of Westminster, and—I had almost said, naturally—those in the Poets' Corner are the

worst, perhaps because they are the most disappointing.

In noticing a few of the more remarkable epitaphs we may find the chronological rather than the topographical order convenient. It was the custom for abbots and monks in the middle ages to amuse themselves and their visitors with neat sets of, sometimes rhymed, Latin verse, which were written on suitable materials and placed near the tomb, or the supposed tomb, of a remarkable man. The first example given by Camden (*'Reges, Reginæ, Nobiles et alii in Ecclesia Collegiata B. Petri Westmonasterii sepulti*, printed by *Melch. Bradwoodus.* 1603), is that of the mythical King Sebert and Athelgoda his wife, whose remains, six hundred and ninety-one years after Sebert's death, were removed to a new tomb on the south side of the altar. The epitaph, which consisted of twenty-eight verses began thus :—



MONUMENTS OF THE DUCHESS OF SOMERSET AND BARON CAREW IN THE CHAPEL OF ST. NICHOLAS.

'Labilitas, brevitas mundane prosperitatis
Cœlica præmia, gloria, gaudia danda beatis
Sebertum certum jure dedêre satis.'

There is not a single line worth repeating in the remaining twenty-five, but the rhyming jingle is kept up to the end. The epitaph Camden quotes from the shrine of the Confessor is not rhymed, and indeed only consists of three lines in something more like classical Latin, being evidently by Fekenham, and having one of his favourite 'tags,' 'SURSUM CORDA,' at the end. Camden does not mention some rhyming verses preserved by Brayley.

It would not be worth while to go through many of these old royal epitaphs. Very few of them are now extant, and still fewer, if any, are perfect. Skelton, the Poet Laureate in the reign of Henry VIII., had occasion to take sanctuary in the Precincts, and occupied his enforced leisure in translating the Latin into English, and both versions written on tablets used to be suspended near the monuments. Henry III. and Edward I. were among the number of those thus commemorated; and Dart has preserved for us Fekenham's sentence or motto added to the short line :—

'Tertius Henricus est Templi conditor hujus.
DULCE BELLUM INEXPERTIS.
1273.'

It seems odd that these little sentences of Fekenham's should have deceived antiquarians and historians almost to our own day. I have already mentioned the subject and need not much further dwell upon it. The tomb of Edward's wife is remarkable for a French inscription, and has also Fekenham's tag 'DISCE MORI,' scarcely visible now. The text to the tomb of Edward III. is of the same character, but is not now visible :—

'PUGNA PRO PATRIA.'

The rhyming Latin verses are still round the edge of the metal table on which the effigy lies. They consist of only six lines, of which the last, and by no means the worst, may be taken as a specimen :—

'Armipotens rexit—jam cœlo Cœlice Rex sit.'

The adjoining tomb of Queen Philippa has no inscription, but Fekenham painted on it :—

'Conjux Edwardi jacet hic Regina Philippa.
DISCE VIVERE.'

The great tomb of Richard II. and Anne of

Bohemia still bears its epitaph, one line of which only need be inflicted on the reader :—

'Obruit hereticos—et eorum stravit amicos.'

On this tomb Fekenham placed the one pathetic line to be found in the Chapel of the Kings :—

'Fuisse Faelicem Miserrimum.'

He put on the queen's tomb :—

'Forma Fragilis.'

And on that of Henry V. :—

'Domat omnia Virtus.'

brass already mentioned, and much of her epitaph may still be read ; but it is in a very different style, being merely her name and titles, and the names and titles of her father and her husband, with the date of her death 1389, all in French.

There are, or were, several epitaphs in different parts of the monument of Henry VII. They are in Renascence Latin, and may be scanned, but are of no interest. In one Henry and Elizabeth, his queen, are spoken of as the happy parents to whom England owes Henry VIII. Of the beautiful tomb of Margaret, countess of Richmond, the mother of Henry VII., I have already spoken. The epitaph

EFFIGY OF EDWARD III.

The last of these sentences which need be mentioned was on a tablet to commemorate Katherine, Henry's widow :—

'Otium Fuge.'

This, I think, exhausts the list of Fekenham's efforts for the puzzle of posterity—most successful efforts, as any one can testify who has waded through all the futile guesses bestowed on 'Pactum Serva.' By the way, 'Forma Fragilis' is prettily translated in Camden as 'Favour Fadeth.'

The epitaphs on Edward III. and Richard II. are of a very rare class. Indeed, I doubt if any other fourteenth-century rhyming Latin inscriptions of the kind have come down to us. There are no others in the Abbey. The Duchess of Gloucester lies in the Chapel of St. Edmund, under the fine

is said to have been composed by Erasmus, but it is not remarkable in any way, merely setting forth the gifts she made to the Abbey, to Wimborne, and to the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. There is an entry at St. John's which records the payment of 20*s.* to Erasmus for the epitaph, but we can hardly believe the payment, which would now represent some 15*l.* or 20*l.*, can have been for these few lines. Perhaps he wrote an ode.

The inscription on the monument of Queen Elizabeth comes next in order. The universal grief of the nation at her death is set forth, and a list is given of her triumphs—of the establishment of the Protestant religion, her reform of the coinage, and her personal accomplishments ; 'but,' to quote the words of Dean Stanley, 'the most pathetic record which survives, is to be found in the two lines at

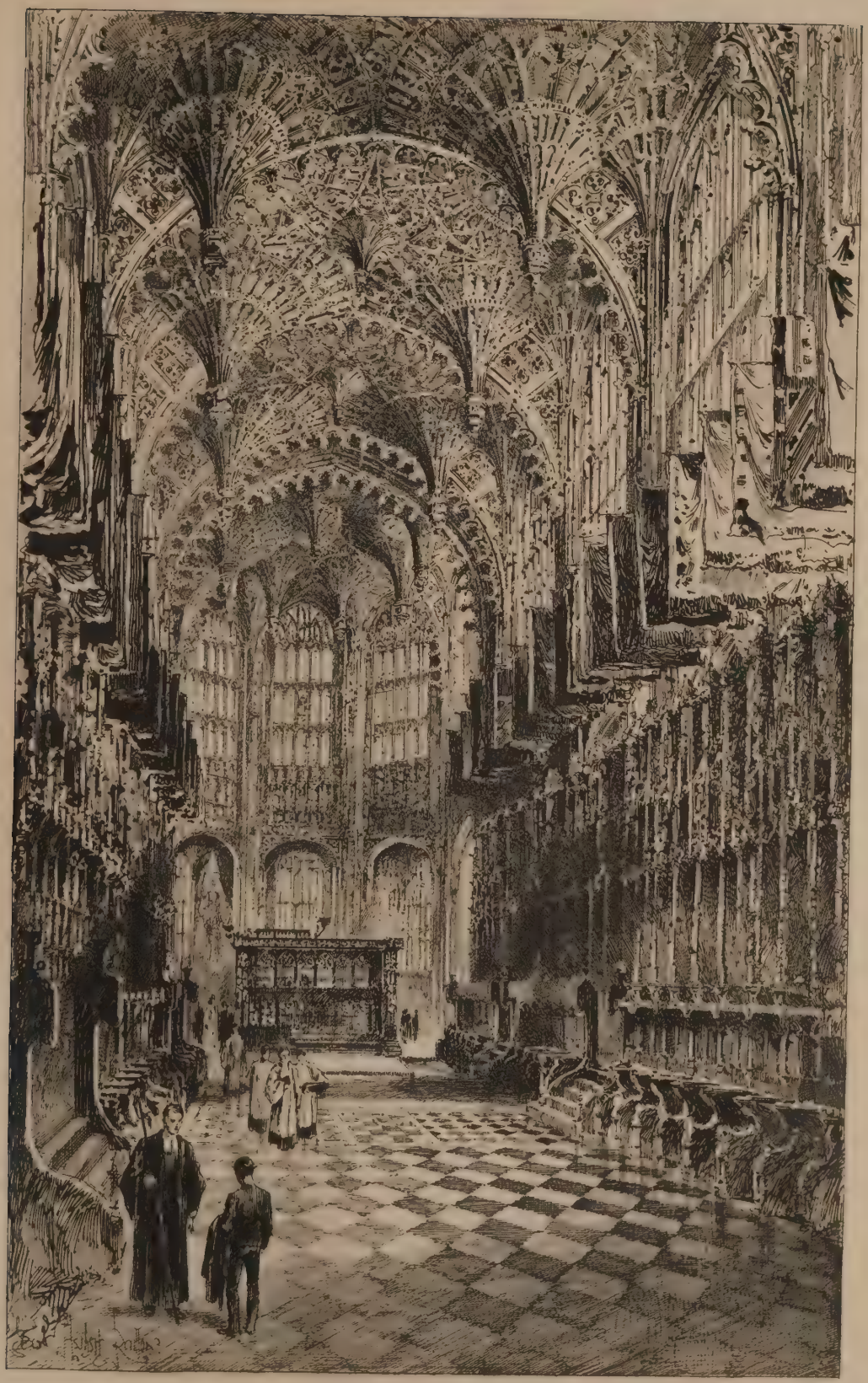
the head of the monument, inscribed by James I. with a deeper feeling than we should naturally have ascribed to him:—"Regno consortes et urnâ, hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis." The long war of the English Reformation is closed in those words. The sisters are at one; the daughter of Catherine of Arragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn rest in peace.'

We must not pass by some other inscriptions of Tudor times. William Caxton, the printer, set up on a pillar a tablet near the grave of Geoffrey Chaucer. Mr. Blades appears to think Caxton set up the pillar as well as the tablet, but it is evident from his own words that the tablet was hung to a neighbouring column. He 'lieth buried tofore the chapel of Seynte Benet; by whos sepulture is wreton on a table honging on a pylere his Epitaphye maad by a Poete Laureat.' Stephen Surigo of Milan was the poet laureate who wrote the 'epitaphy,' which is to be found in Caxton's edition of Chaucer's translation of Boethius. There was no other memorial of Chaucer here till Nicholas Brigham, in the reign of Queen Mary, made the Gothic tomb still extant, with a new epitaphy which has perished. Camden gives us a copy of it, but it is not worth reprinting. Brigham, at all events, did not celebrate his own name except in a single line at the end, unlike Benson, who set up Milton's tablet, with a short sentence about Milton and a long one about himself. Humphrey Bourchier, who was buried near his ancestress, the Duchess of Gloucester, was the eldest son of Lord Berners, and father of the second lord, who made that delightful translation of Froissart's 'Chronicle.' He was killed on the fateful Easter Sunday at Barnet which decided the fate of Henry VI.; and partly, no doubt, because he had followed the flag of the victorious Edward, but partly also, we may suppose, on account of his illustrious descent, he was buried in the chapel of St. Edmund. His fine heraldic brass has already been mentioned, or, at least, what remains of it. The inscription, like the effigy, has disappeared, but Camden preserved a copy of it, and if it really was on the tomb, and not merely 'honging on a pylere,' will have offered an early example of unrhymed quantitative Latin verse. The last two lines may suffice as a specimen:—

EFFIGIES OF HENRY VII. AND QUEEN.

> 'Armis conspicuus quondam charusque Britannis
> Hic fuit; ut cœlis vivat deposcite votis.'

If these verses are contemporary, which I strongly doubt, they are a little earlier than the time of Caxton, and show the Renascence influence to which the art of printing gave such an impetus. In an adjoining inscription in the same chapel we may see how far this influence carried even epitaph-makers. It commemorates Lord Russell, the eldest son and



heir of the second Earl of Bedford; and Brayley, in the language of sixty years ago, tells us that he left a widow, 'whose excessive grief at his loss is elegantly described in several inscriptions, composed by herself in Greek, Latin, and English.' As Lord Russell died in 1584, this is almost certainly the first introduction of a Greek epitaph to the Abbey. Lady Russell was one of the learned daughters of Sir Anthony Cook of Gidea Hall. A specimen of the English verses will be enough here:—

> 'Right noble twice, by virtue and by birth,
> Of Heaven loved and honoured on the earth.'

The Elizabethan epitaphs still extant are very numerous, but very uninteresting for the most part. They are chiefly in Latin, and of a pronounced classical character; almost, and in some cases quite, heathen in sentiment. The gods and goddesses of old Rome and the Muses of Greece are invoked; and this tendency becomes more and more marked as time goes on. The bilingual and trilingual epitaphs are outdone by the monuments erected in the nave late in the seventeenth century by Sir Samuel Morland, to the memory of his wives, the first of whom died in 1674, and the second in 1680. The inscriptions are in Hebrew, Greek, and Ethiopic, the only English parts being the names and dates. When we have spelled them out—for I assume that my readers are as well acquainted as I am myself with these familiar languages,—we may turn for a moment to a very pleasing design, in the Palladian style, by Gibbs. It is the monument of one John Smith—that most English of names could not fail to appear in the Abbey—and the epitaph, which is dated in 1718, contains the well-known line about Mr. Smith's origin, 'Prosapia Smithorum Lincolniensium oriundus.'

We may next look into Poets' Corner, and try to find something worthy of the great names we see around us. Taking the monuments in topographical order, we come first to David Garrick, buried here in 1779. The figure is, literally, theatrical, and the verses, which bear the unfamiliar name of Pratt, are worthy of it. Charles Lamb characterised them as 'a farrago of false thoughts and nonsense.' Nearly as absurd is the monument of the learned Grabe, called in his epitaph 'Grabus' (d. 1711), who is represented sitting on his own coffin. It is by Bird; but in this transept, and on this west wall, it is surprising to see such great names so ill represented. Rysbrack's Gay, Nollekens' Goldsmith, Marshall's Campbell, the second Duke of Argyll, by Roubiliac, are all extremely poor, but all distanced by Roubiliac's Handel, which Brayley contrives to praise in the following disparaging terms: 'Address and judgment shine eminently conspicuous throughout the whole design, but particularly in the dignified ease which he has imparted to the bulky and disproportioned figure of that great Musician.' But we are too easily tempted to wander from the epitaphs to the statues. Handel fares better in this respect than most of his neighbours. The text he so splendidly illustrated by the music of his 'Messiah,' 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' is inscribed with the notes on an open page before him, and below we see nothing but his name and age. On the east side, which consists only of a wall one bay wide, are the monuments, cenotaphs, of Shakespeare, Burns, and Southey, none of them buried here; while on the south wall are monuments to Jonson, Spencer, Butler, Milton, Gray, and Thomson. On the outer side of the screen are memorials to Granville Sharp, the philanthropist, and to Matthew Prior. It seems rather odd to say, that though a more or less lengthy epitaph is appended to each of these (except one, that of 'Rare Ben Jonson'), I do not find, after careful search, anything worth quoting from them. The eastern aisle of the Poets' Corner contains some of the most famous monuments, but so far as inscriptions can be called ornamental, those are best adorned which are not adorned at all. The lines on Drayton would be fine if they were appropriate. They are attributed both to Quarles and to Ben Jonson, and are certainly very like the work of the last named, though it is not sublime, but ridiculous, to tell the 'pious marble' that when its ruins cease to commemorate Drayton,

> 'His name, that cannot fade, shall be
> An everlasting monument to thee.'

After a brief survey of these epitaphs, and having with difficulty suppressed one's disgust with the odious little busts of Archbishop Tait, Longfellow, Grote, Thirlwall, Macaulay, and Thackeray—which seem, so are they arranged, to be playing at hide-and-seek behind the columns—we may note with satisfaction the simple grave of Dr. Johnson, with only the date of his death and his age on it, and may look up at Goldsmith's tablet over the Revestry Door, just above. Johnson, who thought an epitaph ought to be in Latin, himself wrote the inscription. I have often wondered why the subscribers to this handsome monument by Nollekens did not look to the poet's neglected grave in the Temple Churchyard. So slightly did they regard it that within a few years its identity was lost, and the tombstone which now bears his name was laid down conjecturally, or rather where there happened to be a vacant space. The monument in the Abbey occupies a very conspicuous place, and the inscription is certainly in Dr. Johnson's best manner, and figures among the five or six good inscriptions in the whole church. It contains the well-known and oft-quoted sentences, 'Qui nullum ferè scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum tetigit quod

non ornavit.' How many people have spent fruitless hours searching in vain for this happy expression among the classics, just as other people seek for Sterne's 'shorn lamb' in the Bible. It is impossible not to quote once again the oft-quoted anecdote from Boswell (30th April, 1773):—

'*Johnson:* "I remember once being with Goldsmith in Westminster Abbey. While we surveyed the Poets' Corner I said to him,—

'"'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

'"When we got to Temple Bar he stopped me, pointed up to the heads upon it, and slyly whispered me,—

'"'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'"

'Alluding, of course, to Johnson's well-known Jacobite sentiments.'

LONGFELLOW'S BUST.

The graves of Sheridan, Campbell, and Dickens are on the floor, Dickens wholly lost in the glory of his surroundings. He should have been buried, as he himself desired, at Rochester, where his grave would have been an object of pilgrimage. Here he is a little more than nobody.

As it would manifestly be absurd to attempt a systematic account of all the curiosities of 'epitaphy' (or shall we say 'epitaphigraphy?') in the Abbey, we had best choose a few examples here and there as worthy of more than a moment's delay. Far away in the Infirmary Cloister we should notice a tablet in the north walk, to the memory of Mr. Thomas Smith, who died in 1664, and 'through the spotted vaile of the small-pox rendered a pure and unspotted soul to God.' In the greater Cloisters I have sought in vain the tablet to William Laurence, who served a Prebendary, and died in 1621:—

'Shorthand he wrote: his flower in prime did fade,
And hasty death shorthand of him hath made.
Well could he numbers and well measured land;
Thus doth he now that ground whereon you stand,
Wherein he lies so geometrical:
Art maketh some, but thus will Nature all.'

Brayley preserves the inscription, but says it is much worn. As almost the only examples of the typical seventeenth-century epitaph at Westminster, it might be wished that the Society for the Preservation of Memorials of the Dead should seek out these two stones and recut or protect them. There is one epitaph of the seventeenth century in the church which retains something of this character. It is a fine monument in the north transept erected to commemorate William Cavendish, described as 'the Loyall Duke of Newcastle,' who died in 1676, and his wife, who died in 1673, and of whom we read that she was a wise and learned lady, as 'her many bookes do well testifie' (her life of the duke, her husband, is still read), and that she was the 'youngest sister to the Lord Lucas, of Colchester, a noble familie, for all the Brothers were Valiant, and all the Sisters Virtuous.' This sentence is often quoted, but seldom ascribed to an epitaph in Westminster Abbey by an anonymous writer of the seventeenth century. In the centre of the nave we encounter some of the best of the Scriptural texts alluded to above. Over the grave of Field-Marshal Pollock (1872) is this very appropriate quotation from the hundred and fortieth Psalm:—'O God the Lord, the strength of my salvation, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle.' This offers a curious contrast to the blood-thirsty sentiments expressed by the widowed Lady Fairborne in a tablet on the opposite wall. Sir Palmes Fairborne

had been governor of Tangier, and was killed in 1680 by the Moors. The verses on the monument should be noticed in any case as having been written by Dryden; but three couplets must suffice:—

'The Candian siege his early valour knew
Where Turkish blood did his young hands embrue.

More bravely British general never fell,
Nor general's death was e'er avenged so well.
Which his pleased eyes beheld before their close,
Followed by thousand victims of his foes.'

Things did not improve much in a century, as a still more blood-thirsty epitaph, a little further east upon the same wall, dated 1782, clearly proves. But to return to the texts. One of these, on the grave of Livingstone, has always been considered most appropriate since it was placed here by Dean Stanley:—'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.' Over Sir Charles Barry's grave is (Col. iii. 23, 24, beginning), 'And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily.'

A very curious epitaph, and one about which much has been written, is that of the Duke of Buckingham in the chapel of Henry VII. The duke died in 1721 in February, and another great man, of less illustrious rank and descent, in September of the same year. This was Matthew Prior, who is buried close to Spencer's monument, and who mocked at ancestry in the famous lines:—

'Nobles and Heralds, by your leave
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior:
A son of Adam and of Eve:
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?'

When Matthew Prior was English minister at the court of Louis XIV. the bust here seen was sculptured by Coysevox and presented to the poet by the King. Prior was naturally pleased at the compliment, and, as he says in his will, 'for this last piece of human vanity' bequeathed the bust to be made part of a monument to his memory, permitting his executors to spend 500*l.* upon the design, and leaving these lines to be placed under his name:—

'To me 'tis given to die, to you 'tis given
To live: alas! one moment sets us even:
Mark how impartial is the will of Heaven.'

Atterbury was at this time Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester. In religious matters he was probably a very free-thinker, though nominally a High Churchman, and in any case a man of strong views and opinions, who eventually went into exile for the house of Stuart, and ended his days abroad. But while he held the office of Dean he was tyrannical as to epitaphs. They must be in Latin, and might be as heathenish as possible. Christianity was to be rigidly excluded. Atterbury himself, especially in his later years of exile, showed a Christian spirit in many ways. Why he looked on Westminster Abbey church as a heathen temple, a kind of Pantheon, I do not know. But his view as to epitaphs certainly seems to have been this: an epitaph ought to be in Latin: the best Latin is not Christian, but heathen, or at least pre-Christian: therefore the epitaphs to be inscribed on the walls of Westminster must contain as little Christianity and as little religion of any kind as possible. All which is, no doubt, very consistent, but hardly satisfies us as the appropriate attitude of the dean of a Christian church. The result of his views may be seen both on the monument of Matthew Prior and on that of the Duke of Buckingham. Prior's pretty little English triplet was absolutely rejected. Atterbury wrote at the time of Prior's death that he would do as he had promised regarding his tomb, 'particularly as to the triplet he wrote for his own epitaph, which, while we were on good terms, I promised him should never appear on his tomb while I was Dean of Westminster.' Dr. Freind accordingly wrote a long classical Latin inscription, which does not contain a single interesting line, and which carefully avoids even the slightest allusion to the fact that it was composed for the walls of a Christian church, and to mark the grave of a man who, whatever his shortcomings, had been baptized into the Christian faith.

The case of Buckingham's epitaph goes on all fours with this of Prior's. The duke, certainly of all men of his day, represented every kind of culture, including the most pedantic study of the classics. He wrote for his own epitaph what every one who has read it in its complete form must consider a touching and beautiful prayer, expressive rather of trembling hope than of confident faith, but perhaps none the less Christian on that account. It runs as follows:—

'Dubius, sed non improbus, vixi;
Incertus morior, non perturbatus;
Humanum est nescire et errare:
Christum adveneror, Deo confido
Omnipotente Benevolentissime;
Ens entium, miserere mei.'

Even John Newton admired the last line. I must refer to Dean Stanley's remarks on the whole subject. They are very interesting and delicately critical, and I merely pause to observe that Atterbury struck out the words put in italic above. No wonder Prior, in the short interval that elapsed between the Duke of Buckingham's funeral and his own, wrote the well-known lines which, though professedly

founded on a perverse interpretation of the charitable hope of the Burial Service, evidently point in reality to the deep-seated suspicion of Atterbury's own sincerity :—

'"Of these two learned peers, I prythee, say man,
Who is the lying knave, the priest or layman?
The Duke—he stands an infidel confess'd."
"He's our dear brother," quoth the lordly priest.'

Two other epitaphs of the same century can hardly be passed by. Sir Isaac Newton, whose somewhat extravagant monument was described in the last chapter, died in March 1727 as we reckon it, but the Old Style 1726 is on his tombstone. The epitaph on the monument is, to say the least, disappointing. The death of such a man called forth from the poets of the day some very fair verses. Johnson severely criticises the inscription as it is. A long catalogue of his discoveries, 'which no philosopher can want, and which none but a philosopher can understand,' is his verdict. Pope wrote some lines which were never set up; they are too extravagant in their eulogy, and have a 'made-to-order' ring which is unpleasing :—

'Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "*Let Newton be!*" and all was light.'

It is a pity, perhaps, that a few lines could not have been selected from Thomson's 'Poem Sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton,' which seems to me the finest of these numerous elegies. In it occur the well-known lines referring to the rainbow and the prismatic colours :—

'Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves by the hoarse brook,
Or Prophet, to whose rapture Heaven descends?'

And those on Newton's chronological investigations :—

'The noiseless tide of Time, all bearing down
To vast Eternity's unbounded Sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemmed alone.'

The last sentence should not be omitted :—

'While in expectance of the second life,
When Time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her Kings, and dignifies the scene.'

Dean Stanley oddly adds to his account of the Newton monument, that 'Johnson had intended "Isaacus Newtonius, legibus naturæ investigatis, hic quiescit."' (Isaac Newton, Nature's laws having been investigated, rests here.) But Dr. Johnson was only seventeen and wholly unknown to fame at the time of Newton's death.

The last epitaph I shall notice is nearly contemporary. Archbishop Boulter died in 1742. He was alternately the friend and the enemy of Dean Swift, and was during a considerable part of his life virtually governor of Ireland under successive Lords Lieutenant. His principle of action may be briefly summed up—'Ireland for the English.' As may be imagined, his life was anything but a placid one, and the contrast is grim between the reality and the pious fiction of the epitaph, which after recounting his virtues in very commonplace language ends thus: 'He was born January the 4th, 1671: he was consecrated Bishop of Bristol, 1718: He was translated to the Archbishopric of Armagh, 1723; and from thence to Heaven, September the 27th, 1742.'

W. J. Loftie.

THE ART OF GIORGIONE.

II.

ONE result of the new criticism which has recently been applied to Italian painting has been the transfer of many works of art from first-class masters to men of secondary rank. Where, in old days, two or three great names held possession of the field, a whole school of painters have now been discovered, and pictures formerly attributed wholesale to Raphael and Lionardo are proved to be the work of less renowned fellow-artists, who followed in their steps or shared their inspiration. In no instance has this been more strikingly shown than in the case of Giorgione. The great fame which he enjoyed during his short lifetime, and the extraordinary influence which he exercised on Venetian art, gave his name a prestige which the course of years only served to heighten. A century after his death his renown was greater than ever, his works were eagerly sought after by collectors, and no gallery could be complete without a Giorgione. This demand naturally led to the multiplication of pictures bearing his name, and fifty years ago the supposed Giorgiones in the public and private collections of Europe might be numbered by hundreds. Now all this has been changed, and it is impossible to name a dozen works which are accepted as genuine by critics of all schools.

If, on the one hand, this unsparing criticism has shorn the great master's crown of some bright gems, if the authenticity of such masterpieces as the famous *Concert* of the Pitti and the beautiful *Concert*

Champêtre of the Louvre has been disputed, it must, on the other hand, be remembered that the new method of scientific investigation has done Giorgione's reputation good service in another direction. For among the pictures loosely attributed to his hand a vast mass of inferior work had by degrees been accumulated, and had given rise to confused and erroneous ideas of his style. Only a few years ago we find one eminent critic remarking that Giorgione's faces are wholly soulless, another that he preferred size and strength of limb to loveliness in women, while the old reproach of sacrificing correctness and beauty of form to colour, first addressed to him by Vasari, has been continually repeated by modern writers.

The truer knowledge that we now have of Giorgione's art makes it comparatively easy to refute these assertions. They are, indeed, the very reverse of the fact. No painter was ever gifted with a finer feeling for form than this master. In their grace, their purity, and dignity, his figures follow the best traditions of Greek sculptures, and at every turn we are reminded how deeply he had drunk at the fount of classical inspiration. Again, no faces are more remarkable for their intensity of expression and depth of feeling than those which the critics have stigmatised as earthy and soulless. And if there is one virtue that is conspicuous in Giorgione's women it is their delicate refinement of feature, the pure and spiritual charm of their beauty. So marked are these characteristics of Giorgione's art, that in doubtful cases their absence may be taken as sufficient evidence that the work in question cannot be considered genuine.

Since the greater part of Giorgione's brief career was spent in fresco-painting, the panel pictures which he executed must, of necessity, be limited in number. Accordingly we find that most of the pictures wrongfully bearing his name were first ascribed to him in the course of the seventeenth century. Earlier writers are far more cautious and guarded in their statements. The oldest and most trustworthy authority on the subject—the unknown art-lover who goes by the name of l'Anonimo di Morelli—mentions twelve works by Giorgione which he saw in Venice between 1520 and 1530. Vasari, who was at Venice in 1544, gives a rather longer list, chiefly of portraits, but not one of the pictures which he describes has as yet come to light. Ridolfi, a Venetian painter and art historian, writing in the middle of the seventeenth century, mentions several of the works seen by the two former writers, and adds a good many more on his own authority, almost all of which have also disappeared. None of these writers, it is however worthy of notice, include in their lists of Giorgione's paintings the most important of those pictures which, after passing for genuine works of the master during two centuries, have within the last few years been finally brought down from their place of honour. These are now for the most part assigned to contemporaries and followers of Giorgione, among whom we find the most distinguished artists of Venice.

The *Meeting of Jacob and Rachel* in the Dresden Gallery, the *Adam and Eve* in the Brunswick Museum, and the *Lady with the Lute* at Alnwick, are all given to Palma Vecchio; the *Horoscope* with the supposed portraits of Lucrezia Borgia and her son, also at Dresden, to Pennacchi; the *Pietà* at Treviso is assigned either to Pordenone or else to his imitator, Domenico Caprioli; the *Tempest*, in the Academy of Venice, is ascribed to Paris Bordone; the *Finding of Moses* in the Brera and the *Adoration of the Magi*, at Dresden, to Bonifazio; while the *Virgin and Child, with Santa Brigitta and her husband Sant' Ulfo*, at Madrid, is now generally recognised to be a youthful work of Titian. All of these paintings are marked by the same Giorgionesque view of thought, while not a few are so idyllic in form and treatment, so rich and transparent in colour, that at first sight it is difficult to believe they can be the work of any other master. But a closer inspection will not fail to convince the student that they all, in one way or another, fall short of that perfect mastery, that exquisite completeness, which distinguishes the art of Giorgione from that of his ablest contemporaries. As for those other pictures of inferior workmanship which have at one time or another been ascribed to Giorgione, they were probably painted by his seventeenth-century imitator, Pietro della Vecchia, and may in some cases have been copied from original works which have since then perished; while the countless portraits which bear the same great name have now been restored to their different authors, the best among them to Palma, Sebastian del Piombo, Titian, Lotto, Andrea Schiavone, or Dosso Dossi.

What then remains to us of Giorgione's own work? How are we to form any clear idea of his style?

The answer we have to give is this. Four great examples of his art remain—the *Madonna and Saints* in the church of S. Liberale at Castelfranco; the *Famiglia di Giorgione*, in the possession of Prince Giovanelli at Venice; the *Eastern Sages*, in the Vienna Gallery, and the *Venus* at Dresden. All four are works of the first magnitude, agreeing in every particular with the descriptions we have of his style, and worthy in every way of his genius. The authenticity of these priceless works is fortunately proved by historical evidence of the most trustworthy kind, and they are consequently accepted by universal consent as genuine and undisputed pictures by Giorgione's hand. They command our

attention as the noblest revelations of an artist-soul of the very finest order, and at the same time supply the standard by which all other doubtful works must in future be tried.

First and foremost of the group is the Castelfranco altar-piece, a picture which enjoys the distinction of being the only Giorgione in the world unanimously recognised as genuine by critics of every age and school. Historic evidence and local tradition are here at one. We have the united testimony of Vasari, of Ridolfi, and of other seventeenth-century writers, who mention this picture as the pride and ornament of Castelfranco, and confirm the generally received tradition according to which Giorgione painted this altar-piece soon after the death of young Matteo Costanzo in 1504. The arms of the Costanzi are seen on the base of the Virgin's throne, and the form and features of the dead youth are reproduced in the figure of the soldier-saint Liberale. A few years ago the painter's name was still to be read in the verse inscribed on the back of the canvas in red chalk, and was only effaced by the carelessness of a modern restorer, the same who ventured to improve upon the work of Giorgione by giving S. Francis a beard. This was fortunately removed by the last restorer, but the picture has suffered terribly from these successive daubings, and little of the original painting remains untouched.

In spite of these irreparable injuries it has sustained, the Castelfranco *Madonna* is still a miracle of art. Besides its value as an example of Giorgione's style, the picture is of the highest importance as marking a new epoch in the development of Venetian painting. It is at once the last and crowning achievement of the old school and the first triumph of the new. The composition follows the noblest traditions of the school in which Giorgione was trained; it is as religious in feeling, as solemn and majestic, as Gian Bellini's own altar-pieces. But in the striking individuality of each separate figure, in the rare grace of form, in poetic charm of the landscape, in the careful management of light and shade, we recognise the *maniera moderna* of the young master, whose genius was of so bold and daring a type. High on a marble throne, draped with Persian hangings of the richest hues, the Virgin sits, clasping her Child in her arms. No halo surrounds her brow, but in her divine purity and lowliness—she is the Mother-maid of Dante's line—the

'Vergin madre umile ed alta più che creatura.'

Not Raphael, not Lionardo himself, ever painted a face of rarer loveliness, of sweeter and holier serenity, than this Madonna whom we see musing over her Child with rapt eyes. On the chequered pavement at the foot of her throne the two saints stand, on one side St. Francis in the grey cowl and knotted cord of his order, his countenance beaming with heavenly love; on the other, the warrior-saint Liberale, clad in shining armour and bearing the banner of the Cross, the very ideal of the true knight whose sword is pledged to the service of Our Lady. They do not look up, like Raphael Correggio's saints, at the object of their love and worship, but we are conscious of the higher presence in which they stand, and feel that no thought of earth mingles with their pure dreams of her to whom their lives and hearts are given. A low screen hung with purple drapery closes in the space behind these figures; and above either side of the Virgin's throne we look out across the woods and meadows and the towers of Castelfranco to the distant mountains and the sea. It is evening, and the forms of the guardian saints throw long shadows on the black and white squares of pavement at their feet. The glittering, polished armour of the young soldier and the brilliant lines of the Virgin's draperies are set off by the dimness of the purple background. All this part of the picture lies in shadow, but the landscape beyond is wrapt in sunny haze, and a bright belt of quivering light gleams on the distant waves. And the stillness of the twilight hour rests over all, as at the close of a summer day. The richest hues and the highest lights are blended together in perfect harmony, and the deep peace of evening sinks into the soul.

The same perfect balance, the same rare and exquisite feeling, marks Giorgione's second great picture, the so-called *Famiglia* in the Giovanelli collection at Venice. It is mentioned by Morelli's Anonimo, who saw the picture in 1530 at the house of Gabriel Vendramin, and describes it as *El paesetto in la tempesta, con la zingara e Soldato.* Tradition has given this charming landscape the name of Giorgione's Family, and sees in the handsome youth who stands to the left of the stream the painter's own portrait; while in the young mother who nurses her boy on the opposite bank, the image of his mistress Cecilia. The likeness of the gipsy woman's features to those of the Madonna in the Castelfranco altar-piece, and the flowing locks and dark eyes of her young Venetian lover, no doubt gave rise to this fable. We have no clue to the date of the work, but it was evidently painted some years after the Virgin of Castelfranco. Here there is greater freedom of hand, more breadth and ease of execution. The treatment of the theme is as original as the subject. The artist no longer paints Holy Families and Madonnas to order. He has forsaken traditional compositions to paint the visions of his own fancy, the *fantasie* which were filling his brain. He takes us to the happy fields of Arcady, where clear streams wander between meadow banks,

and tall trees lend their shelter through the hottest summer day. Here the sunlight lingers lovingly on the bright grass; here lovers meet in the sylvan solitude far from the noise and throng of men. And here again behind them are the towers in the distance, the moat and bridges of Castelfranco. But it is not always afternoon even in this pleasant land. The sunlight sleeps on the grassy bank where the dark-eyed gipsy rests, but the sky is black behind the trees, and already the edge of the thunder-cloud is touched with the first flash of lightning, messenger of coming storm. There is infinite skill in the rendering of these different gradations of light from the golden glow of the sun-filled air in the foreground to the angry sky and darkened face of the landscape beyond, infinite art in the contrast between the idyllic repose of the summer day and the threatening look of the coming storm. For the first time in the history of Venetian art, the landscape plays the leading part, and yet without the figures the picture would lose half its charm. They belong to the landscape, and the landscape belongs to them. Essentially modern in this, Giorgione saw the closeness of the tie that binds the human and the natural world together, and understood better than any of his contemporaries the connexion that exists between the joys and sorrows of human destiny and the changeful appearances of sky and earth. We know not all the story of the picture, whether the storm-cloud that hangs over the sweet woodland scene comes to part these lovers already divided by the stream; but we feel that their fate is closely bound up with the murmuring stream and the green banks and the spreading boughs, and that their presence lends to sun and cloud alike a deeper and more intense meaning.

The element of landscape predominates again in the third of Giorgione's masterpieces, the picture now in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna, described variously as *The Chaldæan Sages*, *The Sun Worshippers*, *The Astrologers*, *The Mathematicians*, or *The Surveyors*. This is the canvas which l'Anonimo saw in the house of Taddeo Contarini in the year 1525, and which he remarks was completed after Giorgione's death by Sebastiano del Piombo. His brief description is, as usual, singularly accurate. He calls it: 'An oil-painting on canvas, with three philosophers in an open landscape, two of whom are standing, while the third is sitting and observing the sun with a square and compasses, and with the wonderfully painted rocks.' The philosophers, or Eastern sages, are three figures in Oriental dress, who stand together on the edge of a thicket. Two of the group are elderly men; one wears a white turban, the other distinguished by his flowing beard and the celestial chart he holds unrolled in his hand, as they stand apart apparently discussing some astronomical problem. The third, a youthful figure with dark locks and expressive face, sits on a rock at the foot of the tree, and, with quadrant and compasses in hand, watches the setting sun as it drops rapidly below the hillside. Nowhere is the exquisite soberness of Giorgione's art more manifest than in this wondrous sunset scene painted by him when the day of his own life was fast drawing to its close. It is an autumn landscape. Already the rich brownness mingles with the fresh green of summer, one graceful sapling still spreads its yellow leaves in the mellow evening, but the other stems are stripped of foliage, and stand out bare and naked, their forms sharply defined against the burning sky. Beyond, through an opening in the wood, we see a few towers and houses nestling in the hollow of the hillside, and the purple shoulder of the distant mountain, behind which the sun is fast hurrying out of sight. Every tint of the sunset sky is given with admirable truth, from fiery red to palest primrose. The pebbles of the foreground, and the rocks fringed with ferns and hanging grasses, are all, as l'Anonimo wrote more than three hundred and fifty years ago, 'wonderfully painted.'

The same accomplished visitor saw another picture painted by Giorgione during his last and ripest period, in the same year, 1525. This was *The Sleeping Venus*, belonging to Jeronimo Marcello, which, also left unfinished at the great master's death, was completed by his friend and assistant, Titian. 'The canvas,' says our traveller, 'with the naked Venus, sleeping in an open landscape, is by the hand of Zorzo da Castelfranco, but the landscape and the Cupid were finished by Titian.' And another contemporary, Ridolfi, writing in 1646, mentions the picture in question as 'una deliciosa Venere ignuda dormiente,' words which exactly describe the Dresden Giorgione. Strange to say, this wonderful work of Giorgione was brought to Dresden in the seventeenth century as a Titian; the Cupid, which had suffered injury, was removed by a clumsy restorer, who darkened the sky with a thick cloud, and re-painted great part of the Venus, after which the picture was classed in the catalogue as a copy after Titian by Sassoferrato. As is well known, we owe the discovery of this lost Venus to Signor Morelli, whose quick eye at once recognised the hand of Giorgione in this peerless work. Now *The Sleeping Venus* occupies a prominent place in the Dresden Gallery, the restorer's work has as far as possible been removed, and no one who sees the picture can feel any reasonable doubt on the subject. Landscape, outline, and colour, all bear witness to the same story, and internal evidence agrees entirely with the historic testimony that we possess. The form is of the purest classical type, the face the same delicate oval which we see alike in the Madonna of Castel-

franco, in the gipsy mother of the Giovanelli landscape, that face which, whether Cecilia's or not, was the one which haunted Giorgione all his life long. Again, wherever the original brush-work remains, we find the same wonderful transparency of colour, the same pearly flesh-tints. The folds of white drapery laid on the grassy bank by the side of the slumbering form are in the highest degree characteristic of Giorgione. So, too, are the high-pitched roofs catching the sunlight, and the undulating Trevisan plain beyond, dear memories of the home whose beauty had sunk so deep into the boy's soul, and which was still fresh in his mind as he painted his last picture.

By the side of this sleeping form in her exquisite purity and refinement, all other nude goddesses pale. Titian's *Venus*, Correggio's *Danaë*, all look poor and common, or at best, their celestial charms have caught a taint of earthliness, which places them far below Giorgione's *Venus*. It is as if the great master, whose end was so near, had gathered up all the dreams of loveliness, all the heavenly visions which filled his soul, to paint this one divine and perfect form.

In these four great pictures, then, we find all the distinctive qualities of Giorgione's art, and recognise the presence of those perfectly balanced elements of form, colour, and chiaroscuro, which together make up the noblest art. Perhaps no pictures in the world are more deserving of study, and repay our attention more fully. Certainly they display a wealth and variety of ideas, an originality of treatment, and a mastery of hand that has been rarely excelled in the whole history of painting.

But the tale of Giorgione's glory does not end there, and before we pass on to smaller, or more doubtful works, we must mention one other masterpiece which has only been quite recently banished from the list of the master's recognised works. This is the famous *Concert of the Pitti*, which, with due respect to Signor Morelli, appears to us so Giorgionesque in spirit and treatment that it is almost impossible to believe it to be the work of any other master. Ridolfi, the same historian who mentions *The Sleeping Venus*, saw this picture in the shop of Paolo del Sera, a Florentine merchant then residing in Venice, from whose hands it soon afterwards passed into the collection of Leopold, Grand Duke of Tuscany. The composition is of the simplest kind. Three half-length figures are represented on a dark background. The central form, some Venetian Maestro di Capella in the habit of an Augustinian friar, strikes a chord on the harpsichord in front of him, and looks round at another older, bald-headed ecclesiatic, who holds a lute in his left hand, and lays the fingers of his right hand on the player's shoulder, while his eyes meet in sympathetic agreement the questioning gaze of the other. The third figure, a Venetian youth in knightly dress and plumed hat, stands on the other side of the monk, listening attentively to the chord that has just sounded. The expression and attitude of all three is admirably rendered. That of the monk, in its sensitive refinement, is of the highest beauty. Never has the intellectual and emotional delights which music gives been more perfectly expressed. We hear the sound of the notes, and share the satisfaction of the listeners, who have found the true resolution of the chord. The colour is of the soberest, but the light plays with wonderful effect about the figures, and throws a bright reflection on the face of the musician. Unfortunately, the work has suffered much injury at the hands of an incompetent restorer, and it is difficult to speak with any certainty as to the author until the coat of re-paint has been removed from the surface.

Signor Morelli, judging from the shape of the hands and ears, is inclined to regard it as a youthful work of Titian. But Giorgionesque as Titian is in many of his early pictures, there is a refinement and intensity of expression in the heads unlike anything which he ever painted, and which go far to prove the correctness of the old and well-supported tradition which has always associated Giorgione's name with this picture. Whoever the true author may be, *The Concert of the Pitti* is beyond doubt a masterpiece of Venetian art.

The scarcely less famous *Concert Champêtre* of the Louvre is received as a genuine work by Signor Morelli, but assailed on the other hand by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. There, again, the damaged condition of the picture is probably the cause of the doubts which have been cast on its authenticity; but it is amusing to find that while the last-named critics find the drawing and colouring of the Louvre *Concert* unmeasurably inferior to that of the Pitti picture, Signor Morelli holds exactly the opposite opinion. So true it is in l'Abbé du Bos' phrase, that 'l'art de devenir l'auteur d'un tableau en reconnaissant la main d'un maître est le plus fautif de tous les arts.'

The *Concert Champêtre* came into the hand of Louis XIV. from the banker Jabach, with many other pictures which had originally formed part of Charles I.'s collection, and is called a Giorgione in the list of the Whitehall pictures. Further than this we have no historical evidence upon which to rely, but the subject and treatment, and, above all, the lighting of the picture, are undoubtedly in Giorgione's style. We have here another of these pastoral idylls in which he took delight: it is Arcady again, where the shepherd pipes as he leads his flock home when the evening shadows lengthen and the sunset light catches the farm-house gables on the hill—Arcady, where beautiful youths play the flute in the golden

light, and white-limbed naïads draw water at the well. The young man in rich Venetian costume has the flowing locks and handsome face which Giorgione frequently introduced, and is the same who figures again in Titian's fresco of St. Anthony raising a dead youth to life in the Scuola del Santo at Padua.

To our list of undoubted Giorgiones three more youthful works must be added. These are the much-damaged half-length of *Christ bearing the Cross* in the Casa Loschi, at Vicenza, and the two finely coloured and well-preserved panels in the Uffizi, formerly in the Medici villa at Poggio Imperiale. Signor Morelli supposed these last to have been painted by Giorgione when he was only sixteen or eighteen years of age. The work is still that of the student, the style is still unformed, the master has not yet gained all its strength and freedom. The execution is careful and minute, and bears a strong resemblance to Giovanni Bellini's style, but there are already signs of marked originality in the secular and idyllic treatment of the sacred theme, especially in the picture of *The Child Moses before Pharaoh*, where the feathery trees and castellated heights of his native country are introduced in the background. The figures of the chief actors are marked by that slenderness of form and that rare touch of high-born grace which distinguish Giorgione's later work, and the soft, warm radiance of summer sunshine bathes the whole scene in light. Three pictures in private collections in England are added to the number by Crowe and Cavalcaselle: *The Nativity*, in Mr. Beaumont's collection, which has a good deal in common with the Uffizi panels, the unfinished *Judgment of Solomon* at Kingston Lacy, and *The Adoration of the Magi* in the National Gallery, bought from the Leigh Court collection as a Bellini in 1884, but more probably by the hand of another student in the same atelier.

More worthy in every way of Giorgione's renown is the noble altar-piece of the *Madonna and Child*, with St. Roch and St. Anthony on either side, in the Gallery of Madrid, formerly attributed to Pordenone, but restored to our master by Signor Morelli. There, again, we have the same woodland landscape, the same splendid colour, while the features of the Virgin are the same as in the picture at Castelfranco. The same critic recognises Giorgione's hand in a charming little panel in the seminary at Venice, evidently painted for a cassone, and representing Daphne in the act of being transformed into a laurel-tree as she flies from Apollo. He also considers a fine fragment in the Gallery at Pesth to be a portion of the *Birth of Paris*, seen by l'Anonimo in the house of Taddeo Contarini in 1525, and described by him as 'the canvas of the landscape with the *Birth of Paris*, and the two shepherds standing upright, by the hand of Zorzo da Castelfranco, and one of his first works.' The two Venetian youths, richly clad after Giorgione's fashion in contemporary costume, who, standing on the hillside, gaze wonderingly at some object before them, agree exactly with this description, and the fair stretch of distant landscape, seen in the dim morning twilight with the first rays of the rising sun breaking over the wave, is akin to that which we admire in the Dresden *Venus*.

Whether Morelli is right in giving Lorenzo Lotto's fine picture, the *Three Ages of Man*, in the Pitti Gallery to Giorgione, must, in the absence of all direct evidence, be considered an open question. Giorgionesque in colour and lighting the group certainly is, especially the beautiful figure of the boy with the shaded face reading the sheet of music, but not more so than other works by the same artist, while with subtle charm and subdued fire of expression it cannot be said to reach the level of the more famous *Concert*.

Of all the portraits which our master is said to have painted, the only one which the best critics now recognise as genuine is the noble *Knight of Malta* in the Uffizi, with the dreamy look in the eyes and the mournful expression of countenance—a sadly injured but quite unmistakable Giorgione. The portraits at Hampton Court and in other of our public and private galleries, which were formerly assigned to him, are now proved to be the work of his followers and imitators. The National Gallery, however, is fortunate in possessing one master-sketch in oils which has every claim to rank as an authentic Giorgione—the study of *St. Liberale*, executed by him for the Castelfranco altar-piece. Its genuineness has been assailed on the ground that the work is too highly finished to have been a sketch, and is more likely to be a copy; but the slight variations between the single figure and the larger picture are strongly in favour of the generally accepted opinion. Here the young knight is bareheaded, the helmet which he wears in the altar-piece lies on the ground at his feet, the glove which he holds in his right hand is absent, but the features agree exactly with the effigy of Matteo Costanzo in the churchyard at Castelfranco, and expression, attitude, and armour are all the same as in the altar-piece, saving that the armour in the sketch retains its silvery brightness in a higher degree than in the picture, which is in a far inferior state of preservation.

Genuine drawings of Giorgione are rarely to be met with, but the few which exist are marked by the same appreciation of natural beauties, the same love of the picturesque and romantic, as the landscape backgrounds of his paintings. Two sketches bearing in an especial manner the stamp of his genius belong

to Christ Church, Oxford, and were exhibited a few years ago in a Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. One is a mountain landscape with streams descending from the ravines, and a group of old houses built on stakes in the lake at the foot of the wooded slopes, while in the foreground three travellers—one in Venetian cap and plumes—are conversing eagerly at the parting of the ways. In the other we see a richly-clad youth at the foot of an aged trunk pouring out his song of love to the music of the mandoline, while his bright-eyed mistress listens with ever-new delight to the tale he has to tell; and the sunlight gilds the steep gables of the straggling farm-houses along the line of shore behind them. Often the subject is simpler still—a meadow, where herdsmen pipe their flutes on the banks of a babbling brook, or else a lonely shore and a dark clump of trees seen in the gathering shadows of the twilight. But however slight the sketch, the artist always finds Nature in her most tender and poetic mood. And the truth and accuracy of every detail is always rendered with the most perfect fidelity.

On the countless pictures which are distinctly Giorgionesque in sentiment, and so, in a measure, owe their existence to the great master, we cannot here dwell. A painter of his force and originality must perforce have left many of his ideas and motives to be worked out by others, especially when we reflect on the shortness of the span of life allotted to him. Such pictures as the *Golden Age* at Dudley House, the knight supporting the fainting lady in the Queen's collection at Buckingham Palace, or the wonderful group at Vienna, in which a vine-crowned guest is attacked by the murderer as he sits at the festive board, were clearly inspired by Giorgione, whether they are copies from some lost original, whether he actually furnished the design, or merely suggested the idea. In any case, he was the first founder of this peculiar class of painting, and it was from him that other artists first caught the spark of poetic fire which kindled their imaginations. Great, therefore, is the debt which Art owes to this man. Small in quantity as the sum of his work may be, it is of the very highest quality. Seldom as it is given to most of us to look on a picture which we know with absolute certainty to be his work, the pleasure we then experience is so rare and satisfying that it may well be reckoned among the choicest delights which life can afford. This is why we value Giorgione's art so highly, this is why the common consent of successive ages has given this young Venetian, who died so young and left so little behind him, a place with Raphael, with Michael Angelo, and Lionardo, among the few supreme painters of the world.

JULIA M. ADY.

MR. E. BURNE JONES, A.R.A., AS A DECORATIVE ARTIST.

IN the following notes I propose exclusively to consider the principles of Mr. Burne Jones's work in the decoration of buildings, mural pictures and stained glass being the chief examples of what he has done or wished to do in that respect; and, except in passing, it is intended to say little at this moment about that field for his peculiar skill which was afforded by the semi-dome of Street's church built in Rome for citizens of the United States. This superb body of mosaics, probably the largest of its kind ever entrusted to an English artist, and certainly the largest of the sort produced by such an one within our time, may be the subject of consideration on a later day. These mosaics illustrate in the most complete manner those theories of design on which I have reason to believe the artist has founded his practice, and never in the least degree departed from. His mural decorations, other than mosaics, and art applied to that 'storied pane' which is glorious in a thousand dyes, subserve and are faithful to the same laws as the pictures at Rome, but, as becomes applications of design which are freer and less constrained by the nature of the materials than the others, they rightly, that is logically, give greater play to the artist's hand, and a wider field to his invention, than the highly conventionalised and extremely limited art of painting with cubes of glass and stone admits.

With this omission on the one side, it is on the other intended to say nothing here of that still more splendid and varied category of paintings in oil to which Mr. Burne Jones has devoted the greater part of his life, including instances we have all enjoyed in the Grosvenor Gallery, among them being *Cophetua and the Beggar Maiden*, which, while lately at the 'Exposition Universelle,' Paris, astonished the French painters and compelled them to regard English art from a—to them—altogether fresh and very unexpected point of view. Deep as was the impression made in London by this picture, on Frenchmen it had a far greater and graver influence. Such is likely to be the case where bodies of spectators are concerned who are so very differently advanced in art and so diversely moved by their poetic sympathies as the English and French.

To confine the subject within moderate limits, these remarks are further restricted to works of decoration *per se*, to the exclusion of those mural

paintings proper, which were never intended to conform to the laws of decorative design, and, whether executed on panels, canvases, or directly on walls, are indifferently pictorial, inasmuch as they embody representations of natural objects in a more or less naturalistic manner, and excel in this respect, whatever their subjects may be. This will exclude such subtle-spirited masterpieces as *The Days of Creation*, and the two as yet incomplete series of paintings illustrating the legends of Perseus and the Sleeping Palace, members of both of which have appeared severally at the Grosvenor and New Galleries. *Perseus robbing the Graiæ*, which was delineated in lines incised on boards and inlaid with silver and gold, so that the depths of the lines expressed as much as is required of light and shadow, is an entirely decorative and conventional work. I do not intend to discuss — as some intelligent writers have done—a question which vexed them so greatly, *i.e.*, whether or not the painter's mood of design is not 'classical' nor 'mediaeval' in its feeling and thought; and I, for the nonce, care little whether any lady or gentleman thinks his art is "fresh, strenuous paganism, emasculated by false modern emotionalism." But I may venture to doubt if such impressions — opinions I cannot call them—are the more childish or more dull. The complete answer to fooleries of this order will be found in the designs now before the reader and others from the same hands which have been already offered to readers of the PORTFOLIO. I shall, whether they are puerile or inept, prefer to these crudities the *dicta* of the more generous critic who said, 'It is impossible to limit the expression of original genius, and we may therefore congratulate ourselves in possessing in E. Burne Jones a painter who can walk in the ways of the earlier Renaissance with so stately and assured a step, and with so much passion and fervour of imagination, as well as such splendid mastery of colour.' The criticism is liberal, and, so far as it was intended to reach, sufficient and just. A larger application will show that, not only in the mode of the earlier Renaissance, as with certain paintings, has our artist, in dealing with art in its strictly architectonic service, followed those admirable laws which were devised for decorative services in Byzantine and in Gothic times. In these times, as in antique Greece, ornament of every kind subserved the function for which it was intended, and, being at once logical and obedient, triumphed in freedom where it was apparently most restricted.

LEIF THE LUCKY.

THORFINN.

It would seem impossible that after these great laws had been discovered, long obeyed, and tested by the practice of many centuries, they could ever pass out of vogue, cease to control the vagaries of artistic

patrons, and fail to demand the strictest observance of designers. Such, however, was the case, and it is one of the strangest facts in the record of art that the very Renaissance, the earliest phase of which was alluded to by the writer whose *dicta* are quoted above, witnessed—if, indeed, it did not compel—the most unreasoning disobedience, and that sacrifice of fitness which ignored the radical difference between art-pictorial and art-decorative. The latter submits to conventions essential to the truthful manifestation of design as limited by the nature of the materials, the situation, and other circumstances, in accordance with which it exists in a logical condition. In criticism it is a fundamental principle that the logic of design is as the laws of the Medes and Persians, which knew no violation and tolerated no change. To depart from it is "Liberty" in the vulgar sense, which means the domination of the ignorant, or license.

Let us consider how a departure from this law is manifest in works of transcendent merit, and thus let us illustrate the difficulties the modern designer has to overcome, before he can educate his public. Among the crowning works of Raphael are the Cartoons, which even in their present sadly faded and pitiably restored condition, remain unsurpassed in design, composition, and dignified expression. Of yore they added to these claims on our applause a pure and grave style of draughtsmanship, a noble manner of drawing, modelling the most massive, expressions far finer than now appear, and—if the existing qualities of certain portions fairly represent the original whole—clear lighting and a chaste and elegant coloration, for which the student will look in vain in the Cartoons as they have been left by the weavers of Arras, Time's effacing fingers, and the coarse pigments and heavy brushes of Thornhill and others, who, with a vengeance, 'restored' them. Even of yore, however, these stupendous masterpieces departed from the law of decorative design, although their preciousness, not less than their popularity, is attested by the fact that of all works of art, except Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, they have been the most frequently and by every possible means copied.* They have even been adopted as models for a sort of miracle play, or sacred *pose plastique*, of the nature of those queer performances at Amergau, in Tyrol, which a few years since everybody rushed to see.

It does not detract from the incomparable merits of the Cartoons as paintings *per se* that Raphael in designing them according to pictorial principles, made noble pictures but bad tapestry. This fact, so well known to artists, has lately been the cause of straitening of the soul by amateur essayists on art, who proclaimed it as a new discovery in the application of the logic of design. That confusion of ideas on this subject exists, or ever has existed, is one of the curiosities of art criticism, and proves how valuable is the example of a painter of world-wide reputation, like Mr. Burne Jones, when his practice affirms the law he lives by without fear, and thus, according to the Laureate, attests the exercise of 'wisdom in the scorn of consequence.' Raphael, accustomed to paint on walls and canvases, wisely employed the pictorial mode in all cases where pigments in oil or water, or in fresco, were available. These materials amply sufficed for the just representation of direct and reflected light, as well as for various degrees of shadow, for depicting the subtlest contours, and delineation of passionate expression in the faces and attitudes of human figures. But he ought to have remembered that painting in colours woven by the loom—even a loom of Arras, famous for wonders of the shuttle—is incapable of such refinements, as the brush and palette readily permit.

Even the needles of embroiderers, however exquisitely wielded by fingers trained by long descent in skill, by an inheritance of centuries of craftsmanship, fail in comparison with the swift and forthright brushes of the painter, armed with pigments manifold, adaptable, and brilliant beyond all comparison with threads of worsted, silk, and gold, weave them or work them as delicately as you will. If the refinements here mentioned were desired, it was the logical duty of Raphael to give them in oil or fresco paint, which alone sufficed for the purpose. Called upon by the Pope to design tapestries to be placed behind the altar of the Sistine Chapel, immediately below the *Last Judgment* of Michael Angelo, the laws and limits of the weaver's loom should have been considered by the artist, who, great as he was, would have been greater, if, 'in scorn of consequence,' acting the law he lived by. Michael Angelo was obedient to the rules of design when he painted a multitude of moving figures on the Sistine roof and walls, but Raphael, as if defiantly, carelessly, or willing to measure himself with the older master—ignored those principles of the art-decorative which are available for wonders of the loom and needle.

The result is, we are indebted to Fortune rather than to Raphael that at least half the charms of his cartoons—quite untranslatable by shuttle or needle

* Until recently it was thought that the *Last Supper* surpassed the Cartoons in the diversity of the means employed for transcribing it. Many persons imagined that the latter instances, unlike the former one, had never been copied in relief. Quite lately, however, a series of versions of the eight instances, very deftly modelled in low relief, came to notice. Of course, it is favourable to the superior popularity of Raphael's designs, that the one painting of Da Vinci is more likely to be copied than the Urbinate's much greater number. Leonardo has, nevertheless, in this respect the better place, because his masterpiece has been reproduced, not only in very low relief, but in *alto relievo*, and even in a complete composition of statues detached from their background. This cannot, probably, be said of the Cartoons.

as they are—did not perish when the weavers, having done their office of translating as well as their craft allowed, put aside the originals, or left them to be used again at Mortlake or elsewhere, as luck might determine. Thus it happened that King Charles's Keeper of the Pictures, G. Vanderdoort by name, had occasion to catalogue his master's treasures, and recorded among the 'Pictures in store at Whitehall at this time, in the passage-room between the Banquetting House and the privy lodgings . . . . No. 2. Raphael Urbin. *Item*. In a slit deal case, some two Cartoons of Raphael Urbin's for hangings to be made by, and the others are, by the King's appointment, delivered to Mr. Franciscus Cleane, at Mortlack, to make hangings by.' If these cartoons (every one knows they are drawings in distemper on sheets of paper indifferently well attached to each other) had perished, it would have been ill for the honour of Raphael, whose finer work and higher intentions the looms of Flanders were quite incompetent to deal with. Thus much is affirmed by the tapestries now existing in the Chapel of Sixtus, which, fine as they are, imperfectly represent the Cartoons as they yet exist at South Kensington, and, when the latter were at their best must have proved even less adequate versions of what is due to so much genius and exquisite care. The 'slit deal case' was no sufficient casket for so much art. One of the series has gone astray, and no one knows what became of it. Half the time and labour Raphael and his assistants gave to the Cartoons as they were originally, would have sufficed for the production of designs embodying all the weavers could transcribe and preserve.

So much on the risks of design, and the loss—it might have been very much greater had not Fortune been propitious—which attended a noble master's carelessness or wilfulness. More likely the latter than the former

MARY.

DEBORAH.

RUTH.

The limits of the loom's attainment are analogous to those which control the art of the glass-stainer and the worker in mosaic. Those of the weaver I have already put before the reader; the mosaicist may stand by for a little, till we have considered and illustrated in Mr. Burne Jones's practice those laws of painting in stained glass to which, as above stated, he has always yielded obedience as perfect as obtained in Gothic as well as in Byzantine and Romanesque workshops. The functions of art in glass-staining are:—(1) To subserve architecture, of which it is an essential member; (2) to combine in expression and dignity with the walls and

mouldings, which are, to some extent, its framework; (3) to glorify, by the intensity of its design, some, at least, of the pathos of that framework; (4) to make manifest at its highest pitch the purpose and history of the building which encloses it as a shrine, and (5) to add the glory of colour and majesty of ordered lines in their quintessence to the solemnity of a place of worship, or enhance the majesty of a national building, or increase the sumptuousness and develop the charm of a palace, hall of state, drawing or banquetting-room, parlour or study, as the place may be. To each of these services the subject and even the coloration of stained glass should be adapted, and gorgeous hues in stately figures be assembled in rooms of dignity, while gayer harmonies may affect a lady's boudoir, and tints and lines sober, yet serene, be found in libraries and chambers 'far apart.' However employed, the principles of decoration for all these places are alike, and the designs for stained glass which are before the reader, selected from a much greater number of which Mr. Hollyer has, fortunately, transcribed the majority, suffice to show that neither physical beauty, spiritual and pathetic expression, facial loveliness, the charms of lines exquisitely adapted to each other, nor intensity of poetic inspiration, need be absent from examples which are thoroughly loyal to the severest canons of decorative design. Glory of colour—that 'splendid mastery of colour' the more intelligent of our critics praised —which is inherent to our painter's works of every kind, these reproductions cannot give; the tonality of their originals, a very valuable element they excel in, is equally and unavoidably absent from them.

The canons of decorative design, as applied to stained glass, were very little understood in this country, and rarely put to practical use, until about 1858, when, almost for the first time in England since the end of the fifteenth century, the art of glass-painting was legitimately exercised in designs of a high character, and Mr. Burne Jones's window, a complex and elaborate instance, was set up in Oxford Cathedral.

So little, till then, was the true art of glass-painting understood in Great Britain (France and Italy were not better off, while Germany, in the school of Munich, reached the very bathos of ineptitude and bad logic) by those whose familiarity with painted windows was great and whose power of copying them was manifest, that no less a person than the late Mr. Charles Winston—a capital draughtsman and an accomplished archaeologist, whose 'Hints on Glass Painting,' and 'Art of Glass Painting,' are still text-books of the antiquarianism of the subject —had the hardihood to maintain that there is no offence to eyes artistic, to say nothing of the logic of design, which is always obedient to nature and truth, in the illusiveness (or intended illusiveness) of glass-paintings, which, in the elaborate modelling of flesh and draperies, and the realistic delineation of aerial perspective, aim at representing forms—substances, and colours — so that — although they occur in transparent media, such as glass, and can only be seen in transmitted light—they appear like solid bodies revealed by reflected light with all its accompaniments of polished surfaces, and, with opaque forms, comprise shadows projected from those forms, and embrace picturesque elements a transparent medium cannot possibly possess. To Mr. Winston's influence, and that of others who ought to have known better, is due the introduction to this country of a great quantity of bad glass from Munich, Paris, and Brussels. Munich, notwithstanding the protests of those who had analysed the principles under which the glass-painters of antiquity practised their art, was allowed to furnish a large number of pictures designed and executed on the most erroneous principles, for the decoration of Glasgow Cathedral. They were chiefly paid for by Parliament. These works must be called 'transparencies,' because they look like paintings of the pictorial (not the decorative) sort executed on thin and tightly strained silk. Trivial and flabby in conception, feeble in design, they are beneath contempt as examples of an art which should triumph in the splendour of its lustre, its wealth of potent and gorgeous hues, combined with masterful subtlety and the solemn majesty of a poetic chiaroscuro. There are transparencies of somewhat less regrettable kind, and due to the same authorities, in St. Paul's, London. Acres of gaudy rubbish have been inserted to windows of innumerable churches and other public buildings which a better-trained generation will destroy.

The efforts of artists as capable as Messrs. F. Madox Brown, W. Morris, Walter Crane, and a few almost equally distinguished men, high among whom stands Mr. Burne Jones, have, after years of struggle, practically put an end to the importation, if not to the manufacture, of glass transparencies of the Munich kind. A score or two of fine windows, such as those the plate accompanying this essay and the designs printed with the text fairly, if incompletely, represent, have had prodigious effects on public taste, and most of the tradesmen who furnish painted windows, which are rarely good enough, or bad enough, for special remark, have learnt their business from artists, and ceased to sell "to order" transparencies which violate the simplest principles of design.

Of course, I need not say that, provided the treatment of them is equally logical and simple, there is not any special virtue in the quasi-Byzantine, or rather Romanesque, draperies of Mary, Deborah, and Ruth, as drawn in the instances from the church at

Edinburgh which are before us. These draperies remind the student of the noble twelfth-century statues in the porches of the transepts of the cathedral at Chartres, and other grand churches of the same period and style. There is a marked difference between these garments, and those which clothe the stalwart forms of Leïf the Lucky and Thorfinn Karlbefne, also before us, which show a much simpler treatment of their costume, while their companion heroine's broader draperies are almost Gothic in their elegance and plainness. The draperies of the Nativity our larger plate displays combine in one design both kinds of treatment. The reader of a paper by the present writer which accompanied a plate from Mr. Burne Jones's picture of *The Golden Stairs*, will find the girls' lovely forms and chaste contours clad in almost classic draperies. The figures of the angels with harps, in a window of the south choir aisle of Salisbury Cathedral, are as broad, massive, and simple, as Greek sculptors delighted in. As to the arrangement of the 'leads' which bind together the pieces of stained glass constituting a window, a matter of rare difficulty, demanding and rewarding close studies, it is far too technical to be treated of without the aid of diagrams prepared for the purpose.

F. G. Stephens.

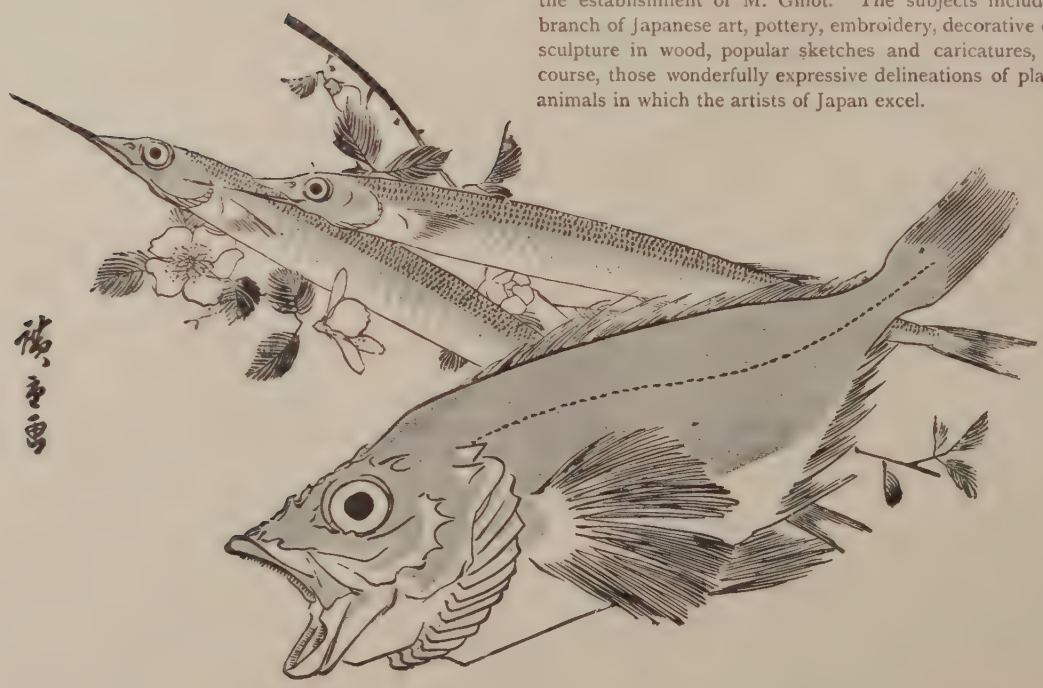
ART CHRONICLE.

The second annual exhibition of the 'Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society' falls no whit behind its predecessor in beauty and interest. In some respects a more definite scheme is felt in the choice and plan, and little space is frittered away in tentative, if well-meaning, trifles of domestic use. The members of the 'Exhibition Society' and of the Guild and School of Handicraft naturally take most prominent place, but outsiders form a respectable minority; and among the exhibits are objects in pottery, woodwork, metal-work, and so forth from provincial schools of handicraft, outcome of the 'Home Arts' movement,—and a very commendable outcome too. The catalogue is again prepared by Mr. Walter Crane, president, who sets forth anew the main aims of the enterprise to re-unite the artist and the craftsman, and help redeem the worker from mere soul-destroying mechanism, to concentrate the aroused enthusiasm for beauty in the accessories of life, and set forth examples representative of current ideas and skill. Nine capital little monographic sketches on various arts and crafts, written by practical workers, Mr. Madox Brown on 'Mural Painting,' Mr. Heywood Sumner on 'Sgrafitto,' Mr. William Morris on 'Dyeing,' Mr. Lewis Day on 'Working Drawings,' Mr. Reginald Blomfield on 'Book Illustration and Decoration,' &c., continue the series begun in last year's catalogue; and during the Exhibition lectures are arranged. In this and other ways the promoters seek to make it practically helpful. The interest of the various examples of art and craft is divided between design and process; and under the latter head many delightful inventions, revivals, or adaptations, or quite new processes, are exemplified. For example, we find gesso and fibrous plaster decorations, after the example of the lovely stucco and gesso work of the Italian Renaissance, white or partially coloured with lacquers. Mr. Walter Crane's freize of figures in modern costume, enacting dance-steps or *tête à têtes* in affected attitudes, is as cleverly modelled and well planned to space as it is trivial in motive and unpleasing in attenuated types; one of those curious lapses from taste which occasionally puzzle one in this eminently tasteful and ingenious designer. Mr. Rooke shows a richly decorative panel of sporting *amorini* amid foliage, flame, and water, executed in oils on gold and silver. Various kinds of *carton pierre*, specimens of Mr. Clement Heaton's encaustic *cloisonné* mosaic, examples of fresco and other processes for wall-painting, inlays, and staining of wood, even the old 'poker' or burnt-wood method, give opportunity for fitting design. Mr. Heywood Sumner exhibits a cartoon of energetic and original design, a parable of Time under imagery of rustic folk and labour, for execution in plasterers' sgraffitto—a process in which the dark and coloured lines, that pronounce the design, are produced by cutting through the third coat of white cement to the second coat of distemper-coloured Portland. In design for this purpose the 'white space' and the outline both need such thorough understanding as Mr. Sumner shows. The room set apart to cartoons and designs is especially interesting. Among those for glass we are glad to note by far the best composition for stained window-glass we have seen by Mr. Henry Holiday, a circular light for the library of a theological college in New Jersey, carried out by Messrs. Powell. The grouping and posing of emblematical female figures, Charity and Humility, Philosophy and Science, about the central Theology, are admirable, and the types are happily relieved from the peculiar soulless fleshiness that too often mars this artist's figures; the colour, also, is deep and harmonious. Mr. Crane's and Mr. Lewis Day's beautiful and ingenious patterns for wall-paper are found carried out by the manufacturers in another room; not always happily, as in the case of Mr. Crane's 'Peacock Garden' pattern, which, in one paper, pronounces the blue necks of the birds as spots of uncertain form. Mr. Day's designs, whether applied to textiles, papers, or fictiles, for fitness and beauty seem invariably right, though perhaps not often adventurous; it is obvious that his knowledge of the relations between design and material is almost unerring. The same principle underlies the various and noble fabrics designed and produced by Mr. William Morris, and worked more or less under his supervision. It is edifying to observe that the soundness of his art and craft tend to repression rather than exaggeration as time goes on, and that his following is the less distinguished by the tendency to out-manner mannerism, too often characteristic of discipleship. Hand embroidery seems still progressing among us; there are some admirable instances. As a bright example of adaptation we may signalise a portière, embroidered in shades of blue in a large pattern, taken from a Cairene plaque, by Miss Blanche Jenkins.

A great deal of capital metal-work, especially in *repoussé*, shows the increase here of really artistic design and labour. The Guild and School of Handicraft seems training good metal workers and designers; in one case, at least, that of Mr. J. Pearson, the 'art and craft' are from one hand. And here must close a notice which necessarily leaves much unnoticed and unsaid, although already beyond our ordinary limits. The fact most worth recording, more than names or examples, is the evidence of the Exhibition, within its comparatively restricted area and scheme, to the attainment of a higher standard of taste and culture in design and production than would fifty years ago have seemed a possible evolution within British borders.

Encouraged by the popularity of last year's exhibition, the painter pastellists have opened another show of their work at the Grosvenor Gallery. Many clever members of the French *Société des Pastellistes*, who supported the former exhibition, are not now present; but M. Blanche, whose work is always technically fine, and Mr. Emile Levy, whose broad, frank work

is especially commendable, have contributed figure studies. M. Wauters, the distinguished Belgian artist, sends a portrait of his compatriot, well known among us, and an exhibitor here of rather assailant studies, M. Hubert de Vos. Mr. Llewellin paints in pastel, if we may use the expression of the compacted surface he achieves, effective portraiture. Mr. Arthur Hacker, Miss Florence Small, Miss Flood Jones, Mr. Jacomb Hood, send notable heads; Mr. Rathbone also, who is at any rate happy in subject when portraying Madame James Darmstetter and Miss Blind. Some enjoyable landscape work is sent by Mr. Peppercorn, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Macbeth, and Mr. Grace, Mrs. Stanhope Forbes (Miss E. Armstrong), and subject studies by Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. C. T. Watson, and Mr. Wilkinson. Madame Anna Bilinska also sends again examples of her courageous, not to say crude, manner. On the whole we find artists transferring to pastel work the effects of their manner in other mediums, and it is the exception to find real comprehension of the specialties of technical quality which constitute the value of pastel, tender brilliance, suggestiveness, bloom in tint, charm in handling.



So successful was the recent Glasgow Exhibition that 40,000*l.* remains as surplus receipts to be devoted to some permanent object. It is proposed to erect a museum of art in the city.

Landscape Art has, since our last issue, suffered loss in the death of the eminent French painter, M. Jules Dupré. Between the earnest imagination and suggestive and vigorous breadth of his work, there subsisted that fine oneness of expression which is a *cachet* of the complete artist. The titles of some of his pictures will recall their characteristics to those familiar with them:—*Les Landes, Marée dans le forêt de Compiégne, soleil couchant; Berger des Landes; La Saulaie; Un Pacage; Entrée d'un Hameau dans les Landes; Coucher du Soleil; Barques échouées clair de Lune.* He worked sometimes in England, and two of his English studies were included in the Centennial Collection on the Champ de Mars.

The recent numbers of 'Artistic Japan' (the English edition of which is published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.) contains articles on the 'Origin of Painting,' by S. Bing; on 'Japanese Pottery,' by Philippe Burty; and an account, by W. Anderson, of the Japanese artist 'Hiroshigé,' a native of Yédo, and a designer of illustrations for books and broadsides, in the manner of the more famous draughtsman, Hokusai. He died of cholera during the great epidemic of 1858, at the age of sixty-one, and his death, says Mr. Anderson, 'was a severe loss to the cause of popular art, and one that has yet to be compensated for by the advent of a worthy successor. . . . . He is known in Europe almost entirely by the engravings after his designs, but it would be unfair to judge him by these alone. His original sketches possess qualities of colour and manipulation that are too often either feebly translated or sadly misrepresented in the woodcuts published under his name. He had, indeed, a wonderfully firm and expressive touch, his renderings of atmosphere and distance were bold and successful, and his colouring was often almost as tender and harmonious as that of the masters of the Kano School.' Each number of 'Artistic Japan' contains nine or ten illustrations printed separately in tints, and twice as many engravings in the text, all executed at the establishment of M. Gillot. The subjects include every branch of Japanese art, pottery, embroidery, decorative designs, sculpture in wood, popular sketches and caricatures, and, of course, those wonderfully expressive delineations of plants and animals in which the artists of Japan excel.

COAST SCENE, SUNSET.

ETCHED BY E. W. EVANS, FROM A DRAWING BY COPLEY FIELDING.

THIS fine water-colour drawing came to the South Kensington Museum as part of the Jones Bequest. It hangs near some drawings by Turner, and being very luminous in quality, and poetical in feeling, it does not suffer even from such formidable competition. The Museum possesses no less than twenty examples of this artist's work, which fairly illustrate his various subjects — the mountains of Scotland and Westmoreland, the South Downs of Sussex, sea-pieces, and coast scenes. Unfortunately some of his drawings do not bear exposure to light well, and the sky of the fine *Ship in Distress*, which we engraved last year, has suffered much from the fading of the blue.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

XII.—*A Walk in the Precincts.*

A Benedictine Monastery—The Domestic Buildings—Gradual Growth of the Church—The North Transept—Sir Christopher Wren—The present state of Architecture—The Western Towers—Great and Little Dean's Yard—Ashburnham House—The old Dormitory—Burlington's Dormitory—The College Garden—College Street—Some thoughts on 'Restoration'—The Abbey as a *Campo Santo*—Conclusion.

THERE are many things in Westminster Abbey and its immediate surroundings which do not fit readily into any of the foregoing chapters. At the risk, therefore, of repeating here and there what has already been written, I will endeavour to describe some superficial impressions produced on the mind of a visitor who perambulates the churchyard and what remains of the adjoining domestic buildings. A Benedictine monastery, or, in fact, any monastery of the old foundation, whether it professed the reformed Benedictine rule or not, was built almost always on the same plan. The arrangement of the 'house' as distinguished from the 'church' varied but little where the exigencies of the site did not demand unusual treatment. At Westminster, as at St. Albans—the only other English monastery to compete with it in size and importance—the domestic buildings, including the cloisters and the refectory, were on the south side of the church. In a church like St. Paul's, which belonged to secular canons, cloisters and a refectory were not a necessity. The canons did not reside constantly in the domestic buildings; the church was the first thing, and the regular celebration of Divine service was easily provided for when the canon appointed a vicar to take his turn of duty. In a monastery like Westminster the domestic buildings were of prime importance. The smallest part of the service of the church could not be maintained until some accommodation had been provided for the monks. The canons of St. Paul's could live where they pleased, and there is plenty of evidence that in the eleventh and twelfth centuries a canon lived at home with his wife and children, whom in most cases, no doubt, he left at his country prebendal manor-house when he took his turn in the cathedral. A community like that of Westminster was wholly different. The monks shared the same refectory and dormitory; they were fed from the same kitchen, and their diet, bread and ale, was prepared on the premises.

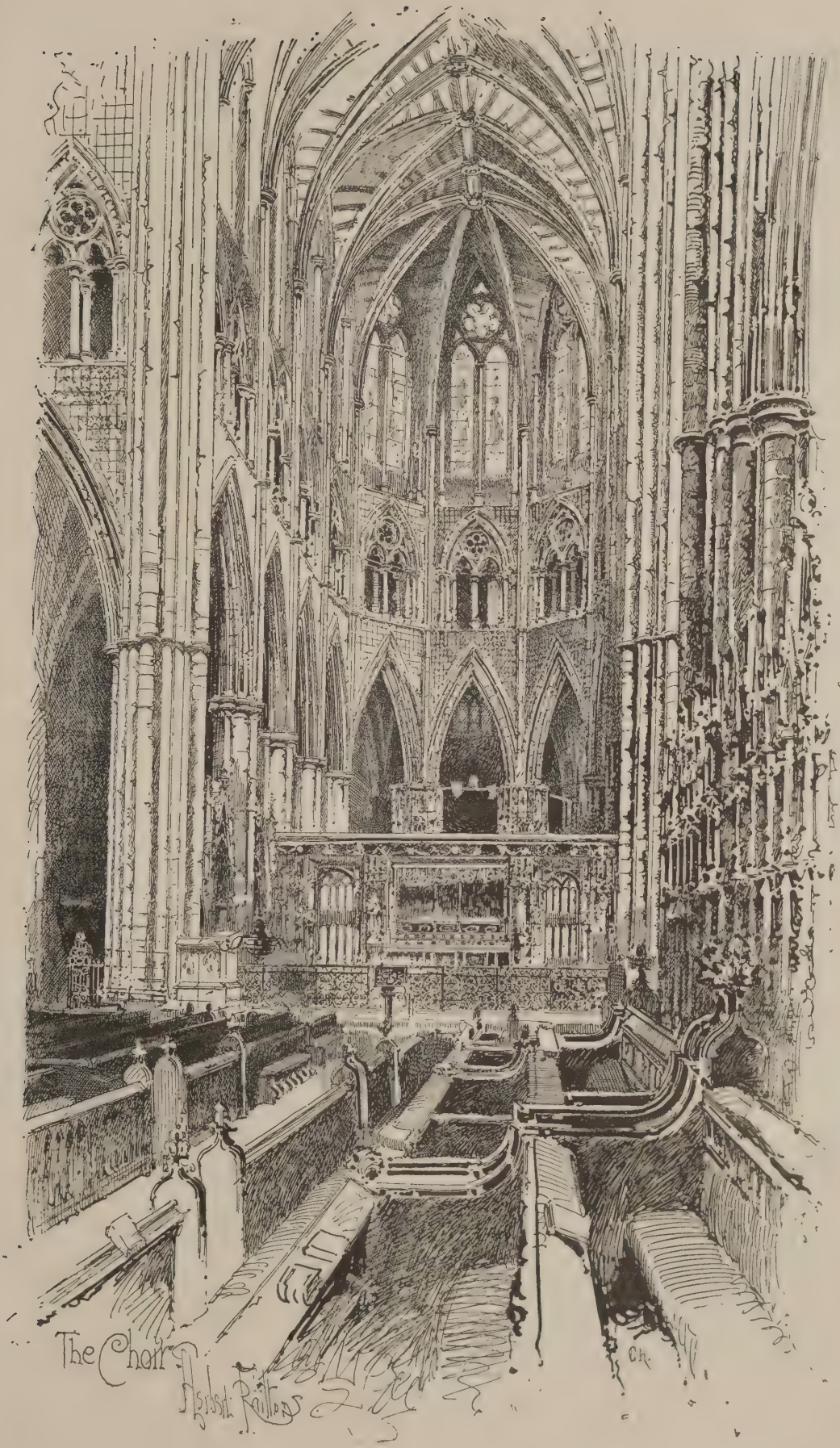
The domestic buildings of a great abbey like that of St. Albans spread over a wide space, where the surrounding fields, and especially the southern slope of the hill towards the Ver, were all open for the Abbot's House and his garden, for the fish-ponds, for the long dormitories, the scriptorium, the gaol, and the other necessaries of a Benedictine foundation. At Westminster the same arrangements existed, though hardly on so extensive a scale; but the primary importance of the domestic buildings is well marked by the antiquity of the remains which are yet to be seen on the site. The buildings were finished and inhabited early, and were but little altered until a comparatively late period, whereas the church grew, little by little, from a mere chapel to the stately edifice we now see. The traces of that growth are most interesting, and, in spite of determined efforts on the part of recent 'restorers,' are still in many places perfectly visible. The church of Westminster Abbey was begun in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and was finished in the reign of George II. During all that long period its growth was continuous. Since the so-called Gothic revival became an active force, successive architects have been endeavouring, with too much success, to obliterate the marks of that growth; but why we should accept the opinions of a modern Gothic architect as to what the church ought to be I do not know, seeing it never was at any one time as he would have us believe. The north transept was never in the reign, say, of Richard II. a bit more like that which is now being built

than it was like that built in 1722 by Wren and his pupils. We are not compelled to accept either as like the original, and, of course, from the archaeological and artistic point of view, are inclined to think Wren's work of a century and a half ago superior in interest to that of Scott or his disciples at the present day. In any case, we are allowing a building almost two hundred years old to be taken away, for no special reason, in favour of a wholly modern and, if we can yet judge of it, marvellously inartistic and ill-proportioned design in a style which was never much in vogue in England, and least of all at Westminster.

Sir Christopher reports that the northern transept was out of repair in 1713, and that he had made a design to restore it to its proper shape. This design in a curious drawing, apparently by one of his pupils, was published in the *Building News* last year (26th October, 1888), and shows that Wren's ideas were not only far ahead of those of the architects of his time, but also far ahead of those of the architects of our time, even after the benign influence of fifty years of the great Gothic revival. It is usual to assert that Wren failed in his Gothic detail. A good deal might be said on the other side. At all events, no one can possibly be so imbued with admiration for the modern revived Gothic style, as to prefer the mouldings and carvings of the porch of St. Michael's, Cornhill, to Wren's delicate mouldings and panellings on the tall tower above. I specially adduce this example, because, in the first place, there can be but one opinion on the subject; and because, secondly, I am absolutely unacquainted with the name of the builder, or architect, who made the porch. I do not mention this from any wish to learn it, but only because if I say that such an excrescence is a disgrace to the Church, I do so without any personal feeling. Unfortunately I am too well acquainted with the name and works of Sir Gilbert Scott, and with those of his successor, the present 'restorer' of Wren's work at Westminster. Of Sir Gilbert Scott, for obvious reasons, I shall say as little as possible. He was a very short-sighted man, and was physically incapable of dealing with masses. His designs depended entirely on his details, and as, I believe, he could not draw, it will be seen—without the evidence afforded by his works, such as St. Pancras Hotel and the Albert Memorial—that he was unfitted for the part he had too often to play. With regard to his successor, it might be thought too soon to speak, but for the recently displayed additions to Westminster Hall. If taste were in the forward state among us that some would have us believe, a view of the squat extinguisher pinnacles and the heavy, coarse mouldings which impart such an air of meanness to the west side of the Hall, would lead us to fear the worst as to the North Transept, and Wren's work on which Mr. Pearson is now engaged, whether in a reverential spirit or not, a few months will show. It is not going beyond legitimate architectural criticism to say this; but it will be only fair to add that at no period with which, either historically or personally, I am acquainted, has architecture and architectural criticism reached so low a level as at the present time. The Gothic revivalists threw proportion to the winds. Mr. Garbett and others tried to stem the tide without avail. Mr. Ruskin, Pugin, and Sir G. Scott, all eloquent writers, all equally ignorant of such things as proportion in design, taught the young architect, 'Take care of your details, think of your mouldings, your capitals and bases—let the diameters of your shafts, the relations of wall space and openings, the mass and the size, the appearance of strength or of weakness, take care of themselves'—such was the teaching which has brought us to the horrors of the Manchester Town Hall, the North-western Hotel at Liverpool, whole streets full of warehouses of marble and granite in the City, and, finally, for there is a lower depth still, to the new buildings at South Kensington. The new north front of Westminster Abbey when the present scaffolding is cleared away, will be found to offend against everyone of the canons of taste which must have actuated Wren in making the building now being destroyed.

The first consideration with him was, no doubt, the general outline. In this his marvellous eye for effect, or, to speak more exactly, his trained mathematical knowledge, gave him a great advantage. He saw, of course, that elaborate carving and specious ornament would be out of place in a north front raising itself one hundred and seventy feet against any daylight there ever is in a London sky, that outline and mass must be everything and mere decoration nothing. On this principle he designed the new north front, with such success that it used to be one of the most difficult things to believe that the gable end of the transept was no higher than any other part of the great cruciform building. This is well seen in a print, with which many of my readers may be familiar, by C. Wild, published in 1805, in which the light is well managed and produces just the right scenic effect. We have yet to see how far Mr. Pearson, following in the footsteps of Sir Gilbert Scott, will have been able in the modern 'mock Gothic' to preserve this effect.

If instead of entering the church we turn to the westward, along the north side of the now 'thoroughly restored' nave, we reach the much-abused towers. How they have escaped the ravages of the last fifty years is one of those standing miracles for which it is so hard to account. How-



The Choir
Ashton Rollers

ever, there they are, much as they were left when their architect, assuredly not Wren, who, in fact, was dead a dozen years before, handed them over complete to the Dean and Chapter in 1735. I pointed out in a former chapter the curious fact that the first and last royal tombs are practically in the same style. The exterior of the Abbey, begun in a 'dialect,' so to speak, of Romanesque, by Edward the Confessor, was completed in another dialect of the same style in the reign of George II. These western towers have been often threatened. I trust they will survive a few years longer, by which time a better turn may have taken place in the tide of architectural taste; but it is curious to note that a hundred years after the death of Wren even so accurate an author as Brayley talks of his style —with special reference to these towers—as Grecian.

At this western front we are as nearly as possible where the Almonry and its chapel stood, for in the reign of Edward IV. it must be remembered that the precincts were surrounded with walls, within which were many courts and gardens and other small subdivisions, most of which have now disappeared. We have still, however, Great and Little Dean's Yards; the picturesque court which gives entrance to the Queen's Scholars' Hall, formerly the Abbot's Refectory; the College Garden, and the small open space behind Ashburnham House.

There is little to detain the visitor in Great Dean's Yard; but one of the best views of the Church is to be had from its south-western corner; and the northern and eastern sides are made up in part of ancient buildings, some cruelly restored, other less cruelly mutilated to fit them for modern habitations. The Head Master's House has been adapted by slow degrees from the lodgings of the Abbey cellarer, and is full of picturesque corners within and without. A visit to it will do more than libraries of books to convert the 'restorer' from the baneful path on which he has entered. The house contains a marvellous series of portraits of head-masters, reaching back to Elizabethan times, and including a very interesting likeness of the great Camden, who was an assistant here and afterwards the only lay head-master.

We can enter Little Dean's Yard by a passage close to the Head Master's House. Once within, we see on the left Ashburnham House, one of Inigo Jones's masterpieces; next beyond it an unnecessarily ugly modern house on a foundation as old as anything here; and at right angles to it the southern extremity of the ancient monastic Dormitory, partly masked and concealed by the well-known porch, carved all over with the names of former scholars. The south side of Little Dean's Yard is occupied by school-buildings of comparatively modern date.

Ashburnham House is so plain outside that a visit to the interior comes as a pleasant surprise. It has been, however, so often described of late that I need do little more here than mention some interesting discoveries of old work which were recently shown to me by the kindness of the Head Master. As is well known, Ashburnham House is built, so to speak, astride of the thick wall of the ancient Misericorde. In making some investigations with a view to discovering the original dimensions of Inigo's hall, which has been much cut up with panelled partitions, Mr. Rutherford found some windows apparently of Litlington's period, and what may safely be identified as a 'buttery hatch,' or aperture communicating with the kitchen of the refectory. We may observe, in passing, that the interior arrangements of Ashburnham House have not been in any way injured since its occupation by the School, and the visitor can still admire the beauty of the spacious staircase and of the chief reception rooms on the first floor. The unfortunate third storey, which does so much to spoil the front, was built by one of the last canons in occupation.

I have mentioned the unusual ugliness of the house newly built to the eastward. To make way for it a great deal of damage was done to the scarce and scanty remains of the building of Edward the Confessor; while the house pulled down was itself of great antiquity, and possibly dated from the thirteenth century.

The old Dormitory of the Monks is as well worthy of a visit as anything within the ancient precincts. By some judicious and as many injudicious alterations it has been converted into a noble hall, where the Head Master can sit on a kind of throne at one end while his pupils are working out their papers at separate desks. The roof is of dark timber, somewhat rough and of uncertain date. The walls are mainly of the most ancient period, containing arches and doorways which may well have been placed where they are by Edward the Confessor. It will be remembered that the northern end of this same building forms the Chapter library already described. Before leaving this block of buildings, the visitor should, if possible, obtain admission to a room sometimes called Dr. Busby's Parlour, formerly a school library, and still containing some curious books, but now fitted up as a museum. This chamber, which is charmingly situated with a window opening on the college gardens, retains its Stuart features, among which the exquisite plaster-work wreath which adorns the domed ceiling, will be specially admired. Busby died in 1695. In the view across the garden, from the window of the museum, a portion of the present dormitory is seen among the green trees. Strange to say, this is the most beautiful building of its kind in London, and at the same time the least known.

We have hardly any relics of Lord Burlington's work left. The best was, of course, his own house in Piccadilly. It is significant of the present state of æsthetic culture in England, that this exquisite building was destroyed for the benefit of the Royal Academy of Arts. To speak more strictly, it was destroyed because the so-called architects employed were not clever or competent enough to make a new design in which the old one might be preserved, no very difficult task it might be thought. A house in the same neighbourhood, was that built originally for General Wade, but so altered as to have nothing of Burlington left about it. The third and only other building of his left in London is the dormitory, or rather that front of it which looks upon the College Garden. Lord Burlington rightly thought that in such a situation—then, no doubt, little better than a marsh—the ground-floor should not be used for habitation, and kept the lower storey as an open arcade, consisting of fifteen massive arches. Above is a row of as many niches intended for statues. Above this again is a row of square windows, and the building ends with a deep cornice. It is of freestone, now in parts somewhat decayed, and the lower arcade has been filled up, the space within being utilised for studies, the modern drainage and warming arrangements making possible what a hundred years ago would have been dangerous. From the simplicity of the elements of this design, as described above, it will be seen that its beauty does not in any way depend on ornament. The niches were never filled; there is not a square inch of carving on the whole surface; there is no coloured marble, or polished granite, or gilt bronze; yet the result is perfectly satisfactory and eminently beautiful. I do not say that the modern architect who covers his shortcomings with unmeaning friezes and reliefs, and hides his bad construction with rows of vases, and shining knobs of green and red stone, would be able to see and appreciate rightly the subtle beauty of such a building as this. On the contrary, he will probably call it, as a modern architect called the Chapel at Whitehall, an ugly barn; and I can only hope that, as it has lain hidden for so many years, it may continue so until the present depression in architectural taste is a thing of the past.

The interior was never completed, but remains a long, lofty room divided into 'cubicles,' for the sleeping accommodation of the forty scholars on the foundation. It is about 160 feet long and about 30 feet high.

Visitors are not admitted to the College Garden, which belongs to the 'college' as represented by the clergy of the 'collegiate' church and not to the school; but it is not difficult for any one interested to obtain leave to see one of the best views of what remain of the old buildings.' We can return through the infirmary cloisters, or, rather, through their site, for the present arcades are very modern, and some of the buildings by which they are flanked are in the most modern, and, among these old relics, distressingly conspicuous style known, and justly, as 'Gothic.' 'Vandal' would suit it as well. A few steps further, under the low arches of Edward's buildings, and we are back in the Great Cloister.

The visitor should go out through the only precinct gate still remaining, that at the south-eastern corner of Dean's Yard. Here, formerly, was a bridge and a brook, both now far under ground; and the archway, modernised on the inner side, only represents the original gate. College Street contains some rather picturesque old houses, but is chiefly worth a visit for the view of the Abbey, the School, and the circumjacent buildings which may be obtained from it.

I do not suppose it would be possible to close a series of chapters like these without some attempt

to point a moral. I humbly wish that anything I have said, or can say, might contribute, however little, to a clearer view on the part of those who have the control of such buildings as Westminster Abbey of their duty to their charge. Without going too far, is it unreasonable to ask that the Dean and Chapter of such a church as this should regard themselves as a kind of 'society for the protection of the ancient building' entrusted to their care? And, to go a step further, can it truthfully be asserted that they — or for that matter any other capitular body of any other cathedral church — have honestly done their duty in this particular? At Canterbury, at Salisbury, at Hereford, above all, at St. Albans, we have seen worse things done than any at Westminster; but it is still too apparent that none of the august governing committees of these churches has grasped the fundamental idea which should control its action. They have never fully learned to let well alone, though some little progress has been made in this direction. But above all, on one point they have made no progress. It cannot be forced upon their minds that what is called 'Restoration' is an impossibility, almost a contradiction in terms. A dean and chapter may go right in every other particular, but as long as they are willing to listen to, or even for a moment to tolerate, an architect who comes to advocate a 'restoration,' they are wanting in a due appreciation of their position. Let us endeavour to put the architect's plea into plain words. He comes before a committee of reparation and does not say, 'Reparation is all you want; I can make your church wind and water-tight; I can preserve it from falling; and can so manage that it will remain as it is now for many years to come.' This is not what he undertakes: far from it. He offers to do what no man living can do. He makes an utterly fallacious promise. He professes to be able to roll back the ages, so that after a touch or two from his magic wand the building shall appear as it was when it first came from its first designer's hand. He says, in effect, 'Without in any way interfering with the antique effect of your church, I will make it a new church. I will *restore* the old mouldings and the old tracery so that they shall be what they were when they were made, yet without losing their old character: above all, you shall have your church as it appeared when it was first built.'

In noticing this seductive offer to which deans and chapters and their inferiors, vicars and vestries, usually succumb, I want to call attention to the impossibilities—the more than miracles—the architect proposes to accomplish. He is to make old things new, without destroying their age; that is, he is to take out, say, a piece of decayed carving and replace it with new carving, and then waving his wand is to convince you that what you see is the original old carving, and not a new piece at all. But his second proposal—I need only notice two—is still more fallacious. He will make the church what it was when it was finished. When was Westminster Abbey finished? If you must have a date, it is one he will never give you. Westminster Abbey was finished in 1735, if ever. From before the Norman Conquest down to 1735, the church was in progress. The best architects of the day were employed on it; the best workmen laboured at the details, and the best materials at command were used. Such a view will not suit the modern Gothic architect. He must fix on a period when finality may be predicated of the building, otherwise he will be in the position of the child who complained that London never is 'finished.' If he does not pitch on a suitable date, some other architect, less scrupulous than he, will be preferred. He probably takes the end of the fourteenth century, and so, because this

date suits him best, the dean and chapter hand over their cathedral to have everything, good or bad, later than 1400 taken away as far as possible, and its place supplied with what the architect tells them is thirteenth-century work. But where does he get thirteenth-century work? This is the whole point, and the point always evaded or missed. Neither I, nor any other opposer of 'restoration,' has the slightest objection to see thirteenth-century work replaced in, say, Westminster Abbey. But where are you to get it? The architect finds you shallow mouldings with heavy rolls; he finds you old patterns of bosses not undercut; he finds you machine-made carving and glaring glass for the windows, and then, with a few little improvements of his own, just to ticket his work, he lets you see the result and instructs you what to admire, and tells you that this is what the church looked like at the end of the fourteenth century, and, what is stranger than all, you believe him and pay the bill. I say again and again, if restoration was possible, I should be all for restoration—but it is not possible, and the few cases I know of in which it has been most successful are the more deterrent, because they are deceptive.

THE DRYDEN MONUMENT.

Another controversial point must be touched upon here. The Abbey is full of the memorials of second and third-rate celebrities, and almost every day we hear rumours of fresh arrivals. It is high time that some kind of rule should be made and observed as to the illustrious dead. The burial of great folks must, from the exigencies of space, become fewer and fewer as years go on. The 'Campo Santo' notion recently put forward finds no favour, and its chief advocate, when he had the power, did so much to injure both Westminster and London at large that his views on this matter are heavily discounted. The opinions of the man who ruined Hyde Park Corner and the west side of Westminster Hall are not worth discussion. The broad question as to memorials in the Abbey remains unanswered. At present the wildest anomalies prevail. Lord Beaconsfield is buried at Hughenden, and there is a fine statue to commemorate him near the Houses of Parliament, where he won his fame. But within a couple of hundred yards in the north transept of the Abbey another statue of the same statesman appears. Thackeray was buried at Kensal Green, yet he is commemorated in the Abbey by a preternaturally hideous nude bust in the Poets' Corner, while his great rival Dickens is buried close by with no monument except his gravestone. Lord Lytton lies under a gravestone in St. Edmund's Chapel, but why he should be in Westminster Abbey at all no one seems to know; we narrowly missed, and then only by the special interference of the House of Commons, a statue of a young princely adventurer, of foreign birth and religion. While we can put such objects in prominent places, one of the few worthy works of art with which the Abbey has been enriched for a century past—Mr. Gilbert's tablet to the memory of Henry Fawcett—is hidden in the darkest corner in the whole church. This is not the place in which to suggest improvements on

the present system, but I cannot help thinking that something like the ten years' rule which prevails in the National Portrait Gallery might well be imposed henceforth in the Abbey. We all know what Rogers, with his cool common sense, thought of burial in Westminster Abbey. Speaking of the funeral of Campbell, he 'praised Pope for refusing to be buried there. He thought the sentiment of seeing the poet's tomb in the village churchyard so much more valuable than seeing it among a crowd of vain candidates for fame in the Poets' Corner.' He himself is buried at Hornsey, Lamb not far off at Edmonton, Hood at Kensal Green, Keats in Rome. But the list of such anomalies would be interminable. Why should Burns be here and not Byron? why Sheridan and not Shelley? Why Grote and not Green? It is but too easy to ask unanswerable questions. If any good could come from directing attention to the subject it would have come long ago, for if there is one thing of the kind on which the press is practically unanimous it is this.

We must not end with fault-finding. The anxiety of the Dean and chapter to do what is right must be fully acknowledged, at the same time that we deplore the limited means at their disposal. There is no shrine in Europe so sacred to the patriots of the country as Westminster Abbey to ourselves. The Pantheons and Walhallas of which we so often hear are but imitations. The continuity of our history is exemplified in the most tangible manner by this one church, and, in spite of mistakes and misfortunes, it continues to be, more than any one other spot, the centre of England and of the British Empire.

W. J. Loftie.

AN OLD WOMAN EATING NEAR A FIREPLACE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE DULWICH GALLERY.

THE picture at Dulwich which bears the number eighty-five has been ascribed to Gerard Dou, to Nicolas Maes, and to Quieringh Gerritsz van Brekelenkam. The object of this note is to suggest that a fourth and greater artist than either of these may be mainly responsible for its production. I mean Gabriel Metsu.

The picture obviously belongs to the posterity of Rembrandt. In Dr. Richter's Catalogue of the Dulwich collection it is suggested that it may be the work of Maes, painted during the years when he was more immediately under Rembrandt's influence. Its general aspect is in harmony with such a belief; but when we look into the handling, we miss the fat impasto, the dragged, somewhat ropy touch, the tendency to warm red in the flesh-tints, and to black elsewhere, which never fail to distinguish the painter of the little masterpiece in the National Gallery known as the *Dutch Housewife*. Maes had, too, an unmistakable taste in hands. These with him are always long, flaccid, and wanting in bone. In fact, it is but superficially that this 'old woman' resembles his work. The ascription to Dou is still more inadmissible. Dr. Richter says that 'if it be really by this master, it can only have been painted by him when in the studio of Rembrandt, and must be regarded as a study rather than as a finished picture.' But this head is no feat of immaturity. It bears all over it the marks of profound knowledge and of long practice in expression. Moreover, neither there nor elsewhere is there a single touch characteristic of Dou as we know him. Since the Catalogue was issued the name of Brekelenkam has been put on the frame, presumably as the final judgment of Dr. Richter. To me, however, this verdict fails to bring conviction. Brekelenkam's peculiar chord of colour is not here to be recognised, while the conception as a whole has a unity, and the painting of the head a decision, that I never saw in an undoubted work of that master. The key to the true author is to be found, I think, in this head. In type, in facility and breadth of touch, in vigour of modelling, in colour and in texture, this betrays Metsu: Metsu, of course, in his last days, when all trace of his early and laborious manner had finally disappeared. In the Secrétan collection there was a Metsu which might have been painted shortly before the panel at Dulwich. The subject was practically identical. The same old lady was shown at the same occupation, her head differing only in its inferior freedom from that painted, as I suppose, a year or so later. The rest of the Dulwich picture, no doubt, has a dulness and obscurity not characteristic of Metsu. This may be explained by supposing that it was left unfinished at his early death, and that some other hand, not impossibly that of his co-disciple Brekelenkam, who survived him for a year, took it up and carried it to completion. This would account for the fact, which cannot be denied, that its general physiognomy does not proclaim its parentage with the decision we look for in a work so excellent.

Walter Armstrong.

A CENTURY OF ARTISTS.*

THE splendid volume which is the tangible result of the Edinburgh Exhibition of 1886, will now have a companion in the 'Century of Artists.' This second attempt at a *catalogue raisonné* which shall put all the resources of the Thomas and Archibald Constable, of the Edinburgh University Press. A more perfect book in every way but one it would be difficult to imagine. Type, paper, and the setting of the type, are all alike artistic. The etchings of Mr. Hole, of Mr.

INTERIOR OF ST. GOMAR. FROM A DRAWING BY DAVID ROBERTS.

moment to contribution, comes practically from the men who gave us the first. The biographical notes and the descriptions are by Mr. W. E. Henley; the reproductions are, partly at least, by Mr. W. H. Hole; the printing has been done by Messrs. W. Strang, and of Mr. F. Huth, are such as we never saw in publications of this kind until Mr. Hole himself set the example three years ago, and such of the minor figures as are from open sketches with pen or pencil, are also first-rate. Unfortunately, among these a certain number of washed drawings, reproduced by process, and mostly quite unworthy of the book, have been allowed to intrude. The two *clichés* of which we are here permitted

* 'A Century of Artists: a Memorial of the Glasgow International Exhibition, 1888.' (Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, 1889.)

to make use will show how good the better typographic blocks really are, and how unnecessary it was to experiment with 'tints.' In spite of this drawback, however, the volume is one in which most of those concerned may take a just pride.

The loan collection at Glasgow differed from those at Edinburgh and Manchester in its greater

TEUCER. BY HAMO THORNEYCROFT.

catholicity. It welcomed work of any school and of any time; I might almost say of any merit. Pictures by Britons, by Frenchmen, and more especially by Germans, Italians, and Spaniards, which were monuments of what to avoid, were accepted and hung. Hence it was necessary to draw a line within which material for the catalogue should alone be sought. It was drawn so as to exclude all pictures sent in for sale, and all that were not either French, English, or Dutch in origin. This landed nearly everything that made the interest of the show. Mr. Henley explains in his preface that the notes on Corot, Courbet, Daubigny, Decamps, Delacroix, Diaz, Edouard Frère, Millet, Rousseau, and Troyon, are, with one exception, textual reprints from the Edinburgh catalogue. This, of course, lessens the temptation to write at length on his opinions. It may be my belief that points of weakness exist in the school of Barbizon which will prevent its holding so permanently supreme a place in the world's esteem as Mr. Henley claims for it. But that I have had opportunities of saying elsewhere, and do not wish to insist upon it now, lest one may be thought to close one's eyes to the beauties which Mr. Henley points out with such gusto. His notes on the English contributors display less faith, but, so far as his knowledge goes, they seem for the most part just. His limits, however, lead him here and there into undeserved severity. In the case of William Hunt, he judges too exclusively from those studies of still-life and kindred subjects, which are carried out on principles as remote as possible from those of our Latin neighbours. But Hunt left things, even some landscapes in oil, which prove that he had Latin powers of selection and synthesis when he chose to put them forth. In Wilkie, again, Mr. Henley fails to appreciate the entirely pictorial qualities of composition, of life, of luminous transparency, which lie side by side with the mere story-telling of his early works. In matters of fact, too, I notice here and there a slip; Hilton, for instance, did *not* marry De Wint's sister. Hilton's wife was Justina Kent, the daughter of a Lincoln clergyman. This mistake, however, is none of Mr. Henley's starting. Speaking generally, his criticism betrays a sympathy which occasionally refuses to go the full length of painting; which now and then, too, appears more affected by extra-artistic considerations than he would like to allow. Brilliancy, for example, and closeness of composition, seem to have but slight charms for him, while the 'glory and the dream' may have a shade too much. In his note on Turner, he speaks of the 'small but increasing group of critics which demands of an artist not personality, but art.' At this one feels a gentle surprise, seeing that all through his book he, perhaps unconsciously, takes personality for his final test. Art, of course, is nothing in the world but a natural language in which one personality may commune with another. And what those who ask for personality in a picture want is not that it shall put individuality above mastery, but simply that mastery shall set forth the man as he is; shall not be used to cloak him, to give out the ideas he fancies he *ought* to have, as it was used in the case of Sam Bough, against whom Mr. Henley himself brings this very complaint, or, to give a different example, as it was used when Gros was painting under the shield of David. Some men, by dint of intellectual dexterity, can equip themselves as painters without having in their intimate

constitutions anything to say with paint. The French school is full of them—the Davids, the Gerards, the Vernets, the Cabanels, the Bouguereaus, the Lefebvres, and thousands more. These, of course, are extreme instances, and such people, Mr. Henley himself would contend, must take rank far away below men whose passions, whose aspirations, whose very blood and strength, can be set out in design, in colour, in the mysterious play of light and shadow. And yet the difference lies in the respective values to art, of their personalities. As to how personality and equipment should share the marks in a contest between two painters, that opens up a very large question, and one that must be decided to some extent by the predilections of the examiner. To me, for instance, a design, a conception in *form*, seems a *sine quâ non* for a picture; to Mr. Henley, and to others who stand on his platform, it seems almost a matter of indifference. In the end the whole question resolves itself into the much larger one as to the proportions which discipline should bear to freedom in a civilised society.

To return for a moment to the catalogue, a word of praise must be found for the drawings of Mr. A. Roche, especially those we here reproduce, as well as the sketch of Rodin's *Hugo*, of Delacroix's *Lion and Tiger*, and of James Maris's *Near Rotterdam*, also for the title-page, which is perfect, and for the rest of the typography. The cover I like less than that of the sister volume.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ON GARDENS.

PERHAPS it is a hopeful sign that the treatment of gardens is again in question. The simple fact that misgivings exist as to first principles may open the way to a general attack on the sway of the landscape-gardener, who in the most literal sense of the words has made hay of English gardens for the last 150 years. Those who advocate a return to the older national tradition are of course abused for their pains. A writer in one of the daily papers attributes the movement to professional touting on the part of architects; and a correspondent replies that 'any attempt to re-introduce this hideous and dead style can only proceed from persons interested in the sale of standard and other budded roses and tender plants.' These, however, are the usual amenities when a long-established system is assailed, and we may pass on to the actual points at issue. The question, briefly stated, is this: Are we, in laying out our gardens, to ignore the house, and to re-produce uncultivated nature to the best of our ability in the garden? Or are we to treat the house and garden as inseparable factors in one homogeneous whole, which are to co-operate for one premeditated result? The first is the practice of the landscape-gardener, the second of the formal school, as it is usually called, though the term is rather unfair, for in so far as it implies any dulness, the expression begs the question. There are various intermediate shades of opinion, but being all compromises they gravitate to one or the other of these two poles.

Though the formal school has a superb tradition to back it, the landscape-gardener dominates the professional gardening press, and most modern writers on gardens begin their treatises with hearty and indiscriminate abuse of the formal system, after which they incontinently drop the subject of garden design, and go off upon horticulture. It is thus by no means easy to grasp the principles of the landscape-gardener. Moreover, we very soon find ourselves landed on those fertile rocks of offence, the words Nature and Art. Probably no two people use these words with precisely the same significance, and the landscape-gardener invests the subject with the most complete ambiguity. In a case such as this the best way to get at the gist of a system is to study its history, and the growth of the landscape-gardening school is particularly instructive.

The old English garden, by which I mean the garden of the Renaissance in England, appears to have developed on lines precisely similar to those of our national architecture; that is to say, the new ideas imported from Italy and the Continent were engrafted on the traditional style. There are no gardens in existence of the time of Henry VIII., and no engravings that I know of which throw any great light on gardens previous to the seventeenth century. The gardens before this time were walled gardens, and, comparatively speaking, of no great extent. The gardens of Henry VIII., at Nonesuch, and the gardens of Theobalds, were seen and described by Hentzner, a German traveller, at the end of the sixteenth century. According to his account, they were walled in, and were ornamented with statues, fountains, and summer-houses; they had their terraces, trellis-walks, and bowling-greens; and he particularly notices that it was a common custom in England to cover the entire surface of the walls with rosemary. The pleasure-gardens and the fruit-gardens were separated, and the latter were surrounded with a wall fourteen feet high. Nonesuch had, as well, a wilderness of ten acres in extent. The whole was laid out in geometrical lines, the hedge-rows were formed of yews, hollies, or limes; and the topiarius, or pleacher, was kept actively at work in

trimming the hedges and trellis walks, and shaping the cones and pyramids. Whether Henry did or did not employ Italians to lay out his gardens, the idea of these gardens was certainly derived from the Italians, who again simply attempted to apply the description left by Pliny the Younger of the gardens of his villas. But, as in our architecture, it was no wholesale and unassimilated importation that resulted. The English garden of the Renaissance preserved its distinctly national character. Whereas in the Italian garden, the architecture occupied as much space or at least as much attention as the actual grass and flowers, in England, though the architectural idea controlled the whole, the architecture was more in suggestion than in evidence, and was used to define and give value to broad stretches of our unequalled turf, and the singular wealth of our flowers and foliage. I believe myself that no more charming garden ever existed than this which might have been found round many a manor-house in England at the end of the sixteenth century. Unfortunately, no perfect instances have reached us.

The type of the English garden seems to have altered very little during the hundred years from 1550 to 1650. Bacon's well-known essay on gardens describes an ideal princely garden; but it is not to be supposed that this magnificent scale was of the essence of the garden of his time, for the gardens of the country gentleman 'repleated with herbes of aromatyque and redolent savoures, with a poole or two for fysshe,' seem to have been of very moderate size. By some extraordinary inversion of ideas, Bacon has been claimed by the landscapists as the herald of their system. They naturally wish for the shelter of his name, but, in fact, they can point to nothing to support their claim except some criticism on plots of coloured earths, and the fantastic shaping of yew-trees; the rest of his description indicates a design as formal as the very strictest of Le Nôtre.

In the reigns of James and Charles I. there may have been some slight French influence at work; André Mollet was the gardener of James I. But the French school had not yet taken on the definite bent which it afterwards acquired in the hands of Le Nôtre; and it was not till the time of Charles II. that the old English gardens underwent any change. Charles II. was on terms with Louis XIV., and is said to have borrowed Le Nôtre to lay out the gardens of Greenwich and St. James' Park. There are no remains of his work at either place, but the influence of Le Nôtre can be traced in the largely extended scale of the gardens of this period, for Le Nôtre had prodigal ideas of size, and had covered a space of two hundred acres with gardens at Versailles. Another innovation which, I believe, is to be attributed to Le Nôtre, was the custom of planting avenues, and cutting straight lines through the woods surrounding the house, to radiate in all directions, so that the house became, as it were, the central object of the estate. The method looks very silly in plans, and wants time to justify it, yet anyone who has come across one of these great avenues, miles away from the house to which it belongs, must admit the curious power it has on the imagination, and will be slow to condemn it for its futility on paper. There are instances of it in nearly all Kip's views, and a good example in existence on the Houghton estate near Kettering. This practice was, I think, the first sign of the coming decadence. It was a departure from that strictly logical system which separated the garden from the park, and left the latter to take care of itself; a system which frankly subordinated Nature to art within the garden wall, but in return gave Nature an absolutely free hand outside it. These avenues and rides were an attempt to manipulate the face of an entire country side, and the abominations of Brown and the improvers of Nature probably developed out of it.

The next change came in with William and Mary. The Dutch were fond of queer little trifles, and used to cut their trees into every conceivable shape. The custom of clipping and cutting had existed in England before, but it now developed into a positive mania for cocks and hens, and other conceits in yew and box, and for little clipped trees spaced symmetrically round the parterres as they are shown in most of Kip's views of country seats. The 'parterres de broderie,' that is, patterns formed on grass plots with cut box, may have come in with the Dutchmen, but they formed part of Le Nôtre's system as well. London and Wise, two famous gardeners at the end of the seventeenth century, were the last thorough-going adherents of the formal system; but the seeds of decay were sown. London and Wise had overdone it with their cutting and clipping, and the men of letters began to exercise their wit, a never-failing sign of uncertainty of purpose among the artists. Queen Anne rooted up all the box-trees which William had planted at Hampton Court, and Bridgeman abandoned 'verdant sculpture,' as Horace Walpole calls it, though he still trimmed his alleys and hedgerows. Besides, as was natural in an Augustan age, men of letters cultivated an elegant enthusiasm for nature which at once condemned the honest use of art. Pope and Addison anticipated the maunderings of the Abbé Delille by three generations. Addison began the attack in the 'Spectator' with the following extraordinary argument. 'We may assume,' he says, 'that works of nature rise in value according to the degree of their resemblance to works of art. Therefore, works of art rise in value according to the degree of their resemblance to nature. Gardens are works of art. Therefore they rise in value according to the degree of their resemblance to nature, and, therefore, in

laying out a garden we are to copy nature as much as possible.' To which argument one may answer that the first half of the major premiss begs the question: we do not appraise nature by the standard of art; but even if we admitted this, the deduction from it of the second proposition is an inference from what is true under conditions to what is true absolutely, and the entire argument based on these premisses is a pretty instance of the fallacy of the ambiguous middle, exemplified in the term work of art. Pope followed suit in the 'Guardian' by a witty catalogue of objects cut in yew-trees on sale by a gardener of his acquaintance, which included 'a St. George in box, his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stab the Dragon by next April.' This was an excellent sarcasm on an admitted extravagance, but Pope could not be content with this. He reduced the new heresy to practice by turning his five acres at Twickenham into a compendium of nature, in which he was considered to have shown admirable taste by condensing samples of every kind of scenery into a suburban villa garden.

FROM A PRINT BY CRISPIN DE PASS.

After Pope, from the point of view of the old-fashioned gardener, came the deluge. Kent was the fashionable designer, and as he was something both of a painter and an architect, he set to work with both hands, as it were, on garden design; for while with his T-square and compasses he would design indifferently Grecian temples, Anglo-Saxon ruins, or Gothic churches for the grounds, he proceeded to form landscape compositions on the most heroic scale that surely has ever entered into the head of any painter, for the solid earth was his canvas, and the trees, and rocks, and water his paints. With these materials he endeavoured, to the best of his ability, to reproduce the landscapes of Claude and Poussin, but he signally failed of his purpose, for, instead of the breadth and repose of those great masters, as Sir W. Chambers said in 1772, 'our virtuosi have scarcely left an acre of shade, or three trees growing in a line from the Land's End to the Tweed.' 'Selecting favourite objects,' I quote the arch-gusher, Horace Walpole, 'and veiling deformities by screens of plantations, he realised the compositions of the greatest masters in painting. The living landscape was chastened and polished, not transformed.' And when we inquire into Kent's method of chastening, we find that it consisted in wholesale cutting down of trees, alterations of the ground, building up of rocks, and, for a crowning effort of genius, planting dead trees 'to heighten the allusion to natural woods.' Kent's masterpiece was the gardens of Stow, in Buckinghamshire. These were begun by Bridgeman with some approach to style, but Kent obliterated every trace of formality. He contrived a series of views and prospects, so that at every turn the amazed spectator was met by a fresh *tour de force*. After inspecting the Hermitage, the Temple of Venus, the Egyptian Pyramid, and St. Augustine's Cave, built of roots and moss, and enriched with indecent inscriptions, he would proceed to the Saxon Temple, the Temple of Bacchus, Dido's

Cave, the Witch House, the Temple of Antient and Modern Virtue, the Grecian Temple, the Ladies' Temple, the Gothic Temple, and the Palladian Bridge, not to mention many statues and monuments of minor interest, while at every point inscriptions were at hand to tell you what you were to admire, and how to do it. Shenstone, at Leasowes, was even more solicitous for his visitors, for in places of more than ordinary interest on his farm he would put a Gothic seat, 'still more particularly characterised by an inscription in obsolete language and the black letter.' This was the practical result of the process described by Walpole, in a sentence which is, I think, his masterpiece in claptrap, 'Kent leaped the fence and saw that all nature was a garden.'

Kent was followed by 'Capability Brown,' who began as a kitchen gardener, but took the judicious line that knowledge hampered originality, and therefore rapidly rose to eminence. His notion of a landscape consisted of a park encircled by a belt of trees, a piece of ornamental water, and a clump; and on these lines he proceeded to cut down avenues and embellish nature with the utmost *aplomb*. He died in 1783, and was succeeded by Humphrey Repton and other professors of landscape-gardening, who, between them, irrevocably destroyed some of the finest gardens in England. I will only give two instances of the taste of these men. One of them advised as an improvement at Powis Castle, that a precipitous rock in front of the Castle, with a stone balustraded terrace and stairs, should be blown up, in order to make one uniform grassy slope to the Castle; and again, in Repton's 'Landscape Gardening,' appears this remark, 'The motley appearance of red bricks with white stone, by breaking the unity of effect, will often destroy the magnificence of the most splendid compositions,' and he therefore recommends that the bricks should be covered with plaster and stone colour. I need merely refer to the garden front of Hampton Court in answer to such a grotesquely ignorant statement. The only dissent from the prevailing folly was expressed by Sir Uvedale Price, who pointed out the futilities of Brown and the professors, and put in a word for the older gardens. Price, however, adhered to Kent's view that garden and landscape design should be based on the compositions of the famous landscape-painters, and advised as a compromise that the garden near the house should be in the formal style, that the parts a little further off should be handed over to the improver, and thirdly, that the park should be more or less left to itself. This view was revived by Sir C. Barry in laying out the gardens of Trentham Hall and other places. His idea was that the garden was gradually to become less and less formal till it melted away into the park. Compromises such as these, however, will be rejected by thorough-going adherents of the formal gardens, who hold that the vaunted ha-ha is no better than a silly practical joke, and that the garden should be avowedly separated from the adjacent country by a clean boundary line, a good high wall for choice, or at least a wrought-iron railing on a low brick wall.

The principles of landscape-gardening, if one must give this name to the mass of dogmata which take their place, have not been materially altered since the time of Kent. They were formulated by Thomas Whateley in his 'Observations on Modern Gardening,' published in 1776; which became the standard book on the *jardin Anglaise*. Whateley further signalised himself by completely destroying the old gardens at Nonesuch, in 1786. Horace Walpole published 'An Essay on Modern Gardening' in 1785, in which he repeated what other writers had said on the subject. This was at once translated, and had a great circulation on the Continent. Modern writers, so far as they deal with the principles of garden design, do little more than reiterate the theories of Walpole and Whateley.

The character of this movement has, I hope, appeared in the short historical sketch of its development, but before proceeding to what I consider its fallacies, I may briefly summarise the system of landscape-gardening. (1) The method of procedure as explained by Whateley was to determine *à*

priori the abstract characteristics of any natural object, and then, on considerations evolved from the designer's inner consciousness, to alter the surrounding scenery to bring out these characteristics. For instance, the characteristics of rocks are determined to be 'dignity, terror, and fancy.' By way of enhancing dignity we are to cut away the ground to make them steeper, or to refine their appearance we are to cover them up with 'shrubby and creeping plants.' Or again, if the scenery is wild and romantic, we may improve it by making a ruined stone bridge. The principles to be followed in this process are to be those of a landscape artist. Mr. Robinson, a recent writer on gardens, insists that 'we should compose from nature as landscape artists do;' that is to say, we go to Claude, for instance, and having saturated our minds with his rocks and trees, we return to nature and try to worry her into resemblance to Claude. I notice that the landscapists judiciously avoid any reference to Turner on the one hand, or Crome and Constable on the other. (2) In regard to details all definite lines are to be studiously avoided. Brick walls are on no account to be shown (Repton), 'walks should be concealed as much as possible,' (I quote Mr. Robinson), 'and reduced to the most modest dimensions.' I may note, in passing, the exact contrast between this and the advice of D'Argenville Dezallier, who warns his readers to avoid 'les petites manières mesquines, et donner toujours dans le grand et dans le beau;' preferring two or three broad paths to a dozen little 'colifichets.' Also, these paths are on no account to be straight, but to wind about in all directions, in order to deceive the eye into supposing that the garden is larger than it is. The lawns are not to be left in broad expanse, but to have pampas grasses, foreign shrubs, &c., dotted about on the surface. Ponds of water are not recommended, but we may have, instead, irrigated walls and artificial bogs.

This system is called by its admirers 'a purely artistic and natural style;' and here we come at once on what appears to me to be its essential contradiction in terms. At any rate, in relation to gardens, the term 'nature' must mean the earth itself and the forces at work in the earth, and the waters of the earth and sky, and the trees, flowers, and grass, which grow on the earth without the interference of man; and 'art,' on the other hand, must mean either 'good design,' or the artificial interference of man with nature, which may be either good or bad. But where confusion has crept in, as from the use of the word 'art,' both for the artificial action, which is in itself neutral, and in the sense of good art, that is, of the artificial work of man, which has a definite value for our aesthetic faculties. In other words, the argument often seems to amount to this, that because the landscape-gardener uses art, that is, artifice, he is therefore using art, that is, good art. Keeping the above definitions in view, the analysis of the phrase 'artistic and natural' presents remarkable results. 'Natural,' as shown by the writings of the landscapists, does not mean acting in obedience to natural methods; as, for instance, planting a tree with its roots underground instead of upside down, but 'imitative of nature' in the sense of making an artificial copy of natural phenomena — as if one planted shrubs about a garden in imitation of the underwood on a mountain side. 'Natural' gardening in this latter sense is certainly 'artistic' in the sense of being artificial, but hardly so in the sense of being good art, for it ignores the essential differences of scale and surroundings.

The claims of landscape-gardening to be the true, 'natural style' will not stand investigation. When Addison and Pope sneered at the formal garden and praised 'the amiable simplicity of unadorned nature,' the logical conclusion would have been to condemn the garden altogether, and to let the house, if a house was to be allowed at all, rise from the heart of the thicket, or sheer from the rough hillside. It is hard to see how there is less interference with nature in an untidy grotto of shells and rocks, than in a comfortable red-brick gazebo, and the entire extent of masonry used by Kent in his temples and grottoes at Stowe must have been, at least, equal to the amount used by Le Notre at Sceaux, or Meudon, or Chantilly. To suppose that love of nature is shown by trying to reproduce the effects of wild nature on a small scale in a garden, is clearly absurd; any one who loves natural scenery will want the real thing, he will hardly be content to sit in

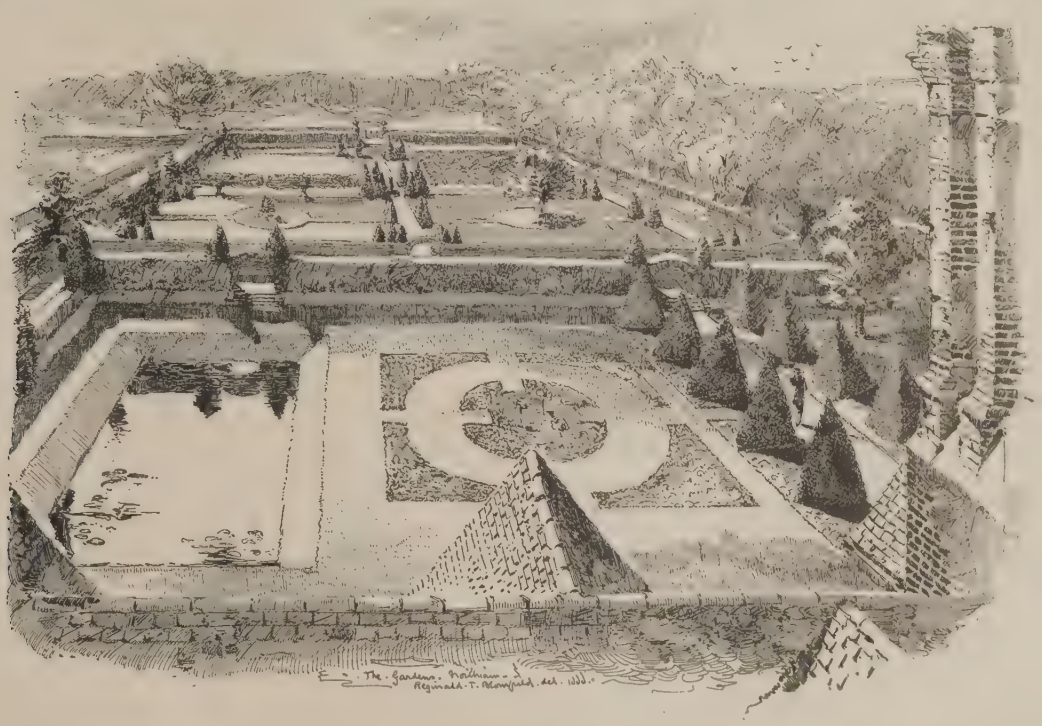
his rockery and suppose himself to be among the mountains. And, again, some loyalty to her methods might have been expected of these enthusiasts for nature. It is surely flying in the face of nature to fill our gardens with tropical plants, as we are urged to do by the writers on landscape-gardening; ignoring the entire difference of climate and the fact that a colour which may look superb in the midst of other strong colours will look gaudy and vulgar amongst our sober tints, and that a leaf like that of the yucca, which may be all very well in its own country, is out of scale and character amidst the modest foliage of our English trees. The formal gardener is, by his principles, entitled to do what he likes with nature; but as the landscapist is always protesting his truth to nature, when we find him talking of 'quite second-rate types of vegetation' in one case, and finding fault with Nature in another for having put a running stream like the Derwent among rocks instead of a 'more temperate river,' we begin to suspect that his 'truth' is a mere convention. One of the acutest of French critics has said of the Abbé Delille, that he seriously believed in his pretended love of the fields:—'*c'était la mode de la nature, on adorait la campagne du sein des boudoirs.*' The landscape-gardeners in England have enjoyed a similar advantage.

The limits of my paper preclude any account of the principles of the formal school, but I may notice, in conclusion, three charges which have been made against it. The first is, that it is unnatural in the sense of not leaving nature to herself. I have already shown that this charge might, with equal, if not greater propriety, be brought against the landscapists, for a crooked path interferes with nature quite as much as a straight one. But whereas the formalist takes a plot of ground, and encloses it with walls, and frankly states that he means to subordinate nature within those walls to his own uses; the landscapist, though equally interfering with nature, cants about concealing his interference and 'copying nature's graceful touch.' The formalist is perfectly logical, whereas the landscapist gets involved in all sorts of contradictions, he copies 'nature's graceful touch' but under totally incongruous conditions. He is, therefore, not obeying nature, but engaged in a perpetual struggle to prove her an ass. As to there being anything 'unnatural in laying out a garden geometrically,' the case seems to me to be the exact reverse, for the natural man would probably prefer a straight path to a zigzag; and when his eye seeks wearily for the rest of some quiet breadth of lawn, and the welcome finality of a wall or hedgerow, the landscapist bores him with a series of dots and excrescences dispersed intentionally without any system whatever. It is rather suggestive of his artistic pretentions that the landscapist makes it a principle to ignore all values in his designs.

In the second place, it is assumed that the formal style requires a vast expanse of ground to be seen to perfection. The old French garden no doubt does, but not the English. Some of the best examples are on a comparatively small scale. The gardens at Haddon Hall are in three stages; the two top terraces only measure about seventy paces by eighteen wide apiece, and the lower garden is only about forty paces square. The beautiful old garden at Brickwall, in Sussex, all walled in, measures about sixty-five paces by fifty-five, and the kitchen and fruit garden about ninety by fifty; and a charming little flower-garden at Stobhall, near Perth, in the

old Scotch style, is not much more than half an acre in extent, as far as I can recollect. In fact, if either style wants room it is the landscape, for unrestricted space is of the essence of natural scenery, and indeed the only places in which its use appears to me tolerable are gardens such as those of Chatsworth and Wilton, where the grounds are so large that there is a real suggestion of scenery *sui generis*, as of a wood in which clearings have been made, and the grass kept carefully trimmed.

Lastly, it is assumed that the formal school involves a large use of statuary as well as of masonry and brickwork. I have already shown, from a reference to the gardens at Stow, that it was to the landscape-gardener, and not to the formal school, that we owe the wholesale use of temples, statues, grottoes, and the like. In point of fact, though statuary was used in the old English garden, it was used very much less than in the French, and less still than in the Italian gardens. But those who attack the old English formal garden do not take the trouble to understand its very considerable differences from the Continental gardens of the same period. They appear to consider that the English Renaissance was identical with the Italian; and the public, seeing such utter fiascos in the Italian style as the Crystal Palace gardens, and the basins at the head of the Serpentine, confuses these with the old English garden in one wholesale condemnation of the formal style. The question of the use of statuary in gardens at all has still to be settled; the landscapists make merry over the decrepitude of a mouldy statue, yet a genius of such rare order as Heine pitched upon this very thing as having a beauty entirely of its own, and many minds will find a peculiar charm in the signs of the play of the sun and rain upon its surface, and of the gentle touch of time, which bestows on the statue a texture that no sculptor has yet given, and a tone beyond the reach of the most subtle colourist.



Apart from misconceptions, the real objection in the minds of the public against formal garden design is that it requires too much time to realise. It takes a generation to bring a close yew hedge to maturity, whereas you can get some sort of effect in landscape gardening in a year or two. Instead of building for posterity, and planting for our children, we build and plant with a view to immediate conversion into cash. Still, the fact that the question is discussed at all is something, and perhaps the next generation will put in practice what is now no more than the ideal of a handful of malcontents.

REGINALD T. BLOMFIELD, M.A.

ART CHRONICLE.

THE Piccadilly Galleries, now filled by the exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Oil, and the majority of outsiders whose pictures find a welcome, certainly present a more satisfactory aspect than usual. There is a considerable amount of interesting work and far less of the accustomed indifferent average which corresponds to the literary manufacture known as 'padding.' The fine sketching season seems to have borne good results with landscape artists and students of the sea, and it is pleasant to note the ever-increasing army of young painters — too numerous to name in a brief paragraph — whose outdoor work shows the stamp of individual observation and earnest purpose. Among pictures which the memory carries away from the six hundred and more the eye has run over, we may note a few. First, Mr. F. D. Millet's *Rook and Pigeon*, a cool, grey interior, with a pair of shabby cavaliers playing at cards near a window, the whole in luminous quality, quiet breadth, and solidity, worthily reminiscent of De Hooghe. Of the brilliant group of Venice-loving painters, not the least brilliant is Mr. S. Melton Fisher, whose studies, *A Lesson in Knitting*, and especially the courtyard with women *At the Well*, are delightful in feeling and thoroughly artistic every way. That strangely versatile painter, Mr. Arthur Hacker, seems as happy in picturing *My Lady's Garden*, an old-world nook full of sunshine and flowers, with fantastic figures of a young mother and a child, as when painting a study from the nude, or a homely domestic interior. A little picture by Mr. W. Collins, *Alone, yet not Alone*, a quaint churchyard, with the solitary figure of an old peasant woman kneeling at a grave, tells its pathetic story in a way to bid one look for the artist's work again. We hardly know whether to congratulate Mr. T. B. Kennington on his *Portrait of Mrs. Marion Mackenzie*, despite its clever adjustment of 'values' in whites and the colour of flesh. Lastly, let us be grateful for the delicious humour of Mr. Dollman's group of donkeys, blissfully *Content* amid a patch of thistles in a sunny stretch of sand ; and yet more for the irresistible comicality of that little creature, innocent of the encumbrance of clothes, who sits solemnly before the kitchen fire, *Waiting for Santa Claus* to come down the chimney and fill the shoes placed ready on the hob, set forth by Mrs. Adrian Stokes with brush-work as fresh as the Hans Andersen flavour of the thought.

THE winter season at the Fine Art Society's Gallery started well with the Academician, Mr. Marks' inimitable 'Birds,' drawings and paintings, the result, as the painter tells us in the amusing preface to his Catalogue, of frequent morning visits to the 'Zoo.' It is not given to every one to 'perceive' the bird, to understand it with the mental as well as the physical eye ; but the faculty is certainly given to Mr. Marks, at any rate where the most quaintly individual specimens are concerned. The artist apologises with much modesty for his shortcomings in drawing the motions and realising the brilliant hues of his feathered friends from the tropics, but the excuse is scarcely needed, for these vivid colour studies will recall the famous blue-bird of Albert Dürer, and where the attitude in comparative rest is so aptly seized, one may dispense even with the perfect poetry of a bird's motion. Besides, how Mr. Marks can depict action he shows in the masterly study of *A Quarrel between Bramble-finch and Chaffinch*, where all the possibilities of rapid movement lie in the tremulous poise of the attacking bird.

SINCE a similar exhibition in the early days of the Grosvenor Gallery, there has been no such interesting collection of modern studies for pictures as that opened at the Fine Art Society's large rooms, in November. It is a tradition among pessimists about the modern school, that the painter of to-day, unlike his Italian predecessors of old, does not prepare for his picture-making by close studies of the nude, of details—hands and feet, drapery, expression, and so forth. The drawings which from time to time—as in the instance before us—have come out of artists' studios into public view, should help to dispel this aspersion. Mr. Burne Jones's pencil, which seems to falter with sensitiveness over the delicate lines of its making, traces again and again with elaborate care the haunting faces, the flowers (here is an exquisite study of lilies), the folds of clinging drapery, that will characterise the completed picture. How well Mr. W. B. Richmond thinks out in black and white the stuff out of which his compositions are evolved, we see in the tentative chalk-studies for *The Song of Miriam*. His pencil head of *Viscount Sherbrooke, G.C.B.*, is a fine instance of delicate incisive modelling. Mr. Poynter's broad studies—studious rather than assured in handling—are full of interest ; and who is not glad to go back through the more recent examples of preparatory work from Sir F. Leighton's charming laboratory to greet the exquisite promise of his early drawings for the *Procession of the Blessed Virgin by Cimabue*, or the *Venetian Well*, dated 1852, in pencil and faint wash, or a *Study of a Head*, dated 1860? One may welcome the augur of recovered health in the firm lines of a pencil *Study* of a bright female head by Mr. G. F. Watts. One point of attraction in a collection of this kind is comparison of the methods and styles of artists in their 'workshop' attitude. No styles could be more apart than those of the artists above named and that of Mr. Legros, with his Poussin-like landscape studies and broadly modelled heads in chalk, bistre, ink. Mr. Alma Tadema's line shows us impulse and will at once. The involved outlines in gold upon deep purple ground of Mrs. De Morgan's (Evelyn Pickering) imaginative designs are apart in medium and manner. Mr. C. Seton has a vigorous hand — *A Thatcher with Willows* is plucky as possible. Mr. Brittain and Mr. Dicksee have their own ways, and Mr. Frank Dadd's management of black and white wash shows his crisp brush and sense of tone. The cunning lines of Mr. Walter Crane's delightful inventions for 'Grimm's Fairy Tales,' halt or fly as though the artist thought at his pencil point. Altogether this exhibition makes one wish for a repetition of the experiment in the same place.

WHILE landscape artists fly to distant happy hunting-grounds for fresh subjects, it is curious how little so near a field as Spain has been exploited ; yet the drawings which Mr. Andrew Donaldson has brought home and shown recently in private exhibition, testify that the picturesqueness of line and colour, the combination of architecture and surroundings in the Spanish towns, can hardly be overstated. Steep piled Vigo, with the blue water at its feet ; Segovia, with its airy Roman aqueduct looking down into the quaint, narrow streets ; Moorish Toledo, full of burning character with the background of mountain-ranges ; Granada, with its wild gorges and rich foliage, its bridges and strangely massed building ; Leon, too, and Orenze, with its wonderful acute arched bridge, and steep Astorga full of strange perspectives ; all these, and more, invite others to work where Mr. Donaldson has found such happy use for his brush.

LONDON : Printed by STRANGEWAYS & SONS, Tower Street, St. Martin's Lane.